

HISTORIC LANDMARKS
IN THE
GREAT NORTHWEST





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HISTORIC LANDMARKS.



Being a history of early explorers and fur-traders, with
a narrative of their adventures in the wilds
of the Great Northwest
Territory.



Illustrated With Many Engravings



By **HON. A. L. VAN OSDEL**

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INTRODUCTION.

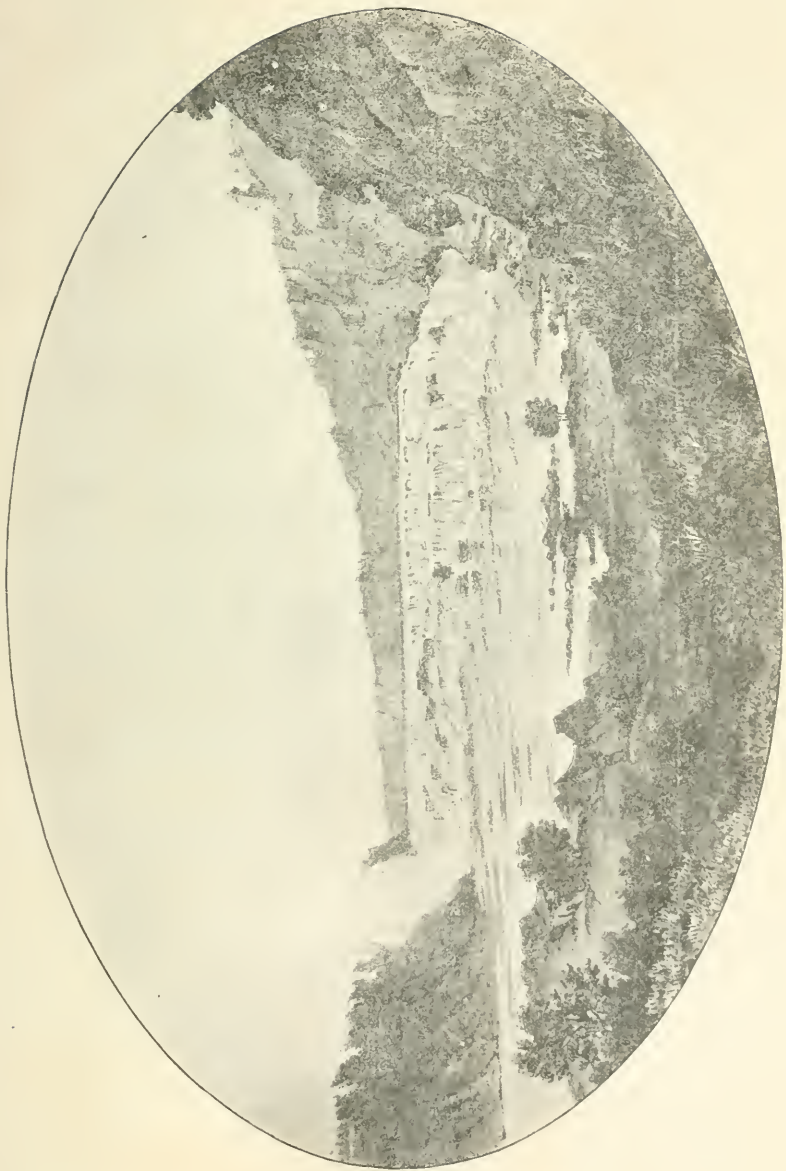
Many years ago the writer purchased some rare old volumes from the library of the late General J. B. S. Todd—Dakota's first delegate in congress. On their musty pages are found interesting accounts of the white man's doings in the wilds of the great northwest. Here, beyond the borderlands of civilization, history was rapidly made and graphically reported, and nearly every day becomes an anniversary of some important historical event enacted in the lands of ancient Louisiana and the Dakotas.

Here, wild Indians roamed in migratory bands across the uninhabited plains, and the fur-traders' Mackinaw boats glided over the turgid waters of the mighty Missouri—propelled by a band of French voyageurs. No longer will these old navigators thread their restless way up the winding channel of the great river. Their glory has departed never to return! A straggling wanderer may still be seen pitching his lonely tent along the shallow waters of some remote tributary, but he will soon disappear and his songs die away like the echoes they awaken. The old Missouri river trappers and hunters will ever be remembered as poetic images who moved in the vanguard of pioneer life. Their names and exploits are interwoven with episodes of daring deeds of adventure and themes

of traditional associations, around the sacred precincts of many old historic landmarks.

These published narratives of exploration and adventure, in the wilds of Upper Louisana, form interesting episodes of early history during its embryonic life. As connecting links in the historic chain, leading up the mind's eye to that point where the horizon lifts and takes in the introductory chapters of the two Dakotas. The author gathered the material for this work from old annuals, historic records, and the soul-stirring narratives of old trappers and fur-traders, who moved as prominent actors on the upper waters of the Missouri, during their restless migrations beyond the pioneer's trespassing ploughshare.

A. L. VAN OSDEL.



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER

CHAPTER I

History of Dakota Indians---Lone Dog's Winter Counts ---Sioux Indians in War of 1812---Joseph Renville.

THE early history of the two Dakotas are identified with wars of wild Indians, as untamed and ungovernable as the mighty Missouri—which bore them in their rude boats over its turgid waters. Many acts of these aboriginal inhabitants of the western plains are lost to us, while other events are handed down from traditional tales and pictographic winter counts. Picture writing was the wild Indian's mode of expressing thoughts and noting facts by marks confined to the portrayal of natural objects.

We find in the fourth annual report of the Bureau of Ethnology, published at Washington, D. C., fifty-eight pages of text and forty-six full page plates, on “Pictographs of the North American Indians.” The greater portion of this matter is in the form of charts, termed “Calendars of the Dakota Nation;” now changed to the title adopted by these Indians, in their original “Waniyetu Wo-wapi;”—vis. Winter Counts.

Lone Dog, an Indian in the Yanktonias band of Dakota Sioux, was perhaps the originator of these calendars, known as Winter Counts. His historical chart extends over a period of more than seventy years; commencing with the winter of 1800-'01; and was originally painted in black and red on a beautiful buffalo robe which was held as a sacred relic by his band.

The Dakota name of this distinguished Indian his-

torian:—"Shunka-ishula," corresponds with the vocables in Rigg's lexicon for Lone Dog.

It is not supposed that Lone Dog was of sufficient age in the year 1800 to enter upon his Winter Counts. Either there was a predecessor from whom he received the earlier records or he gathered his information from the old men in the tribe, and from tradition. Lone Dog was last seen with his band in the autumn of 1876, near Fort Peck, Montana.

He claimed that with the council and aid of the chief men in his tribe, he decided upon this plan of distinguishing each year, by noting some event of importance to his people. And he marked what was considered to be its appropriate symbol or device upon a buffalo robe kept for that purpose.

This historic robe was exhibited from time to time and other Indians in the tribe were taught the meaning of the devices imprinted on it. This idea was one especially appropriate to the Indian's genius, and its publication spread among other bands of the Dakota Sioux Indians, where copies of such charts are found.

Definite signs, for the first appearance of smallpox, and the first capture of wild horses on the plains of the Dakotas, are recorded by these ideographic devices, interpreted with ease and accuracy. In considering the extent to which Lone Dog's chart is understood and used, it may be said that every intelligent Dakota Indian of mature years understands its ideographic symbols; and in many instances, the years in which these successive events occurred.

Since the interpretation and publication of Lone Dog's winter counts, many other historic charts were found among the Sioux Indians on the upper Missouri.

Those of American Horse, Cloud Shield, and Babtiste Good, are intensely interesting, being interspersed with ideographic symbols of tribal and personal designations, Indian customs and history.

The word Dakota is an Indian name of special significance, suggesting a broad and great domain, peopled by confederate or allied tribes.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, French voyageurs and fur-traders from France found a warlike race of Indians along the western shores of Lake Michigan, whom they called Nadowesioux, which is the plural of the Algonkin name Nadowessi; meaning "hated foe."

Coming nearer to them, both trader and priest found numerous bands of this nation fighting their way westward to the headwaters of the Mississippi. But no definite knowledge was obtained regarding this great war tribe, some times called "The Iroquois of the West"; until Hennepin and his men were captured by them in 1680. They took him and his companions of the voyage to their village on the headwaters of Rum river and along the shores of Mille Sac and Knife lake; within the present state of Minnesota. While in captivity, Hennepin discovered the great falls in the Mississippi, which he named Saint Anthony.

There, the city of Minneapolis stands within the boundaries of Hennepin county—named in honor to the explorer.

From St. Anthony's Falls Hennepin and DuLuth went to Lake Superior and voyaged to the French outposts on Lake Michigan.

The Ojibwas and Hurons were then occupying the

southern shores of Lake Superior, and coming in contact with the white race, were first supplied with fire-arms; which gave them such advantage over their war-like enemies, the Sioux, that in the next hundred years we find the confederate bands of this nation driven south and west on to the plains of Iowa, Minnesota and the two Dakotas.

Here, the scattered tribes of the seven great Council fires, fought as far westward as the Missouri river; driving the Maha Indians, now known as Omahas, from their old hunting grounds near the red pipestone quarries, in the valley of the Big Sioux.

The general enlistment of the Sioux Indians on the side of the British in the war of 1812, showed to the people of the United States the necessity of building strong military posts on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri. During the progress of hostilities in this second war with England the British placed their interest in the northwest in the hands of Col. Robert Dickson, a well known Scotch fur-trader, who operated within the limits of the United States.

In writing of him, in 1857, Ramsey Crooks says:

“When I first went to work for Robert Dickson & Co., at Mackinac, in 1805, they were engaged in trade with the Indians from the Great Lakes to the Missouri; and from the Wabash to the boundaries of the British possessions.”

Dickson's connection with Indians, as a trader, was with the Sioux, and his business extended to the plains of Dakota. With headquarters at Prairie du Chien, he operated trading posts at Traverse de Sioux, Big Stone Lake and on Elm river, a small tributary of the Saint Jacques, or James river.

Captain Zebulon Pike met Dickson in 1807, and describes him as a gentleman of frank, open manners with general commercial knowledge, possessing much information of the western country. He was known among the Indians west of the Mississippi as the red-headed trader, and had great influence among the Sioux; enlisting many into the British army.

The great chief Wapashaw, whose village was at Winona, and the Elder Little Crow, were the principal leaders among the Indian allies from near the Mississippi. But Joseph Renville, a mixed blood Sisseton Sioux, was perhaps the most influential recruiting officer among the Dakota bands; and was given a captain's commission and pay for his services in enlisting Indians in the British army. Among the twenty-two Sisseton and Yanktonwan Sioux who were enlisted into the British service were two famous warriors from the Dakota plains—the two Wanatons, father and son.

While in charge of Dickson's trading post at Big Stone Lake, Renville visited the famous warriors at their village on the old war trail leading to the Missouri river, and enlisted them in his company. Joining his forces with the Minnesota Indians, Renville marched eastward to Lake Michigan, where they were recruited into the British service. The officer in command at Mackinac received Renville and his contingent of Minnesota and Dakota Indians with great honors. The elder Wapashaw, father of Wapashaw the II, had fought with the British many years before; and was honored with a song, the following lines being the last refrain:

"Hail to great Wapashaw!
 Soldiers, your triggers draw!
 Guards! wave the colors and give him the drum;
 Choctaw and Chickasaw,
 Whoop for great Wapashaw,
 Raise the portcullis, the King's friend has come."

The scene of the campaign of 1813 comprehended the whole northern frontier of the United States. The army of the west under General Harrison was stationed near the head of Lake Erie. Michigan, of which Detroit was the prominent town, had been overrun and taken by the British, and was still in their possession, causing the citizens along the western frontier to induce General Harrison to undertake a re-conquest of that territory, during a winter campaign. Accordingly, General Winchester was sent out in advance of the main army with eight hundred Kentuckians.

While marching along, this detached command attacked a British force at Frenchtown, a small village on the river Raisin, twenty six miles from Detroit. The Americans defeated the British and encamped near the battle-field, a portion of their forces being protected by a picket fence, surrounding a small inclosure. Early in the morning of the 22nd of January, they were attacked by a large force of British and Indians, commanded by Col. Proctor. The American troops encamped in the open field were thrown into disorder, and while attempting to escape many were killed by hostile Indian allies—led by Itasappa, Little Crow, and Roundhead.

General Winchester and Col. Lewis were taken prisoners by the British, but their troops behind the pickets fought and maintained their position with un-

daunted bravery. Here, the younger Wanaton from the Dakota plains, was wounded, but continued in the battle fighting the American soldiers, and was present during the massacre, on the following day.

Col. Proctor assured General Winchester that if the remainder of his forces would immediately surrender, they should be protected from massacre, otherwise he would set fire to the village and leave it in the hands of the savages.

Intimidated by this threat General Winchester sent an order for the troops to surrender, and the British commander hastily retreated to the harbor of Malden, on Lake Erie; leaving the wounded American soldiers unprotected in the village of Frenchtown. The Indians accompanied the retreating British forces a few miles, but returned the next morning and massacred the wounded Americans that were left in the village. The infamy of this bloody tragedy was charged up to the British commander, who had bound himself by a solemn engagement to restrain the savages from butchering the wounded soldiers.

General Harrison was marching to the support of Winchester's command, when the tidings of his defeat at Frenchtown reached him. Unable to proceed against a superior force, he took post at a place called the Rapids, on the Menominee river, where he built a fort, named Fort Meigs, in honor to the Governor of Ohio.

Here, at this old landmark, he was attacked by a superior force of British and Indians, including Chief Little Crow and his contingent of Dakota Sioux. The siege of Fort Meigs began on the 29th of April and was sustained by General Harrison and his troops for a per-

iod of twelve days of constant fighting; being raised by General Clay with a force of twelve hundred men.

The young Dakota chief, Waneta, fought in the battles at Fort Meigs, under the celebrated Tecumseh, and witnessed the death of the brave Colonel Dudley, on the banks of the Menominee. He was again wounded in battle there, and retreated with the British forces.

On the 10th of September the naval battle on Lake Erie was fought, and Commodore Perry's victory enabled General Harrison to move his army on the Sandusky river, where he was joined by a force of Ohio militia and four thousand Kentuckians,—the flower of the state,—with Governor Sheldon at their head; anxious to avenge the bloody tragedy at Frenchtown. With the co-operation of the victorious American fleet on Lake Erie, General Harrison embarked his forces on the 27th of September and sailed for the harbor of Malden, reaching it the same day. But the British had destroyed their stores and public works and retreated with their Indian allies along the river Thames, in the direction of the old Moravian villages.

On the 5th of October, the battle of the Thames was fought, by which, the British army fell into the hands of the Americans. The great war chief, Tecumseh, was killed, and his Indian warriors fled.

The wampum belt of the false prophet was no more seen around their flickering campfires. Its supernatural power was unheeded by the surviving Dakota warriors, as they filed past the graves of their buried dead—near the tragic scenes of bloody turmoil. Taking a westerly direction, by the northern route, they returned to the Dakotas.

Upon the return of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1806, Manual Lisa, a Spanish trader voyaged up the Missouri reaching the Mandan villages, where a trading house was established in the fall of 1807, with a branch house on the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Big Horn river. John Coulter and William Potts, were sent out from the new outpost on the Yellowstone to seek the friendly Crow Indians and inform them that they could exchange furs for the white man's goods at the new fort. Having participated in the Lewis and Clark Expedition, Coulter and Potts were tempted to visit an ideal hunting ground on a tributary to Jefferson's fork of the Missouri.

While setting their traps one morning they were surrounded by the wild Blackfeet Indians. Potts was killed and Coulter was captured to be tortured by the warriors. After considerable parleying the savages finally decided to strip Coulter and allow him to run for his life. The chief of the band led him out upon the prairie, two hundred yards in advance, and told him to go and save himself. Then commenced his great race for life, so vividly portrayed in Washington Irving's *Astoria*. Coulter escaped, taking a circuitous route back to Lisa's trading house on the Yellowstone; and was the first white man to discover the Yellowstone Park.

We find on Clark's map of the upper Missouri, published in 1814, a long circuitous line marked "Coulter's route, in 1807."

Manual Lisa returned to Saint Louis in the fall of 1807, and again voyaged to the upper Missouri the following year, accompanied by Major Andrew Henry, who built a trading post at the three forks of the Mis-

souri. There, he was attacked by the hostile Blackfeet and driven with his men westward to the Snake Indians. In the meantime, Lisa had returned to Saint Louis to sell his furs, and not hearing from Henry and his men he started out his third expedition up the Missouri, in 1811. We find in Irving's *Astoria*, a vivid account of this trip up the Missouri, and Lisa's quarrel with Hunt's men at a point on the river nearly west from the present city of Pierre, South Dakota. Lisa returned to Saint Louis with Major Henry and his men in the summer of 1812, taking all his property down to his new trading post, near Omaha. He reported that the Sioux were being drawn into a great Indian confederacy through British influence, and he imparted to General Clark, who was then Governor of Missouri, a proposed plan of action to protect the upper Missouri from invasion by the hostile tribes.

The Spanish trader's plan of campaign was accepted, and Lisa was commissioned as sub-agent over all the Indians in the Missouri river country, above the mouth of the Kansas.

State papers published in 1814, praise Lisa for his work, saying: "He has been of great service the last year, in preventing British influence by sending large parties of Indians to war." However, there is no published report showing that Lisa took part in the war of 1812—13; other than as his interest as an Indian trader demanded.

He resided at Fort Lisa, above Omaha, during the four years he was sub-agent of the upper Missouri tribes; and during that time made visits in the Dakota country as far up the river as the "Grand Detour," or Great Bend, near the present city of Chamberlain, South Dakota.

He had established a small trading house on an island in the Missouri near there, which he visited, and through his influence the Yankton bands of Sioux continued loyal to the Americans. Lisa was the only fur trader above the mouth of the Platte during the war of 1812, as many traders suspended operations owing to heavy losses caused by the accumulation of moth-eaten furs in Saint Louis ware-houses.

Doane Robinson in his history says:

"When Captain Zebulon Pike explored the Mississippi in 1806, he met a Sioux Indian at the mouth of the Saint Peter river whom he was particularly pleased with owing to his friendliness and intelligence, speaking of him as "my friend, who assisted in the treaty to secure a military reservation here." This Indian's name was Tahama, the Rising Moose, better known among the white men as "the one-eyed Sioux."

He was constant in his friendship to the Americans; and when Little Crow and other leading chiefs of the Mississippi Sioux were induced to join the British under Joseph Renville, Tahama offered his services to Governor Clark, of Missouri, as scout and messenger."

He was sent up the Missouri to Lisa's trading house in 1814, and he was escorted to the mouth of the James river by old trappers from Lisa's fort. From there he made his way to the Mississippi, by way of the old French route to Prairie Du Chien. His mission was to visit the Mississippi Sioux, inform them of the friendly feeling among the Missouri Indians, and get what information he could relating to the movements of Col. Dickson on the Mississippi.

Tahama was accompanied from the James river by

a band of Yankton warriors, to the headwaters of the Des Moine, where he found friends who assisted him. When he arrived at Prairie Du Chien, Dickson had him arrested and thrown in the guard house. His pack was searched for letters, and information was demanded of him relating to the movements of the Americans on the Missouri, this information Tahama refused to give and finding that he could not be intimidated, Dickson released him and Tahama returned to his village at the falls of Saint Anthony.

He voyaged down the Mississippi to Saint Louis in the spring of 1815, reaching Prairie Du Chien in time to see the English abandon that post in conformity to the treaty of peace. As the British soldiers marched out they hoisted the American flag over it and then set the building on fire. Seeing this, Tahama rushed into the burning Fort and rescued the flag.

Tahama visited Saint Louis in 1814, and was present at the council held by Gen. Clark with the forty-six Indian chiefs from the upper Mississippi and Missouri country, and on this occasion was presented with a medal of honor, and given a captains uniform. He was commissioned chief of the Minnesota Sioux, and was respected and honored by the whites and his own people until his death, which occurred in April, 1860 at the age of 85 years.

Manuel Lisa resigned his commission as sub-agent of the upper Missouri Indians July 1st, 1817. His letter of resignation was written at Saint Louis and reads as follows:

“His excellency Governor Clark,

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to remit to you the commission

of sub-agent which you were pleased to bestow upon me for the control of the Indian nations which inhabit the Missouri country above the mouth of the Kansas. And I pray you accept my resignation of that appointment.

The circumstances under which I do this, demand of me some explanation of the actual state of these Indians and of my own conduct during the time of my sub-agency.

Whether I deserve well or ill of the government depends upon the solution of the following questions.

1st, Are the Indians of the Missouri more or less friendly to the United States than at my appointment?

2nd, Are they altered better or worse in their own conditions at this time?

3rd, I received this appointment when war was raging between the United States and Great Britain, and when the activity of the British emissaries had armed against the Republic all the Indian tribes of the upper Mississippi and the northern lakes.

Had the Missouri river tribes been overlooked by the British agents? No, your excellency will remember that more than a year before the war broke out I gave you the intelligence wampum was carried by British influence along the banks of the Missouri; and that all the nations of this great river were excited to join the universal confederacy, of which the Prophet was the instrument and British traders the soul.

The Indians of the upper Missouri, are to those of the Mississippi, as four is to one; and their weight would be great if thrown into the scale against us.

They did not arm against the republic; on the con-

trary they armed against Great Britain and struck the Iowas, the allies of that power.

When peace was declared, more than forty chiefs had intelligence and council with me, and together we were to carry on an expedition of several thousand warriors against the upper Mississippi tribes and silence them.

These things are known to your excellency.

To the end of the war, therefore, the Indians of the Missouri country continued friends of the United States.

How are they now when I lay down my appointment? Still friends, hunting in peace upon their own grounds, and we are trading with them in security,—while the Indians of the upper Mississippi give signs of enmity and require the presence of a military force.

Therefore, the first question resolves itself to my advantage.

Before I ascended the Missouri as sub-agent, your excellency remembers what was accustomed to take place. The Indians of the river killed, robbed and pillaged the traders.

These practices are no more. Not to mention others, my own establishments furnish the example of destruction then, of safety now.

I have one at the Mahas (Omahas) more than six hundred miles up the Missouri, and another one among the Sioux six hundred miles further up, employing one hundred men; owning large quantities of horses, horned cattle, hogs and domestic fowls. And not one has been stolen by the Indians except some few solitary thefts that were perpetrated at the instigation of white men, who are my enemies.

Nor do I consider the death of Pedro Antonio,

shot this spring, as an act of open hostility; for a man is sometimes shot among us who is not stripped or mutilated—a hostile Indian custom. And thus the morals of the Indians are better and the second question results to my advantage.

But I have had some success as a trader, and this gives rise to many reports. “Manuel must cheat the government, and Manuel must cheat the Indians, otherwise Manuel could not bring down every summer so many boats loaded with rich furs.” Good, my accounts will show whether I receive anything from the government out of which to cheat it. A poor five hundred dollars a year as sub-agent salary does not buy the tobacco for them who call me Father. Cheat the Indians? The respect and friendship which they have for me; the security of my possessions in the heart of their country, respond to this charge and declare with actions louder than tongues of men, that this is not true.

“But Manuel gets so much cheap furs.” Well, I will try and explain it. First, I put into operation great activity, and go a great distance while some are considering whether to start today or tomorrow. I impose on myself great hardships and privations—ten months of the year being buried in the wilderness a vast distance from my home. I appear as the benefactor, and not as the pilliger of the Indians. I carry among them the seed of the large pompion from which I have seen in their possession the fruit weighing one hundred pounds, also the large bean the potato and turnip; these vegetables making a comfortable part of their subsistence. My blacksmiths work for them, charging nothing, and I lend them traps only demanding preference in their trade. My establishments are the refuge

of the weak and old men no longer able to follow their moving lodges; and by this means I have acquired the confidence and friendship of these nations and the consequent choice of their trade.

These things have I done and I propose to do more.

The Arickaras the Mandans and the Assinaboins find themselves near the establishments of Lord Selkirk upon the Red River of the North. They can communicate with them in two or three days. And the evils of such communications will strike the minds of all persons; and it is for those who can handle the pen to dilate upon them.

To counteract their influence I form another establishment on the Missouri and shall labor to draw upon the esteem of those nations, and prevent their trade from passing to the hands of foreigners.

I regret to have troubled your excellency with this exposition. It is right for you to know and hear what is said of a public agent, and so to weigh it, and consider the source from which it comes.

In ceasing to be in the employment of the United States I shall not cease to be less devoted to its interests.

I have suffered enough in person and property under a different government, to know how to appreciate the one under which I now live.

I have the honor to be with the greatest respect,
Your Excellency's Obedient Servant.

MANUAL LISA."



GEN. STEPHEN W. KEARNEY.

CHAPTER II

Kearney's Expedition in 1820---Indian Guide Loses Way ---Feast With Red Wing---Marriage of Lieut. Green

OFFICIAL reports and documents, published in old annals of congress, informs us that at the close of the war of 1812 army officials were instructed to inquire into the expediency of building two new forts beyond the pioneer settlements; on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

In the summer of 1819, Lieutenant Col. Henry Leavenworth of the 5th U. S. infantry, set out from old Fort Crawford near Prairie du Chien, with the advance guard to establish a new military post at the mouth of the St. Peter's river. Leavenworth's force consisted of about one hundred soldiers and twenty boatmen, with the necessary supplies and material to commence building Fort Saint Anthony. Before the new post was finished Col. Leavenworth was transferred to the 6th U. S. infantry and sent up the Missouri river to complete Fort Atkinson, which was being built at the old Council Bluffs, on the west side of the Missouri river, above Omaha. The work of construction on the new fort on the Mississippi, at the mouth of the St. Peter's river, was taken up and completed by Colonel Josiah Snelling which when inspected, so impressed General Winfield Scott, that upon his recommendation the name was changed in 1824 to Fort Snelling, by which it is now known.

In 1907, the author of these war stories learned that

an old manuscript journal, written by the late General Stephen W. Kearney in 1820, was presented to the Missouri Historical society—acquired by gift from the late Charles Kearney, of St. Joseph, Missouri. Upon inquiry a letter was received from the vice-president of the society allowing permission to get a typewritten transcript from the old journal, which was a narrative of travel by a small military force in 1820, while establishing an overland route between Fort Atkinson on the Missouri and the new fort on the Mississippi at the mouth of the St. Peter's river. General Kearney was then a captain in the 6th U. S. infantry. The journal commences on July 2nd, as follows:

“Left Council Bluffs for St. Peters at 7 a. m. Our party consists of Lieutenant Col. Morgan (of the 12th infantry) myself, Captain Magee, Lieutenant Petlands and Talcott, with fifteen soldiers, four servants, an Indian guide with his wife and pappoose, eight mules and seven horses. Captain Magee and the fifteen soldiers, assisted by Lieut. Talcott of the engineers, compose an exploring party to discover a route across the country between the two posts. Reached Lisa's about 9 o'clock and sent a boat with our mules and horses. On her return we descended the Missouri to the Bowyer, landed on the eastern side one mile from its mouth. A strong south wind rendered it difficult to manage the boat. Encamped for the night and until two o'clock p. m., the following day being stormy, when it cleared up cool and pleasant.”

Kearney's route was up Bowyer creek, along the east side of the Little Sioux in a north-easterly direction to their crossing of the DesMoines river above its

upper forks. On the eighth day while traveling up the Little Sioux, the journal says:

"Started 5 p. m; 10 miles from camp I left the party and rode eastward. Saw a mound which had been erected seven years since over the remains of an Indian chief of the Sioux nation. This mound is circular, the diameter of which is twelve feet elevation, having a pole standing in the center. It is on a high hill which overlooks a vast extent of country. Killed a large buffalo with pistol shots at ten feet distance from my horse. Reached a fine stream twelve yards wide which our guide says is the Leve Grave, a branch of the Sioux. So called from a trader of that name, having first traded with the Indians on this river. Sent back four mules to bring up the buffalo, which some men have been left to butcher. Having reached timber we remain here till tomorrow; we welcome the fire as an old acquaintance, banqueting upon a buffalo feast. The dead Indian buried under the mound on the hill was named Shanton de Tou—Red Hawk—a powerful chief of the Sisseton's; and was the first that visited the prophet on the Wabash about the time of the declaration of war. He excited the whole tribe of his nation to take up arms against the Americans."

Grigon's recollections, 3rd Wisconsin historic collections, page 270, says:

"Red Hawk was one of the chiefs with Proctor and Col. Robert Dickson in 1813, and was in the attack on Fort Stephensen, at Lower Sandusky, which was gallantly defended by Major George Croghan."

The following morning, July 9th, the Indian guide's wife was quite sick, in consequence of eating too greedily of buffalo meat. Lieut. Talcott took an observa-

tion and found their camp to be in latitude 42 degrees, 58 minutes. On July the 11th the journal says:

"We passed over some level prairies of considerable extent; discovered a large drove of buffalo, probably about five thousand, but not being in want of provisions we pursued our course. We proceeded and encamped at Elk Lake. The lake is nearly circular, being about four miles, is of handsome clear water and derives its name from the circumstance of a party of Indians having driven a large gang of elk on the ice in the winter season, when their weight broke it and they fell, a sacrifice to their crafty pursuers. The banks of the lake are gently sloping and covered with sand and pebbles, fringed with a thin growth of timber. The reflection of clouds upon the water and knowledge of our being so far from civilized society, irresistible enforce upon us an impression of gloomy beauty. From this lake is an outlet which leads to the Leve Grave."

The party headed the Raccoon branch of the Des Moines, taking a northeast direction toward the Mississippi, crossing the Des Moines river above its forks.

Their course led them too far toward the east, their Indian guide mistaking the Cedar river for the Saint Peters. As a matter of fact they never saw the Saint Peters until they reached their destination at its junction with the Mississippi.

On July the 16th the journal says:

"For a few days past we have been gradually losing confidence in our guide as regards his knowledge of this part of the country. He is himself considerably mortified at his ignorance, and his squaw this evening was weeping most pitiously;

no doubt through fear, as her lord and master has failed in his pledge of conducting us in a direct route to our point of destination. A cup of soup from our mess, presented to the squaw, quieted her apprehensions, that we would not sacrifice him on the altar of his ignorance."

July 21st, the journal reads as follows:

"At 4 p. m., when every one of the party was much fatigued with traveling, we discovered from a ridge the Mississippi river, and with light hearts and quick steps soon reached its water; at which point we observed a boat on the opposite shore, and after hailing a canoe with three Sioux Indians they with much precaution approached us. From these we learn the river we left this morning to be the Pine (now known as the Zumbro); that we are at Lake Pepin, and that the keel boat opposite has plenty of provisions. Some of our party took the Indian's canoe and paddled to the boat, obtaining pork, bread and whiskey."

The next morning Kearney's exploring party secured a new Indian guide and proceeded up the Mississippi river, seeing many pheasants and wild pigeons, several of which they shot. At sundown they reached an Indian village on the Mississippi, having traveled fifteen miles on a very hot day. There, for the first time since they left Council Bluffs their old Indian guide and his squaw quarreled. She had hitherto been very politely treated by him, but this day the party was increased by other Indians, and thinking it disgraceful to wait upon her in their presence, he made her perform the most menial duties.

Continuing the journal says:

"The village we reached this evening has been

established about ten years since by Tauton Gomony—Red Wing—a chief of the Gens du Lac tribe of the Sioux. He is about seventy years old and has been much distinguished for his talents and military prowess, as well as his friendship and attachment to the Americans. On our arrival near his village we were on the point of encamping about two hundred yards from it when he invited us nearer, adding that ‘no American had ever before shunned him.’ We accepted his invitation and encamped near his ‘wigwams,’ after which the officers were invited by him to a feast. Seating ourselves along side of him, his squaw handed us a dish of venison boiled up with corn which we found exceedingly palatable. While eating, the chief, by means of our guide (who speaks French as well as the Sioux language) told us that what was placed before us was ours, and that he did not wish any returned to him. Our share being more than we could possibly digest, we sent the leavings to our soldiers upon our return to camp; being followed shortly after by the old chief and his squaw, bringing fish and a deer head. We made him a present of some tobacco, tea and whiskey, and he soon left and went to bed.”

It is said Red Wing was an example of a self-made aboriginal American, rising from the warrior ranks by sheer force of character, he became one of the most influential chiefs among the Mississippi Sioux Indians, second only to Wapasha. Pike gave his name as Talangamane, the French and English equivalents, “L’ Aile Rouge” and “Red Wing.”

Keating, the writer of Long’s expedition up the Mississippi in 1822, says he was known as “Shakea”—the man that paints himself red.

Valentine Mott Porter, in speaking of Red Wing, says:

"Whatever may have been the proper name of the chief, he will always be known in history as Red Wing. He had an active fighting career as the head of an important tribe of the Sioux called "Manowa-Kantong" translated by Pike as "Gens du Lac" or "the people of the lake." Like Red Hawk of the Sisseton tribe, he assisted the British in the war of 1812. These two chiefs and another known as "The Sixth," all under the war-chief Wapasha, were in the attack on Fort Sandusky in 1813. (3 Wis. Hist. Collections, page 270.) Red Wing was presumably also present in the battle of Mackinac Island; in which the American commander, Major Holmes, was killed. Captain Anderson, a trader who commanded one of the Mackinac military companies, said Red Wing was "famed for telling events." Judged by his subsequent course, this talent seems to have been ordinary foresight, coupled with discretion. After the British assault on the post at Prairie du Chien Red Wing decided to quit and retire to private life, because of a vision he had that the British would soon be driven away, leaving the Indians to fight it out alone or make peace with the Americans. He gave back the "Royal George Medal," presented to him by the British, explaining when pressed, "You tell me the lion on this medal is the most powerful of all animals. I have never seen one, but I am told the lion sleeps all day, but the eagle, the most powerful of birds, sleeps only at night."

George Catlin, the western traveler and Indian painter, visited Red Wing's village in 1833; after the death of the old chief. He met the young chief of the

band, whom he called Ta-ton-ga-mo-nee—Red Wing's son. Saying, the young chief was a great hunter, and was well liked by the white men, being famous among the Sioux Indians on the Mississippi.

Schoolcraft says that Red Wing's grand-daughter married Colonel Crawford, a trader at Prairie du Chien and Mackinac, "who left descendents in the lake country."

On July 23rd, Kearney's journal says:

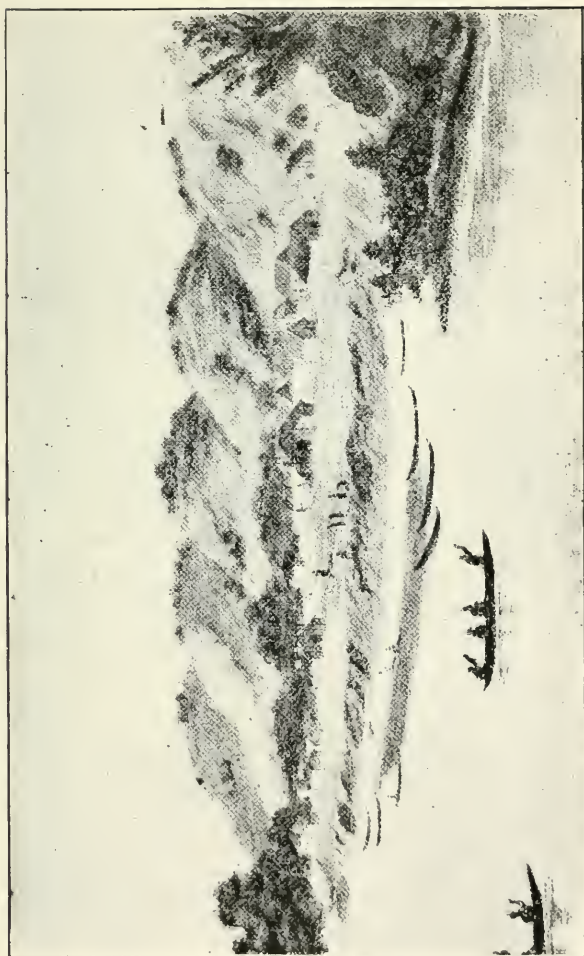
"The weather continuing unfavorable, we remained until 2 p. m., had as guests an Indian chief and some Frenchmen who came down in a boat from Lord Selkirk's establishment on Red river. Leaving the Mississippi to avoid its banks, we proceeded across the country to Cannon river, about thirty yards wide and about three feet deep, crossing over we encamped on its banks."

On the 25th of July, the little expedition from Council Bluffs reached the mouth of the St. Peter's river, where the new fort was being built.

Col. Leavenworth was still in command when Kearney's party reached the St. Peters river, and the travelers were received with demonstrations of rejoicing. On the following day Captain Kearney crossed the Mississippi with a party from the new post to witness the marriage of Lieutenant Green to a Miss Gooding. The bridegroom was a first lieutenant in the 21st infantry, the bride being the daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Gooding of the 5th infantry.

Foryth's journal, in Minn. Hist. Collection, says:

"Gooding's wife was the first white woman to see St. Anthony's falls.



LITTLE CROW'S VILLAGE.

On July 27th, Captain Kearney visited the Falls of St. Anthony, accompanied by Col. Morgan and Leavenworth, Lieuts. Petland and Talcott; having started out from Camp Coldwater, at the mouth of the St. Peter's river.

The journal in describing the falls, reads as follows:

"In viewing the falls, I must confess they did not strike me with that majestic and grand appearance I had been induced to expect from their description by former travelers. They are, however, very beautiful, and probably on account of having seen the immense falls of Niagara, and the high pitch I had wrought myself up to, of witnessing in a savage country a body of water held in veneration by the neighboring wild tribes of Indians may account for my disappointment. The view as presented from the west shore, below the falls, was nearly thus:

"About thirty yards from the east shore, and as many below the falls commences an island, which runs up a quarter of a mile, probably twenty rods wide and covered with timber, preventing a view of the falls beyond.

Between that island and the west shore, the water appears to flow over the falls in twenty-eight detached bodies, the edge or extremity being circuitous, having many angles, though quite regular.

The pitch or fall of water is sixteen feet, though for some hundred yards below, the water dashes with the rapidity of lightning over large limestone rocks which have been worn away from the main body at the fall.

"Above and below the falls are many rapids, which

assist to diversify the scene and render it more terrific.

A small island near the west shore, a few yards below the fall separates the body of water and helps to increase its rapidity by giving it a smaller channel.

The width of the river above the falls may be about six hundred yards and the banks from that point, approaching each other leave it not more than two hundred yards below.

“The roaring of the water may be heard for a considerable distance, say ten or twelve miles, though the spray did not extend as far as one might have reason to expect it would. The falls are nine miles by water and seven by land above the mouth of the St. Peter’s river.

“The Indians consider these falls as a great spirit, and when passing make presents and pay their adoration to them.”

From the falls, Kearney and his men visited a small lake, passing a grove of tamaracks, where they spent three or four hours fishing with great success, returning to their camp at sundown.

On the 29th of July, Kearney’s party of explorers commenced their voyage down the Mississippi, from the St. Peter’s river. They describe an island of about one hundred acres at the confluence with the Mississippi, and after descending four miles visited a cave near the river which they explored—the Indians calling it Wakon-teepe, the home of the Great Spirit.

The journal says:

“We put to at a ravine, and walking up for two hundred yards, reached a cave; being at the mouth twenty feet wide and ten feet high, handsomely arched

and roofed; the floor being of a beautiful white sand resembling Muscovado sugar.

"Taking a candle, I commenced entering it, in company with three or four of our boat's party. We penetrated about four hundred yards, frequently obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, it being too low and on account of its narrow passage.

Sidling along and supporting ourselves, (having no foot hold) with our backs and hands, at one hundred yards from the entrance we passed through a room about fifteen feet square.

"As far as we penetrated we found a rapid stream of water, cold as ice, and in which we could not remain for any length of time. This stream was occasionally two yards wide, then narrowing to a foot; in some places so deep we could not touch bottom, though generally it was not much more than two feet. The stones we found at the bottom had a mixture of iron in them.

The air was quite cold, and the farther we advanced the plainer we could hear the roaring of waters from within, like distant thunder.

"The passengers in the boat being desirous to proceed with as little delay as possible, we returned to it, not, however, with our curiosity gratified; as we had wished to penetrate 'til stopped by difficulties we could not overcome."

In Carver's Travels, page 39, we find the following, relating to this cave:

"About thirty miles below the falls of St. Anthony is a remarkable cave of an amazing depth.

The entrance to it is about ten feet wide, the height of it being five feet. The arch within is near

fifteen feet high and about thirty-five broad. The bottom of it consists of fine clear sand. About twenty-five feet from the entrance begins a lake, the water of which is transparent and extends to an unsearchable distance.

"I found in this cave many Indian hieroglyphics, which appear very ancient. The cave is only accessible by ascending a narrow, steep passage that lies near the brim of the river.

"At a little distance from this dreary cavern is a burying place of several bands of Naudawesi Indians."—(The ancient name of the Sioux.)

Lieutenant Pike also visited the cave in 1807; mentioned in Coue's edition of Pike's expedition, page 198. Four miles below the cave, near the present city of St. Paul, Kearney and his companions landed at "Le Petit Corbeau's village," the French name for Little Crow, the hereditary chief of the Kaposia band of Sioux Indians — the last chief in that Indian dynasty, was the Little Crow who participated in the Minnesota massacre, in 1862.

We find in Grignon's recollections, page 269, Vol. 3, Wis. Hist. Collections; that the elder Little Crow was with the British in the war of 1812-13, and was in the battles of Sandusky and Fort Meigs. Keating's narrative of Major Long's expedition also mentions him as being near Fort Snelling in 1822.

Kearney says he lived in a village of eleven lodges on the head of an island in the Mississippi, a short distance below a high ridge of limestone rock, where they stopped a few minutes to trade for corn.

On July 30th, Kearney's journal says:

"Weighed anchor at 4 a. m., at which time there

was a thick fog on the river, but which dispersed at 7. Passed Red Wing; he who treated us so politely on the 22nd inst. He was ascending the river in a canoe with his squaw who recognized me; made them some presents and proceeding passed, at 10 a. m., the mouth of the Cannon river, 25 yards wide. Soon reached the Indian village, when we were overtaken by Red Wing, and halting the boat, we accompanied him to his lodge where we remained a few minutes.

"Reached Lake Pepin, an expansion of the Mississippi, from one to two miles wide, at noon. The lake is considered dangerous to navigate, and few boatmen, when it is disturbed by wind, would consent to cross it.

"Passed a point of rocks—(Maiden's Rock) on the east shore 200 feet above the surface of the water, from which 'tis reported, a squaw being attached to one Indian and betrothed by her parents to another, in a fit of despair took "the lover's leap," and thus fell a sacrifice to a feeling of sentiment rarely to be found among savages.

"Below this point our boat was stopped for a short time, and several curious specimens of copper, flint, iron and cornelion were found."

The voyagers reached the lowest end of Lake Pepin, which is reported as being twenty-two miles long, where they anchored at 11 p. m. in the middle of the river; the journal says that there was no current in the lake, but in the river the water flow was from one to three knots per hour, which was of great assistance in propelling their keel boat of thirty tons—rowed by twelve oarsmen.

On July 31st Kearney weighed anchor during a

heavy fog, moving down past "Chippewa river on the east and "The Great Encampment" on the west side, saying:

"This takes its name from the circumstance that almost all traders in ascending or descending the river stop here for the purpose of hunting, drying or airing their goods and baggage; refitting and overhauling their boats."

Kearney and his companions continued their voyage of the day, passing "Prairie Le Aisle"—to Wapasha's Indian village. The keel boat was landed, and Wapasha came on board accompanied by an Indian chief, "who was the brother-in-law of Col. Dickson, a celebrated British trader."

This chief, who could talk the French language and was Wapasha's interpreter, was evidently Big Thunder, the father of Waneta; the great chief of the Yanktonaise Sioux whose village was on Elm river, within the present boundaries of Brown county, South Dakota.

In mentioning Kearney's talk with Wapasha, the journal says:

"The question as to the number of his band having been inadvertently put to him, he immediately appeared to be somewhat excited, and rising, he took a glass of water (as if to prepare himself) then throwing his blanket over his left shoulder and arm, his right one remaining bare, he re-seated himself and commenced a speech which lasted five minutes, displaying great fluency of words accompanied with the most easy and graceful gestures. The substance of Wabasha's speech, as interpreted, was he did not relish the idea of the

whites being on the river above him. That he wished them to remove. That he could not force them; but unless they did, he would complain to the "Great Father" (The President of the United States.) This Wabasha is a great and powerful chief, and for many years has been distinguished on this river."

Valentine Mott Porter, in his notes on Kearney, says:

"Wabasha was one of the principle Sioux chiefs, being considered the head of the seventeen bands of that tribe residing south of the St. Peter's river. The name was borne by three chiefs in successive generations, and is derived from "Wapa" (a leaf) and "sha" (red) meaning "red leaf." The Indian name has been spelled in a variety of ways, but the one given was the most common. In French it was usually "La Feuille," and in English "The Leaf;" each without the adjective."

Doane Robinson, secretary of the Department of History for South Dakota, has written to the author of these reminiscences, saying:

"Wapasha did not go to Fort Meigs or Sandusky. (In the war of 1812.) The third Wisconsin collections is in error in that matter. He was all the time under suspicion by the British for being in sympathy with the Americans. The Sioux expedition to Sandusky and Fort Meigs was lead by Etasapa, a nephew of Wapasha's.

While the siege of Fort Meigs was in progress, Tahama came down from Lisa's camp near Chamberlain (South Dakota) and 'threw a scare' into the Sioux at Fort Meigs, telling them that the Tetons (of the Missouri country) were about to swoop down upon their

families on the Mississippi and destroy them; and the entire band, except Little Crow and twenty-one others, deserted and returned to the Mississippi.

"The whole matter is nicely developed in the testimony taken at the Joe Rolette court martial at Prairie du Chien, in 1815."

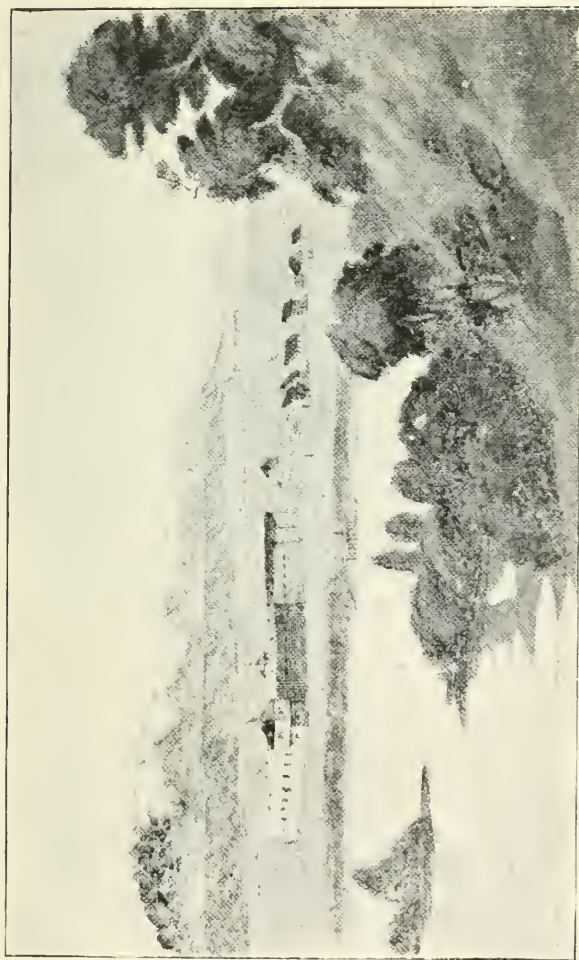
Joe Rolette's trial was of considerable importance, causing financial loss to both Colonel Crawford and Col. Dickson; who were compelled to abandon their Indian trade within the boundaries of the United States. Crawford went to Mackinac and Dickson was imprisoned at St. Louis, but subsequently was released and went to Canada.

We find in the old annals of congress, (January, 1821, on page 958) a section to a bill introduced in the House of Representatives, which says:

"Sec. 8. And it is further enacted, that licenses shall not be granted to trade with any of the Indian tribes, to any but citizens of the United States, of approved moral character, and of ability to embark at least.....annually in the trade. * * * the license to be annulled for breach of conditions which shall be determined by the verdict of a jury."

Showing, that by the enactment of Congressional law, old British fur-traders had to take the oath of allegiance and become residents of the United States, or remove from our Territory.

This same bill also authorized the President of the United States "to occupy the territory on the Columbia river in the region of tide water." Extinguishing the Indian title there, making liberal provisions for actual settlers; paving the way for pioneer settlements and Indian trade in the Great Northwest Territory, to Am-



PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AND FORT CRAWFORD.



erican citizens. This Congressional enactment broke up the old British fur-trading posts within the borders of the United States, and was the beginning of the re-organization of new fur-trading companies on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, including their tributaries.

Leaving Wapasha's village, Captain Stephen W. Kearney and his companions continued their voyage down the Mississippi to "La Montague qui Trempe a l'Eau," (the mountain which soaks in the river") a high hill on the east side at the mouth of Trempealeau river, where they camped for the night.

On the following morning, August 1st, the journal says:

"Started a 4 a. m. Passed Black river to the east, about 100 yards wide at its mouth; met a canoe with six Indians ascending the river; they came on board, and one we found to be a nephew of Wabasha; treated them with some whiskey, when they left us."

Passed "Prairie Le Cross" (so called from the circumstance of a game of ball of that name being played by the Indians at that place.) The prairie commences at the mouth of the river of that name, and extends on the east shore about a mile; bounded in the rear by high hills and cliffs, a mile from the Mississippi."

The Indian, here mentioned as the nephew of Wapasha, was evidently Etasapa, who lead the Sioux in the battle of Sandusky, in the war of 1812-13.

Kearney's journal informs us that he voyaged past Yellow river, on the east side, and reached Prairie du Chien, on the east shore, at 5 o'clock, on August 2nd. There, they found two companies of the 5th U. S. Infantry in comfortable barracks at Fort Crawford,

enclosed within pickets one hundred yards square, "with two block houses at opposite angles." Kearney and his companions were politely received, and were invited to eat at the officer's mess during their stay at the fort.

Prairie du Chien was an old Indian trading post, beginning as a rendezvous, where surrounding tribes met and traded with the French traders, as early as 1710; soon after Le Seuer and Perot built their trading houses on Lake Pepin. This fort was near the mouth of the Wisconsin river; which was used as a water route from Green Bay to the Mississippi by old French traders; who voyaged up Fox river and portaged to its headwaters.

In the early thirties, the old fort was abandoned and a new military post of the same name was built in another part of the town; where Jefferson Davis was stationed when a lieutenant in the U. S. army. From there he eloped with and married the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, whose headquarters was at that post.

August 4th, the journal says:

"Having exchanged boats and obtained one of about twelve tons, with six oarsmen, left Prairie du Chien at 9 a. m., with a fair breeze—passed the Wisconsin river, (now called the Wisconsin) on the east side. This river is about 600 yards wide at its mouth, and connected with the Fox river, (between which there is but one mile portage) and forms the communication from the upper lakes to the Mississippi."

August 5th, the journal says:

"Started at 4 a. m., passed Bear creek on the west and at breakfast time stopped at a small island, where we saw a large flock of pigeons and secured eight of

them for dinner. At 10 a. m. stopped at a settlement of traders (where we found Dr. Muir, late of the army, with his squaw and two children) opposite a Fox village of seventeen lodges and 100 inhabitants. On a high hill, at one end of the village, we saw a small building covering the remains of Mr. Dubuque, who died in 1808, and who obtained from the Spanish government the title of the "Lead Mines," which commence one mile from this place. These mines are at present partially worked by five or six of the Fox Indians."

On the 6th of August, Kearney's boat crew voyaged down the Mississippi "with a strong head wind," passing a keel boat that was coming up from St. Louis, loaded with Indian stores for the government factory at Prairie du Chien.

August 7th, the journal says:

"Started at 4 a. m. Passed on the east shore a high prairie for a distance of eight miles, and reached the "Fox village" on the west, where we stopped a few minutes and traded for some corn. Five miles from this village brought us to the head of the "Rapids de Roche," and entering them, we descended with little difficulty, striking and sticking on the rocks three times (which was very well, considering we had no pilot) and reached the foot of them at 1 p. m., they being about eighteen miles long. Four miles from them brought us to Fort Armstrong, at the lower end of Rock Island. * * *

Rock Island, is about two and one half miles long by one and three quarters wide, lies near the east or Illinois shore, three and one half miles above Stony or Rock river, and is well covered with timber and good soil.

"The fort on it was built in 1815, and is a neat

work, with three block houses, capable of resisting any attack from Indians. It forms a part of the chain of forts on the Mississippi and is situated in the neighborhood of many tribes; the most warlike and powerful on the river."

During the afternoon of Aug, 8th, Kearney, in company with Col. Morgan and Lieut. Pentland, crossed the Mississippi to the Fox village composed of thirty lodges, on the east shore. There, they obtained horses from the Indians and rode to Rock river, four miles above its mouth, where they found the principal village of the Fox nation—Black Hawk's village. Which is represented as containing a population of three thousand Indians, who could muster an army of one thousand warriors from that vicinity, fully equipped and ready for war.

These Indians were allies and friends to the Sacs; who outnumbered the Foxes and laid claim to the lands west of the Mississippi as their hunting grounds; their principal chief being Keokuck, so vividly described by George Catlin.

The Sacs and Foxes were enemies of the Sioux, who were at war with them, and when Captain Kearney visited the Fox village on Rock river, he says he saw some Sioux scalps in front of one of the Indian lodges, showing that they then were in the midst of the tribal wars.

On August 9th, six chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes visited Fort Armstrong and dined with Major Marston, the commander of the fort, and Stephen W. Kearney's exploring party; "showing by their manners and conduct; that politeness is not confined exclusively to the whites."

The Rock river valley and the adjacent country, was ceded to the United States by the Sac and Fox tribes Nov. 3rd, 1804. In that treaty was a provision permitting the Indians to continue to reside and hunt on these lands until they were required for settlement. Years after, Black Hawk's feelings were with difficulty controlled when he was requested to leave the Rock river valley in compliance with the treaty. However, he peacefully abandoned these lands when notified and moved west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk had spent his youth and early manhood in the Rock river valley, where his forefathers were buried, and the more he thought of it the more he determined to return.

In speaking of the outbreak of the Black Hawk war, Schoolcraft says:

"Black Hawk was one of those Indian dreamers and fasters of the aboriginal race, who mistook the impression of dreams for revelations of the Great Spirit. In his own person he united judgment with courage, and had acquired much influence in the Indian councils. Tales of the grasping spirit of Americans had been circulated by the British, and to his view, as he looked down the vista of years, the former times appeared so much the better than the present, that the vision wrought upon his susceptible imagination which pictured it to be the Indian's golden age. He readily enlisted the sympathies of the Indians, who are prone to ponder on their real or imaginary wrongs, and it may be readily conjectured that what Indian council could not accomplish, Indian prophecy would."

August 10, the journal says:

"Having purchased, for six bottles of whiskey, a

canoe twenty five feet long and two broad, we left the Rock Island at 6 a. m. Our party being now reduced to Lieut. Col. Morgan, Lieut. Pentland, myself and two waiters; one being to the colonel, and the other my own and each of us seated on the bottom of the boat with paddle in hand to work with."

They passed Rock river on the east shore, Pine Creek on the west, and reached Prairie Island, ten miles long; encamping below it at sundown. On the following morning they rose "at the first dawn of day," having been tormented by mosquitoes; passed the Iowa river on the west, breakfasting below its mouth, making a run of forty miles. On the 12th, they passed Skunk river on the west side, a trader's house below; stopped at the ruins of old Fort Madison on the west shore, where they examined the remains of nine chimneys, scattered stones and old decayed pickets; remnants of the old military post built there in 1808, where now stands the city of Fort Madison.

Schoolcraft says that the Indians attacked this old fort Sept. 5, 1813; commencing their operations by shooting and scalping a soldier near the gate. The savages then opened a brisk fire with ball and buck-shot, killed the cattle in the outer inclosure, cut the rope which held up the flag, causing it to fall, and made several bold and dextrous attempts to set the works on fire during the siege.

Continuing down the river Kearney and his men reached Fort Edwards, on the Illinois shore one mile above the mouth of the Des Moines river, saying:

"'Tis a small square work with two block houses, capable of containing a company of soldiers; built in 1815 on a high commanding eminence surrounded by a

handsome country. This post was abandoned eighteen months since, but in consequence of the murder of two soldiers at Rock Island by the Indians, and the representations made by the factor, of the hostility of neighboring tribes, a Lieutenant with twenty men were sent here in May last."

August 15th Kearney's boat was launched at Fort Edwards, and the explorers resumed their journey down the river to the mouth of the Des Moines, where they boarded the steamboat "Western Engineer," commanded by Lieut. Jas. D. Graham, who was then taking observations of the rapids. The steamboat grounded twice on a sandbar during the day and owing to its slow progress, with sickness on board, they took to their canoe again. Two miles below they engaged four men at a small settlement near the "Wakendaw river" to go up and assist in removing the steamboat from the sandbar. Continued their course down the Mississippi, passed the "Two Rivers," and camped below Hannibal, Mo., having passed it in the night without seeing it.

On the 17th, the voyagers coursed their way down the river in their canoe, landed at "Louisiana," represented as a thriving place, where they determined to take passage on a keel boat loaded with furs that was going to St. Louis. The journal says:

"The boat was worked by six Frenchmen, commanded by a young American, whom the former pay no regard or respect to. Passed Clarksville on the west; and at dark all on board went to sleep leaving the boat to drift at will; not 'til a watch or two had been detailed; whose duty I found consisted in sleeping more soundly than the others, the bow and stern being appropriated to them."

On the morning of Aug. 18th, the keel boat passed the remains of old "Fort Independence," represented as having been erected during the war of 1812, for the protection of the frontier settlement in Missouri; a cantonment that was soon abandoned. On the 19th, the journal says:

"At day-break passed the Illinois river on the east. A short distance below this commences a ridge of rocks (about 1200 feet high, very irregular, and forming the most antic appearance that can be imagined) which continues as low as "Portage de Sioux," the shore on the west being low and sandy."

Finding their progress too slow, Kearney and his men again took to their large Indian canoe, passing the town of Alton on the Illinois shore, below which they passed the mouth of the Missouri river and reached St. Louis at 5 p. m., having voyaged from the St. Peter's, about nine hundred miles.

Gen. Stephen W. Kearney participated in the Mexican war, marching to New Mexico and California; was in the battle of San Pasqual on the Pacific coast, and was acting Governor of California during the spring of 1947.

He rose to the rank of general in the U. S. army, dying at St Louis in 1848.

CHAPTER III

Hunt's Astoria Expedition---Voyaging up the Missouri--- Conquest of the British Fur Co.---Return of American Trappers.

THE three great military hegemonies:—of Spain in the Sixteenth century, of France under Louis XIV, and of Napoleon Bonaparte; who dreamed of building new colonial empires in America, all met with rapid extinction.

After the Louisiana purchase, in 1803, many pathfinders voyaged up the Missouri river, through the lands of the Dakotas, into the wilds of the Rocky mountains and western slope to the Pacific.

On the 23rd of June, 1810, the Pacific Fur company was organized. The incorporated members of the association were, John Jacob Astor, Wilson P. Hunt, Alexander McKay, Donald McKenzie, Duncan McDugal and David Stuart.

In prosecuting their great scheme of commerce and colonization, so graphically described in Washington Irving's Astoria, two expeditions were sent to the Pacific coast; one from New York by sea; the other from St. Louis; voyaging up the broad Missouri to the mouth of Grand river, and overland across the Rocky mountains.

The former, by the ship Tonquin, carried out many of the men, stores, merchandise and material required to establish a fortified trading post at the mouth of the Columbia river. The latter expedition was led by

Wilson P. Hunt up the Missouri to the mouth of Grand river; and from there their route (known as the Astoria trail) led them up Grand river, passing north of the Black Hills across the mountains. Pierre Dorion, the half-breed son of Lewis and Clark's old Sioux interpreter, was guide and interpreter through the Sioux country. In their voyage up the Missouri they were overtaken by Manuel Lisa and twenty men, who were going up the river in search of Major Andrew Henry and his companions, who had established a trading post near the three forks of the Missouri. The boats of the two expeditions continued together as far as the Arickara villages, near Grand river; Lisa and his men continuing on up the Missouri river. On the 18th of July, Hunt and his men commenced their line of march from the Arickara villages. His caravan consisted of eighty horses which had been purchased from the Indians, most of them being used to carry their goods, traps and provisions. One of the animals was allotted to Pierre Dorion, for use in transporting the luggage of the interpreter together with his two children; his squaw walking and leading the horse; showing patience and fortitude in her endurance of travel through the bad lands west of the Missouri.

The course of the travelers was southwest toward the Crow country, to avoid meeting with the Blackfeet Indians on the Yellowstone, who were unfriendly to the whites. They met with a wandering individual named Edward Rose, a renegade from the Mississippi; who lived with the Crows, the Absarakas of the Big Horn mountains. He was engaged as hunter, guide and interpreter through the Crow country.

On the 23rd of July they crossed Grand river, and

being in the buffalo country the hunters obtained a supply of meat for their use. While there, they met with a band of Cheyenne Indians, with whom they traded merchandise and trinkets for a few more horses that was needed to convey their packs and provisions. They lingered at the Cheyenne village several days hunting and trading with that wild prairie band, who received the travelers in a friendly manner.

On the 6th of August, the travelers resumed their journey westward, and as they had received a good supply of horses, their baggage was made into smaller packs and a good riding horse was allotted to each of their six hunters, who supplied the travelers with fresh meat. In a few days they arrived at the foothills of the Panther mountains, in the Crow country, where Rose was to officiate as guide and interpreter.

There, the wily renegade tried to induce several of Hunt's men to join with him in carrying off a number of their horses with their packs of goods; deserting to the Crow Indians, who were willing to receive them with good treatment. The plot of Rose was detected, and the travelers pursued their way through the Crow country, passing beyond the western boundaries of that predatory tribe on the 15th of August.

Their subsequent adventures and hardships, in crossing the Rocky mountains, is graphically described in Washington Irving's works.

The American trading post at Astoria, on the Columbia river, was transferred to the British Northwest Fur company during the war of 1812. Their demands were made in a peremptory and insolent manner, dictating terms like conquerers. The American hunters and

trappers looked on with indignation as the terms of sale were executed, and, after refusing to accept employment with the British company, they returned across the Rocky mountains to the Missouri river. Experiencing as many vicissitudes and disastrous adventures as befell Ulysses and his famous heroes on their return home from the Trojan war—so vividly portrayed in Homer's *Odyssey*.

As the returning hunters were moving up the Columbia river, lead by David Stuart, they discovered the Indian wife of Pierre Dorion, who informed them that Dorion and Rezner, who were trapping there, were killed by a wild tribe of Indians. Leaving Dorion's Indian wife among the Shoshones, the trappers continued their travels across the mountains, coursing south-east to the headwaters of Green river; the "Hell Gate" of early explorers.

On the 29th of October, 1812, they steered for a wooded ravine on the eastern slope of the Wind River mountains, reaching its shelter during a snow storm at the day's decline. There they sought a place of security on the banks of a running stream, in a wild and desolate region, which they supposed was on the headwaters of the Lac Qui Court, or Niobrarah river; instead of a mountain tributary of the north fork of the Platte, as they discovered. The river led them through a wild mountain scenery the greater part of two days, coming out into a more open country near the old route traveled by the Indians from the Platte valley to the Yellowstone, subsequently known as the Bozeman trail, made in 1864 by J. M. Bozeman of Montana.

In looking from that old trail, near there, the trav-

eler can see "Cloud Peak," with its snow covered summit ten thousand feet above sea level; also the distant range of the Big Horn mountains blending with the sky, leaving it in doubt whether all is not a mass of silver-topped clouds. In the front, away to the northeast, stands the four columns of "Pumpkin Buttes;" and farther east "Bear Butte," beyond which is a faint outline of the Black Hills, in the gold region of South Dakota—the old hunting grounds of the Cheyenne Indians, who roamed there in their pristine vigor.

The returning trappers continued their course southeast, but were again forced to seek a protected location during a raging snow storm. Convinced that it would be dangerous to continue their travels during the winter, they built a log cabin at a protected point where the stream issued from between protruding mountain ridges, crowned with a black forest. They selected a favored location, situated on the southern verge of the mountain forest; the winter retreat of large herds of buffaloes and innumerable flocks of Big Horn sheep and black-tailed deer—yielding shelter, food and fuel.

There, in a hunter's paradise, within the old boundaries of the Territory of Dakota, Stuart and his companions killed thirty-two buffaloes, which came tramping to the timber lands near their cabin, and they soon discovered that grizzly bear ranged in the hills that surrounded them. They made the mountains echo with their rifles; killing wild game in abundance; and looked forward to a winter of peace and quietness in the security of their isolated cabin. Safe, as they thought, from the prying eyes of straggling war parties, who traveled over the old Indian trail leading from the

Platte to the Crow villages, and the Yellowstone. But alas! they were prone to meet with grievous disappointment; as the following record shows.

Washington Irving, in speaking of their adventure with a party of Arapahoes, says:

"They feasted upon venison and mountain mutton, bear meat and marrow bones; dozing and reposing round their fire gossiping over past dangers and adventures, telling long hunting stories until spring should return—when they would make boats of buffalo skins and float down the river.

From such halcyon dreams they were startled one morning at daybreak, by a savage yell. Cautiously peeping out they beheld to their dismay several Indian warriors among the trees, all armed and painted in warlike style; being evidently bent on some hostile purpose.

Miller changed countenance as he regarded them. "We are in trouble," said he; "these are some of the rascally Arapahoes who robbed me last year." Not a word was uttered by the rest of the party; but they silently slung their powder horns and ball pouches, and prepared for battle.

McLellan, who had taken his gun to pieces the evening before put it together in all haste. He proposed that they should break out the clay front between the logs of their cabin, so as to be able to fire upon the enemy. "Not yet," replied Stuart; "it will not do to show fear or distrust, we must first hold a parley. Some one must go out and meet them as a friend."

Who was to undertake the task? It was full of peril, as the envoy might be shot down at the threshold.

"The leader of the party," said Miller, "always takes the advance."

"Good!" replied Stuart, "I am ready."

He immediatly went forth; one of the Canadians followed him; the rest of the party remained in garrison, to keep the savages in check. Stuart advanced holding his rifle in one hand and extending the other to the savage who appeared to be the chief. The latter stepped forward and took it; his men followed his example, and all shook hands with Stuart in token of friendship.

They now explained their errand. They were a party of Arapahoes, whose village lay along the stream several days journey to the eastward. It had been attacked and ravaged during their absence by a band of Crows; who carried off several of their women and most of their horses.

For sixteen days they had been tracking the Crow Indians about the mountains: but had not yet come upon them. In the meantime they had met with scarcely any game and were half famished.

About two days previously they had heard the report of firearms among the mountains, and in searching in the direction of the sound had come to a place where a deer had been shot. They immediately put themselves upon the track of the hunter, and following it up had arrived at the cabin. Mr. Stuart now invited the chief, and another who appeared to be his lieutenant, into the cabin; but made signs that no one else was to enter.

The rest halted, others came straggling up, until the whole party of twenty-three were gathered before the door. They were armed with bows and arrows,

tomahawks and scalping knives; and some few with guns. All were painted and dressed for war, and had a wild and fierce appearance.

Mr. Miller recognized among them some of the very fellows who robbed him the previous year, and put his comrades on their guard. Every man stood ready to resist the first act of hostility; the savages, however, conducted themselves peaceably and showed none of the swaggering arrogance which a war party is apt to assume.

On entering the hut, the chief and his lieutenant cast wistful looks at the rafters, laden with venison and buffalo meat. Mr. Stuart made a merit of necessity, and invited them to help themselves. They did not wait to be pressed. The rafters were soon eased of their burden; venison and beef were passed out to the crew before the door, and a scene of gormandizing commenced; of which few can have any idea who has not witnessed the gastronic powers of an Indian; after an interval of several days of fasting. This was kept up throughout the day; they paused now and then, it is true, for a brief interval; but only to return to the charge with renewed ardor. The chief and his lieutenant surpassed all the rest in the vigor and perseverance of their attacks; as if, from their station they were bound to signalize themselves in all onslaughts.

Mr. Stuart kept them well supplied with choice bits, for it was his policy to over-feed them, and keep them from leaving the cabin where they served as hostages for the good conduct of their followers.

Once, only, in the course of the day did the chief sally forth. Mr. Stewart and one of his men accom-

panied him, armed with their rifles, but without betraying any distrust. The chief soon returned and renewed his attack upon the larder. In a word, he and his worthy coadjutor, the lieutenant, ate until they were stupified.

Toward the evening, the Indians made their preparation for the night, according to the practice of war parties. Those outside of the cabin threw up two breastworks into which they retired at a tolerably early hour; and slept like over-fed hounds.

As to the chief and his lieutenant, they passed the night in the hut; in the course of which, they got up two or three times to eat. The travelers took turns, one at a time, to mount guard until morning.

Scarcely had the day dawned, when the gormandizing was resumed by the whole band, and carried on with surprising vigor until 10 o'clock; when all prepared to depart. They had six days journey to make, they said, before they could come up with the Crows who were encamped on a river to the northwest. Their way lay through a hungry country where there was no game, they would moreover have but little time to hunt; therefore they craved a small supply of provisions for their journey. Mr. Stuart again invited them to help themselves. They did so with keen forethought, loading themselves with the choice parts of the meat, and leaving the late plenteous larder far gone in consumption. Their next request was for a supply of ammunition, having guns, but no powder and ball. They promised to pay magnificently out of the spoils of their foray.

"We are poor now," they said, "and are obliged to go on foot; but we shall soon come back laden with

booty and all mounted on horseback with scalps hanging at our bridles. We will then give each of you a horse to keep you from being tired on your journey."

"Well," said Mr. Stuart, "when you bring the horses you shall have the ammunition, but not before."

The Indians saw by his determined tone that all further entreaty would be unavailing, so they desisted with a good humored laugh and went off well freighted, both within and without; promising to be back again in the course of a fortnight.

No sooner were they out of hearing, than the luckless travelers held another council. The security of their cabin was at an end, and with it all their dreams of a quiet winter. On one side were their old enemies, the Crows, on the other side, the Arapahoes; no less dangerous freebooters.

As to the moderation of the war party, they considered it assumed, to put them off their guard for some more favorable opportunity for a surprisal.

They proposed now to keep along the river to its confluence with the Missouri, or at least to reach a point where they might be able to construct canoes of greater strength and durability than those of buffalo skins. Accordingly, on the 13th of December, they bade adieu to their comfortable quarters with many a regret, where for five weeks they had been indulging the sweets of repose and plenty, with fancied security.

They were still accompanied by their veteran pack horse, which the Arapahoes had omitted to steal, either because they intended to steal him on their return, or because they thought him not worth stealing."

The fur-traders traveled for two weeks down the

Platte river; and again encamped in a sheltering grove; owing to the continued cold weather, and deep snow. They built themselves another cabin and passed the remaining months of the winter without any Indian visitors; being more fortunate in their second protected position.

On the 20th of March, they resumed their journey down the Platte river, reaching Grand Island; the first landmark they were enabled to conjecture with confidence their position. They again pushed forward with renewed energy, and reached the Pawnee villages, where they found two white traders from St. Louis.

There, they exchanged their old pack horse for a large Indian boat and embarked on the waters of the Platte river. They voyaged swiftly along on the spring tide to the Missouri, and landed at Bellevue, near the mouth of the Platte.

Being the first white men to travel down the North fork of Platte river from the mountains; along the old route subsequently known as the "Oregon Trail."

It is said that Manuel Lisa visited the site of Bellevue with a party of trappers in 1805, and upon viewing the magnificent panorama that was spread before them, the enthusiastic Spaniard in a burst of admiration exclaimed, Bellevue!—beautiful view—by which name it has since been known.

In 1810, the American Fur Co. established a trading post at Bellevue and appointed Francis DeRoin as Indian trader; who was in command of the post in the spring of 1813, and received the returning trappers from the Columbia river.

DeRoin subsequently established a trading post on

the west side of the Missouri, below Nebraska City, where the village of St. Deroin is situated; which rose to be a business point of considerable importance during the days of early steamboating on the Missouri.

Joseph Robideaux, for whom St. Joseph, Mo., was named, succeeded DeRoin at Bellevue, in 1816. Why these two old fur-traders are designated as saints, through the towns named in their honor, is beyond our understanding.

In 1819, the exploring expedition of Major Long found Bellevue a trading post, in charge of John Cabanne of St. Louis. He was succeeded, in 1824, by the famous Peter Sarpy; for whom Sarpy county, Nebraska, was named.

There, in the early years of the 30s, Lucien Fontanelle was a fur-trader; where his half-breed son Logan rose to be chief of the Omaha tribe; their ancient village lying within rude earthworks that overlook the turbid waters of the great river. Logan Fontanelle was killed by a war-party of Brule Sioux, led by Spotted Tail, while hunting buffalo on the Elkhorn, in 1856.

The following story of the Indian battle, and of Logan Fontanelle's death, was related by "Iron Eye," an Omaha chief, to T. H. Tibbles, who prepared it for publication in the fifth volumn of the Nebraska Historical Society:

INDIAN BATTLE—DEATH OF LOGAN FONTANELLE.

"I don't know about your years exactly, but I think it was in July, 1856. We went out toward the Pawnee reserve to hunt. We camped near the creek, known by Omahas, Beaver creek. That was the first year we

went buffalo hunting after we came to the new reserve.

We advanced, crossed the Elkhorn and came to another stream that enters the Platte. In going forward we came across buffalo twice. As we went forward Louis Sansouci went up on the hills to keep an outlook, and toward sundown saw a Sioux. I saw his signal and ordered him to come back. I took a swift horse and the young men and gave chase, and all the camp followed on after us. We were about three miles ahead of the main body, and it was about sundown when we caught sight of the Sioux by the flash of the sun on a gun barrel, as they hid in the grass. As it was getting dark, I ordered the Omaha's to stop for I felt sure that the Sioux would attack us during the night. I sent out ten young men with the swiftest horses to keep watch. They got between some of the Sioux and the main body; and an Omaha, the oldest one among them, got so near a Sioux that he tried to strike him while the Sioux was alive instead of killing him as he ought to have done before the Sioux escaped. The Sioux ran back and got behind some woods and then suddenly dashed out and killed this Omaha. Our young men fell back, but they left one wounded Omaha on the field.

"I held a council. Logan said: 'We will go back in the night, bury our dead and get the wounded'; but I said no; we will prepare the camp to fight, and if attacked in the night we will fight. In the morning we went back and found Sansouci still alive; the other was dead. Near this place the Sioux attacked us again. I took ten young men, all of whom had guns and swift horses, and started with them. An old man detained

me by talking to one of the young men. While I stopped, one of them, without orders, rode to the top of the hill. I called to him to come back, but he did not hear, and rode on. He got a few rods over the hill when the Sioux made a dash and killed him. After that the young men followed me instead of going ahead. I pushed on very hard after the Sioux but could not find them. There were only three of these Sioux and Spotted Tail was one of them. It was Spotted Tail who killed the man. He had his wife with him and she was in the Sioux camp at the time. Spotted Tail was a foolish young man at that time. He had a fast horse, and when all the Sioux were in plain sight he rode almost into the Omaha camp. Twice he did it, with our young men shooting at him. I was on the other side of the camp, too far away to get a shot. All of the Sioux were swinging their blankets and calling for him to come back.

“After that the Sioux moved away, apparently going back to their hunting grounds. I sent men who followed their trail a long way. We camped where we were and buried our dead. We could not give up the hunt for it was our only means of living. We moved slowly along Beaver creek, going toward the Pawnee agency; and camped at a fork of the creek. I killed a good many elk. Logan had a splendid mare that I had given him. She was the fastest horse in the Omaha camp. He also had a double barreled rifle which I had made a present to him. It was a good gun and would shoot twice without reloading. We were great friends. Logan, like Spotted Tail, was foolishly brave. Early in the morning we broke camp and I went on ahead.

Logan followed about a mile behind. I came upon some elk and wounded one and followed on after it. Logan went straight ahead and did not know that I had turned to one side. On a high bank of the creek, covered with thick underbrush, I killed the Elk and tied it on my horse. That morning an old man had borrowed my hunting knife and did not give it back. I turned the horse loose and got down to have a rest and smoke. Just then I looked back and saw the Sioux coming up on both sides of the Omahas, who were on the march. The Sioux were yelling with all their might, and that frightened my horse and it was with great difficulty that I crawled up to him and caught him. I had tied the elk on with such hard knots that I could not quickly untie them, and I had no knife to cut the lariat. So I jumped on the horse heavy loaded as he was and made a dash for our lines. I just got inside, but Logan was cut off and surrounded. Logan could have made a dash like I did, but laid down in the grass and attempted to fight the Sioux alone. His first shot missed, but with the second he killed a Sioux. The Sioux thought there were two men there and those in front halted. Another party of about a dozen made a charge on him from behind. Logan had reloaded his gun and as they came up he killed two of them. The party that were in front dashed in before he could reload and killed and scalped him.

"Then they retired to the brush where I had killed the elk, which was a foolish thing for them to do, for while they were there I got the camp together and men, women and children with hoes and knives dug pits from which we could fight all around the

camp. After a while the Sioux came out with a great rush, yelling at the top of their voices; but I was prepared for them. One of them rode Logan's horse and swung Logan's scalp in the air. The fight lasted about three hours, but I fought them off from our pits. We killed two or three of their horses, wounded several men and killed one. We had several horses killed and one man wounded. After the Sioux retreated, I sent out a party led by Two Crows, to look for Logan's body. They found the body and brought it in. I strengthened the camp and stayed there that night. In the morning I broke camp and started for Bellevue with Logan's body.

Logan was a very brave man. I suppose he thought he could lay in the grass and fight off the Sioux until the camp came up, and he supposed that I was still on ahead of him and if he fought there it would be a help to me. Sometimes I have thought that if he had not had that double barreled rifle he would not have stayed there."

CHAPTER IV

Reorganizing Fur Companies--Gen. Wm. Clark---Fort Atkinson---Blackbird, the Omaha Chief.

DURING the month of October, 1821, the only regiment of American riflemen ceased to exist as a distinct organization and its enlisted men were merged into the companies of the Sixth United States regiment of infantry in the regular army; the greater portion of the regiment being stationed at Fort Atkinson, on the west side of the Missouri, at the old Council Bluffs of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

When that military post was established in 1819, Governor William Clark, of Missouri, who was then Ex-officio Superintendent of Indian affairs, accompanied Col. Atkinson to the old Council Bluffs and chose the location of Fort Atkinson and the new Indian Agency; near the spot where he held a council with the Indians fifteen years before. While the new fort was being built the soldier's camp there was called "Camp Missouri," where many of them died during their first winter from scurvy and other diseases.

The establishment of Fort Atkinson was six hundred miles in advance of Daniel Boon's pioneer settlement in Missouri, and nearly five hundred from Chariton, the nearest regular U. S. post office below.

American state papers tell us that British traders still operated on the headwaters of the Missouri; and that the object of the expedition of General Atkinson was to build a fort there to be occupied with a regi-

ment of soldiers as a base from which he could operate in the upper Missouri country and wrench that uninhabited domain from British intruders as far up the river as the Mandan villages. However, no military expedition of consequence was carried out from Fort Atkinson until the summer of 1823, and only two of any importance during the ten years of its occupancy as a military post.

After the second war with England no business of importance in the fur trade was carried on in the upper Missouri country until 1819, when John Jacob Astor sent out a Mr. Abbott to St Louis to re-organize the old Missouri fur company. Mr. Abbott arrived in St. Louis about the time Gen. Atkinson was engaged in sending out forces for the location and building of Fort Atkinson.

We find in this new organization the names of Benjamin O'Fallen, John P. Pilcher, Thomas Hemstead and D. Perkins, all of St Louis, Mo. Of this company Dr. Pilcher was both president and manager.

After Captain Lewis' death, Gen. Benjamin Howard succeeded him as Governor of Louisiana Territory, in 1810. Upon the 12th of December, 1812, the name of the Territory was changed to Missouri, and Howard retired, being made a brigadier general in the army.

After a few months General William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was appointed Governor of Missouri Territory (July, 1813) by President Madison.

When Missouri was admitted as a state, in 1821, Clark was defeated for Governor by Col. Alexander McNair, who was register of the United States land office at St. Louis; McNair being the better politician,

having married into an influential French family. In the following year President Monroe appointed Gen. Clark as federal superintendent of Indian affairs; an office newly created by Congress, and this post he filled until his death in 1838;—holding the additional office of Surveyor General, in 1824-5, of Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas.

The American Fur Co. had been organized in 1809, with Wm. Clark, Manuel Lisa, Sylvester Labaddie, Pierre Choteau, Sr., August Choteau, Jr., Reuben Lewis and Benjamin Wilkinson, all of St. Louis, Mo. Other stockholders from neighboring states took shares and the company was organized and capitalized at \$27,000, to trade with the Indians on the upper Missouri and the mountains beyond. Three years later the capital stock was increased to \$50,000, and the name was changed to the Missouri Co., an organization long dominating Indian trade on the upper Missouri and its tributaries.

Old Fort Atkinson was built near Blackbird Hill, where the great Omaha Chief Wa-shing-gu-sah-ba, the Blackbird, was buried in 1802; having died from small-pox, which swept off two-thirds of the population of the Omaha tribe.

On the 10th of May, 1811, Wilson P. Hunt's expedition landed at the Omaha village, while on their voyage up the Missouri, and encamped in its neighborhood. Washington Irving, in publishing the narrative of Hunt's expedition, presents the following pen picture of Blackbird, in which he says:

"He was one of the first among the Indian chiefs on the Missouri to deal with the white traders, and

showed great sagacity in levying his royal dues. When a trader arrived in his village, he caused all his goods to be brought to his lodge and opened. From these he selected whatever suited his pleasure—blankets, tobacco, whisky, powder, ball, beads and red paint—and laid the articles on one side, without deigning to give any compensation. Then calling to him his herald or crier, he would order him to mount on the top of the council lodge and summon all the tribe in the village to bring in their peltries and trade with the white man. The lodge would soon be crowded with Indians bringing beaver, bear, otter and other valuable skins. No one was allowed to dispute the price fixed by the white trader upon his articles; who took care to indemnify himself five times over for the goods set apart by the chief. In this way Blackbird enriched himself, and enriched the white man, and became exceedingly popular among the traders of the Missouri. His people, however, were not equally satisfied by a regulation of trade which worked so manifestly against them, and began to show signs of discontent. Upon this a crafty and unprincipled trader revealed a secret to Blackbird, by which he might acquire unbounded sway over his ignorant and superstitious people. He instructed him in the poisonous qualities of arsenic, and furnished him with an ample supply of the drug. From this time on the Blackbird seemed endowed with supernatural powers, to possess the gift of prophecy, and hold the disposal of life and death within his hands. Woe to any one who questioned his authority or dared to dispute his commands! The Blackbird prophesied his death within a certain time, and he had the secret means of verifying his prophecy. Within the fated period the

offender was smitten with a strange and sudden disease, and perished from the face of the earth. Everyone stood agast at these multiplied examples of his superhuman power, and dreaded to displease so omnipotent and vindictive a being; and the Blackbird enjoyed a wide and undisputed sway.

It was not, however, by terror alone that he ruled his people; he was a warrior of the first order, and his exploits in arms was the theme of old and young. His career had begun by hardships, having been taken prisoner by the Sioux in early youth. Under his command the Omaha's obtained great character for military prowess, nor did he permit an insult or injury to one of his tribe to pass unrevenged. The Pawnees had inflicted a gross indignity on a favorite and distinguished brave. The Blackbird assembled his warriors, led them against the Pawnee village, attacked it with irresistible fury, slaughtered a great number of its inhabitants and burned it to the ground.

He waged fierce and bloody war against the Ottoe's for many years, until peace was effected between them by the mediation of the whites. Fearless in battle, and fond of signalizing himself, he dazzled his followers by daring acts. In attacking a Kanza village, he rode singly around it, loading and discharging his rifle at the inhabitants as he galloped past them. He kept up in war the same idea of mysterious and supernatural power.

At one time, when pursuing a war-party by their tracks across the prairies, he repeatedly discharged his rifle into the prints made by the hoofs of their horses, assuring his followers that he would thereby

cripple the fugitives, so that they would be easily overtaken. He in fact did overtake them and destroyed them almost to a man; and his victory was considered miraculous, both by friend and foe. By these and similar exploits, he made himself the pride and boast of his people, and became popular among them, notwithstanding his death denouncing feat.

With all his savage qualities, he was sensible of the power of female beauty, and capable of love. A war-party of Ponca's had made a foray into the lands of the Omaha's and carried off a number of women and children. The Blackbird was roused to fury, and took the field with all his braves, swearing to 'eat up the Ponca nation'—the Indian threat of exterminating war. The Ponca's sorely pressed, took refuge behind a rude bullwork of earth; but the Blackbird kept up so galling a fire that he seemed liable to execute his menace. In their extremity they sent forth a herald bearing the calumet or pipe of peace; but he was shot down by order of the Blackbird. Another herald was sent forth in a similar guise, but he shared a like fate. The Ponca chief then, as a last hope, arrayed his beautiful young daughter in her finest ornaments and sent her forth with a calumet to sue for peace. The charms of the Indian maid touched the stern heart of Blackbird; he accepted the pipe at her hand, smoked it, and from that time a peace took place between the Ponca's and Omaha's.

This beautiful damsel, in all probability, was the favorite young wife whose fate makes so tragic an incident in the story of Blackbird. Her youth and beauty had gained an absolute sway over his rugged heart; so

that he distinguished her above his other wives. The habitual gratification of his vindictive impulses, however, had taken away from him all mastery over his passions; and rendered him liable to the most furious transports of rage. In one of these his beautiful wife had the misfortune to offend him, when suddenly drawing his knife, he laid her dead at his feet with a single blow.

In an instant his frenzy was at an end. He gazed for a time in mute bewilderment upon his victim, then drawing his buffalo robe over his head, he sat down beside the corpse and remained brooding over his crime and loss. Three days elapsed, yet the chief continued silent and motionless; tasting no food and apparently sleepless. It was apprehended that he intended to starve himself to death; his people approached him in trembling awe, and entreated him once more to uncover his face and be comforted; but he remained unmoved. At length one of his warriors brought in a small child, and laying it on the ground placed the foot of the Blackbird upon its neck. The heart of the gloomy savage was touched by this appeal; he threw aside his robe; made a harangue upon what he had done; and from that time forward seemed to have thrown the load of grief and remorse from his mind.

He still retained his fatal and mysterious secret; and with it his terrific power; but, though able to deal death to his enemies, he could not avert it from himself or friends. In 1802 the smallpox, that dreadful pestilence which swept over the land like a fire over the prairie, made its appearance in the village of the Omahas. The poor savages saw with dismay the rav-

ages of a malady, loathsome and agonizing in its details; and which set the skill and experience of conjurors and medicine men at defiance. In a little while two-thirds of the population were swept from the face of the earth, and the doom of the rest seemed sealed. The stoicism of the warriors was at an end; they became wild and desperate; some set fire to the village as a last means of checking the pestilence, others in a frenzy of despair put their wives and children to death, that they might be spared the agonies of the dreaded disease; prepared to go without mutilation to a better land. When the horror and dismay was at its height, the Blackbird was struck down with the malady. The poor savages, when they saw their chief in danger, forgot their own miseries and surrounded his dying form. His dominant spirit, and his love for the white men, were evinced in his last breath; with which he designated his place of burial. It was to be on a hill or promontory, upward to four hundred feet in height; overlooking a great extent of the Missouri, from which he had been accustomed to look for the boats of the white men. The Missouri washes its base, and after winding and doubling in many links and mazes in the plain below, returns to within nine hundred yards of its starting place; so that for thirty miles navigation with sail and oar; the voyager finds himself continually near this singular promontory as if spell-bound.

It was the dying command of the Blackbird that his tomb be on the summit of this hill, in which he should be interred, seated on his favorite horse; that he might overlook his ancient domain and behold the barks of the white men as they came up the river to

trade with his people. His dying orders were faithfully obeyed. His corpse was placed astride his war-steed, and a mound was raised over them on the summit of the hill. On the top of the mound was erected a staff from which fluttered the banner of the chieftain and the scalps that he had taken in battle."

When the expedition under Mr. Hunt visited the old village in 1811, the staff still remained standing with the fragments of the banner on the high summit of Blackbird hill; which continues an object of veneration to the Omaha Indians—a landmark to the voyager of the Missouri; pointed out as the tomb, where lies the skeletons of Blackbird and his favorite war-horse.

The white men mentioned in Washington Irving's narrative, as having traded with the Omaha's in Blackbird's old village, were evidently traders from Cruzott's post; mentioned in the Lewis and Clark journal as being located two miles above the Council Bluffs, where they held a treaty with the Indians in 1804. The Lewis and Clark journal also mentions Fort Charles, on the west side of the Missouri above the mouth of the Platte river; now known to have been about six miles below Omaha.

Its founder; Alexander McKay, had accompanied Sir Alexander MacKenzie in both of his expeditions to the northwest coast of America, in 1789 and 1793. He subsequently became one of the four partners of John Jacob Astor in the Pacific Fur company; and sailed from New York in their ship (The Tonquin) for the mouth of the Columbia river, in 1810. The ship was commanded by Captain Thorne, and put to sea on the 8th of September, convoyed safely off the coast of the

United States by the famous old Frigate Constitution. The voyage was a long and perilous one; the ship reaching the mouth of the Columbia river April 12, 1811. There, the great fur trading post at Astoria was built—named in honor to Mr. Astor, the leading partner in the fur-company. McKay was killed on the Pacific coast by the Indians, while fighting them back from their attack upon the ill-fated coasting ship that was anchored in the harbor of “New-ectee,” Vancouver’s Island. The Indian pirates, led by their old chief Nookamis, boarded their ship and massacred all on board except a man named Lewis, the ship’s clerk, who secreted himself in the magazine, after having received a deadly stab in the back; and as the savages swarmed over the ship after plunder, in eager exultation; he fired the magazine. The ship blew up with a tremendous explosion, killing more than one hundred Indians.

The newly organized Missouri Fur Co. sent out an expedition from St. Louis in the spring of 1819, under the command of Jones and Immell. They voyaged up the Missouri, accompanied by U. S. soldiers, to where Ft. Atkinson was located and built.

From there, Jones and Immell continued their voyage up the Missouri, with the object of building a trading house near the Mandans, and also on the Yellowstone river at some available point in the Crow country, to monopolize the Indian trade in that isolated region.

Meanwhile, the American Fur Co. also sent out an expedition to the upper Missouri country under the command of Major Andrew Henry; both American companies being opposed to the British Columbia Fur Co.

that had established LaFrambois at Fort Teton, near the present town of Fort Pierre, South Dakota, and Dickson's post at the Vermillion river. Jones and Immell voyaged up beyond the borderlands of civilization, and for years all trace of them was lost;—a mystery that was not fully solved until many years after; when the story of their surprise and death was related to Major Culbertson, at Ft. Union, by an old Blackfoot warrior.

The hostile Blackfeet Sioux learned of their presence on the upper waters of the Yellowstone from the Crows, who reported that they were trading and trapping in that favored region. And when the white men were preparing to return down the Yellowstone, a war-party from the Blackfeet nation followed them until a favorable opportunity occurred to effect their surprise, near the mouth of Immell's creek, where the trappers were killed and their furs and arms captured. A band of friendly Crow warriors escorted the white trappers down the Yellowstone to "the place of the skulls;" which commemorated a disastrous episode in their tribal history. There, many years before, a band of Crows were living; where a great calamity caused by a terrible malady, supposed to have been the smallpox, overtook them with greivous sores and the greater portion of them died from the fatal and dread disease. The skulls of the victims were subsequently placed on a long natural shelf on the rocky wall that faced the river, near the lower end of a valley, by two young Crow warriors who had escaped from the disease. They remained in the deserted village until all who were left had died; and after placing their skulls on the rocky

shelf, one said to the other: "We cannot escape, it is better for us to destroy ourselves and meet the Great Spirit while our bodies are pure, for He is determined to remove us all from the earth." And, hastening to the summit of the cliff, they leaped over a high precipice and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below; a great and noble act, in the estimation of the wild bands of "Absarakas"—the mountain Crows—who made annual pilgrimages to the sacred spot. And for years after, the Indians in passing "the place of the skulls" would pick up a small stone, spit upon it and cast it upon a pile of rocks near the trail as an act of devotion; to insure them good fortune in their enterprise.

This old Indian custom accounts for many stone piles oftentime seen as landmarks by early pioneer settlers, scattered along old war trails, most of which has a traditional history.

From the story told by Major Culbertson, as related by the old Blackfoot warrior, we learn that Jones and Immell's white trappers parted from their friendly Crow allies at "the place of the skulls;" continuing their course down the Yellowstone. They were followed by three hundred Blackfeet Indians for many days, until an opportunity occurred to effect their surprise near the mouth of Immell's creek, when nothing but defeat could be expected. Jones and Immell with their five white companions were killed, and their furs, arms and merchandise was taken by the Indians. It is said Jones fought desperately. He killed two Indians, and in drawing his pistol to kill a third, received two spears in his breast. Immell was in front; he killed one Indian and was cut to pieces. The old warrior

said the Blackfeet had eleven men killed and wounded before the white men were vanquished. In a letter written to Gen. Clark from Fort Atkinson (July 3rd, 1823) Major Benjamin O'Fallen says:

* * * "An express arrived announcing the defeat by the Blackfeet Indians near the Yellowstone river, of the Missouri Fur company's Yellowstone or mountain expedition commanded by Jones and Immell; both of whom with five men were slain, and all their property to the amount of \$15,000 fell into the hands of the enemy. The intelligence, by express, goes on to state that many circumstances have transpired to induce the belief that the British traders (Hudson Bay Co.) are inciting the Indians against us; either to drive us from that quarter or reap with the Indians the fruits of our labor. They furnish them with the instruments of hell and a transport to heaven.

"Immell had great experience of the Indian character, but, poor fellow, with a British passport, they deceived him and he fell a victim to his own credulity—and his scalp with those of his murdered comrades is now on its way to some of the Hudson establishments. A letter comes from Dr. Pilcher, whom you know is at the head of the Missouri Fur company, and on this river, in which he says: 'I have but a moment to write. I met an express from the Mandan's, bringing me unpleasant news;—the flower of my business is gone. My mountaineers have been defeated, and the chiefs of the party both slain. We lose at least \$15,000. I will write you more fully between this and the Sioux.'

"Jones was a gentleman of clearness. He was for several years a resident of St. Louis, where he has

numerous friends to deplore his loss. Immell has been a long time on this river, first as an officer in the United States army, and since an Indian trader of some distinction. In some respects he was an extraordinary man; brave, uncommonly large, of great muscular strength, and when timely apprised of danger a host within himself.

"The express left the military expedition on the first instant, when all was well. With great respect your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN O'FALLEN,
U. S. Agent Indian Affairs.

Gen. Wm. Clark,
Supt. Indian Affairs,
St. Louis.

Lieutenant James Bradley, in writing of the incidents connected with the Indian campaign on the upper Missouri, in 1876, says:

"Two unknown graves found at the foot of the ledge above Immell's creek, caused some excitement among the travelers on the Yellowstone; and no one could tell how they came there until the following tragic tale revealed the cause of their presence:

"In the summer of 1866 Forts Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith were built to protect travelers on the "Bozeman Trail;" known as the new route from the Platte valley to the gold fields of Montana.

The hostile Sioux appeared almost daily on the route, and war parties under Red Cloud and Black Moon roamed in that vicinity, and surprises, attacks and massacres came close on one another, leaving the bones of the vanquished scattered along this old historic highway.

Soon after the establishment of Fort Phil Kearney, an old man and his son appeared, traveling enroute to the gold mines in Montana; having traveled two hundred miles through a dangerous Indian country unharmed.

When remonstrated with, for taking the chances of such hazardous exposure on a wild frontier, the old man said that he was a believer in fate; and that if he was destined to be killed by Indians it was useless to try and evade his destiny.

The son imbibed his father's doctrine, and citing their miraculous preservation thus far, drew the conclusion that it was useless to combat that theory; and they stubbornly proceeded on their way.

After leaving Ft. Smith they had to travel about two hundred miles before reaching another white habitation, but they pressed on in blind confidence and daily drew near the end of their journey without interruption.

At length they arrived in the neighborhood of the rocky ledge near Immell's creek, on the Yellowstone; the boundary of the friendly Crow country.

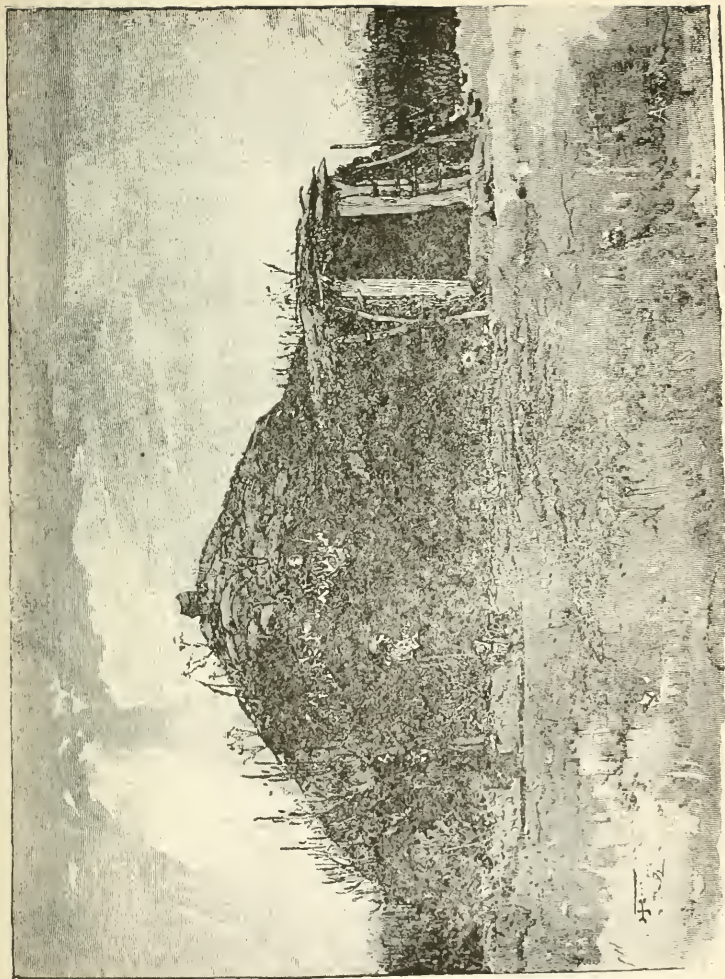
The danger seemed passed, as they had traveled more than three hundred miles in a hostile Sioux country and were less than eighty miles from the white settlements. And the immunity they had enjoyed for their faith in the doctrine of fate was a powerful argument, as they drew near to a place of safety.

But here, by the decree of predestination, they were both killed by an Indian war-party of Sioux braves; to pay the penalty of their folly and foolhardiness.

Their dead bodies were found near the base of the ledge of rocks and were buried by a party of white men who were connected with a passing train of gold seekers—victims of the Blackfeet Sioux.”

At a point where the old Montana trail ascended from the river bottom, the rocks were painted with Indian hieroglyphics. An Indian guide was questioned to learn the meaning of those pictured inscriptions. He said they came and disappeared every few years, and the Indians believed they were placed there by spirits from the ancient “place of the skulls.” Continuing, the old Indian guide said: “The white men know more than the Indians, and should tell what the spirits mean.”

The wild Indians of the Dakota tribes believed that every person had more than one spirit in their bodies, and when dead, supposed that one ghost passed on to the spirit land in the great beyond; while the other one lingered on earth, hovering around where death took place. However, they never lost sight of the fact that perhaps the ghosts on earth were only making a transitory visit and would sometime take their departure for a more congenial home; revisiting their old hunting grounds from time to time, making their presence known by the howl of the wolf, the singing of the lark, and by painted totems of their bands marked on the rocks—interpreted by those gifted in the art of futurity.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

INDIAN EARTH LODGE.



CHAPTER V

**Building Trading Posts on the Missouri in 1818-19---The
Columbia Fur Co.---Suicide of Wm. Dickson---Crooks
and McClellan---Death of Lisa---Leavenworth's Expe-
dition Against the Arickaras---Battle at Grand River.**

IN order to fully present many significant facts pertaining to Northwestern explorations of fur-trade in the early days of the last century, we will give an outline description of the country in the region of their travels; lying between the forty second and forty ninth parallels of latitude.

If we examine a map of this section of the country, we shall find that the line of the forty sixth parallel is central to a vast region of the north temperate zone; extending from the water line of the great lakes to the Rocky mountains; and that north and south of this line is a fine productive region now inhabited by civilized man, and rapidly increasing in population.

Besides the advantages of three great continental railroads terminating at the Pacific ocean; bringing in and taking out a world's commerce; it is intersected by two large navigable rivers of the North American continent, including their numerous tributaries.

On the eastern side of the Rocky mountains this productive country has the sources of the Mississippi and the Missouri, which unite and takes a long course southward to the Gulf of Mexico. The Red River of the North, with its tributaries, flows northward until their waters join those of Lake Winnepeg and Hudson

Bay. Here, in the wilds of the great Northwest Territory, was found a vast section of productive country, possessing countless herds of buffalo, elk and deer, with fur-bearing animals, which enabled the roving tribes of Indians to secure an abundant supply of meat and furs—food and clothing.

Generations of men are the real chapters of history; taking thirty years, so that those of the last generation are well placed in the middle of life's stage when a new one comes up before the footlights—the old ever passing into the new. Interwoven with tradition, superstitious manners and customs, are the names of many white men who voyaged up the winding channel of the Missouri in the early days of the last century and lived for years with the red men in a wild and favored region—the eden of the Sioux Indians.

Here, beyond the borderlands of civilization, history was rapidly made, and nearly every day becomes an anniversary of some important event enacted in the lands of the Dakotas. Here, wild Indians roamed in migratory bands across the uninhabited plains in their pristine vigor, and the fur-traders mackinaw boats glided over the turbid waters of the great river; propelled by bands of French voyageurs, as they threaded their way up its winding channel. Their names and exploits are interwoven with episodes of daring deeds of adventure and themes of traditional associations, around the sacred precincts of many old Dakota landmarks.

In 1819-20 there was three opposing fur companies operating on the upper waters of the Missouri river and its tributaries. One, under British influence, known as the Columbia Fur Co. The other two were The

American and Missouri Fur Companies, both organized in St. Louis, Mo. The old Columbia Co. was the first to build trading posts on the upper Missouri, after the war of 1812. This company built Forts Teton, Tilton, Vermillion and Oakwood posts, in 1818-19. The Vermillion post was built on the east bank of the Missouri, below the Vermillion river, near a point where the county line between Clay and Union counties intersect with the river; near the present village of Burbank, South Dakota. The upper Vermillion, or Oakwood Post, was located on the north bank of the Missouri, below St. James Island, opposite the oak timber on Brookie's bottom, hence the name, "Oakwood Post." These two fur-trading posts were built and operated by William Dickson, a half-breed son of the famous Robert Dickson, who was located at Big Stone Lake. Young Dickson, like most of the mixed bloods on the Missouri, was a hard drinker with dissipated habits, and it is said he committed suicide at the upper Vermillion or Oakwood Post. The sites of both these old trading posts, usually known as the upper and lower Vermillion trading houses, have long since been cut away by the encroachments of the Missouri river.

Fort Teton was a trading post located on the west side of the Missouri river, at the mouth of the Teton, or Bad river:—the Wak-pa-seeche of the Sioux Indians. It was built from drift logs on the river by Joseph LaFrambois in 1818, near the present town of Fort Pierre, South Dakota, and was considered of great importance by the Teton and Yanktonias Sioux. The event being chronicled by Lone Dog on his historic pictographic chart, — known by the Indians as "winter counts." It is presumed LaFrambois had

charge of Fort Teton until Dickson's death, as he was known to have operated the lower Vermillion post before it passed into the hands of the American Fur Co. in 1827.

Fort Tilton was built on the Missouri river by James Kipp for the Columbia Fur Co.; situated opposite the Mandan villages, near the mouth of Knife river. But owing to the hostility of the Arickaras, it was rebuilt by Kipp, in the fall of 1822, on the opposite side of the river at the Mandan villages. James Kipp removed from the Mandans, and in the winter of 1825, he established a new trading post one hundred and forty miles up the Missouri at the mouth of White Earth river for trade with the Assinaboine Sioux. This old trading post, and all the other Columbia trading posts on the Missouri, passed into the hands of the newly organized American Fur Co. in 1827.

We find on page 110, Vol. 1, of Larpenteur's "Forty Years in the Fur Trade," mention of James Kipp, showing that he was working for the American Fur Co. in 1832, and that he was sent out from Fort Union by Kenneth McKenzie to build a new trading post in the Blackfeet country, at the mouth of the Marias river. Two years later Kipp is mentioned as having returned down the river to Fort Union with three boats loaded with robes, meat and furs. Kipp subsequently had charge of Fort Union, in 1846, being then one of the partners in the American Fur Co.

In 1819-20, the American Fur Co. was operating trading posts at the following points on the Missouri river:

Joseph Robidoux was in charge of the Bellevue

post below Omaha; with a sub-trading house at the Pawnee villages, near the mouth of the Loup fork of Platte river. Manuel Lisa was in command of his post five miles below Fort Atkinson, above the mouth of the Bowyer, where he continued to operate until 1820, being a partner in the American Fur Co. His successor was John B. Cabanne. This post was established by Lisa in 1808; where he made his headquarters for many years, trading with the surrounding Indian tribes during our second war with England. He was known to have also operated a small trading post below the Grand Detour, or great bend of the Missouri, near Chamberlain, South Dakota; probably upon American Island.

It is said Lisa kept a few trusted Indian friends at this isolated trading house during the war to try and prevent the Teton bands of Sioux, who were the pirates of the upper Missouri, from joining the British by making them presents;—furnishing them with seed and instructions how to raise corn, potatoes, beans, pumpkins, melons and other vegetables in abundance on the rich alluvial soil in the Missouri valley. In those primitive days Lisa commanded the trade of the Pawnees, Omahas, Ottoes, Poncas, Iowas and Yankton Sioux, having the friendship of the Tetons, Arickaras, Mandans and Crows in the upper Missouri country, commanding great influence over them. He made his headquarters at the trading house below Fort Atkinson, where he lived with an Indian squaw by the name of Midian; a commercial patriarch in the savage wilds. There, with lax habits and easy familiarity, he soon had a little world of misrule around him, consisting of clerks, trappers and retainers; where life took on a new

glory and strength of things still primal; plunging on, regardless of the ceaseless drip of blood and tears, in a new land old in tragedy.

In 1809, Crooks and McClellan established an independent trading house near Bellevue, below Omaha, but owing to the strong competition from Lisa's post, they ascended the Missouri in two keel boats with forty men for the Mandan villages. Major Chittenden, in his report of their voyage, says:

"In a bend of the river, above the Grand Detour, while pushing their way up where the channel made a curve under deep impending banks, they suddenly heard the yells and shouts of Indians, and beheld the bluffs above them swarming with savages.

They were a war-party of six hundred Teton Sioux. They brandished their weapons and ordered their boats turned back to a landing farther down the river. There was no disputing their commands, for they had the power to destroy them. They drifted down the river to where the chiefs stood; the warriors lined the banks above, watching them in silence. Their painted forms glaring in the sun, with feathers and totems fluttering in the breeze.

The main body of white men were ordered to remain with the boats, prepared to fire upon the Indians in case of treachery; while Crooks and McClellan proceeded to land, accompanied by an interpreter.

They seated themselves in the semi-circle of chiefs who were squatted on the ground motionless as statues. The pipe of peace was now brought forward with due ceremony. The bowl was of red stone, with stem four feet in length, decorated with porcupine quills and

horse-hair dyed red. The pipe-bearer stepped within the circle and lighted the pipe, held it toward the sun, then towards the different points of the compass, after which he handed it to the principal chief. The latter smoked a few whiffs, then offered it to Mr. Crooks; and it passed on to each one successively in the circle. When all had smoked it was considered that an assurance of good faith had been interchanged.

The Indians forbade the white men, under threats of continued hostility, from attempting to proceed up the river, but offered them peace and trade if they would settle among them.

The fur-traders pretended that they were willing to comply with their arbitrary orders, and commenced the building of a trading house near their boats. The Indians departed for their village, twenty miles distant, to collect their furs and peltries for traffic; leaving six of their number to keep watch upon the white men during their absence.

Being suspicious of the Tetons, and knowing it would be impossible to continue their voyage to the Mandan villages without danger of having their boats plundered, Crooks and McClellan determined to frustrate them in their plans. As soon as the main body of warriors had sufficient time to return to their village, the white men embarked in their boats and voyaged down the river. The wind was favorable, and they pushed on for five days and nights, until they passed beyond the hunting grounds of the Teton Sioux."

These copper colored cavaliers of the Dakota plains followed the buffaloes in their migrations, and traded with the British merchants on the St. Peter and Red

River of the North. And being independent of American traders, they considered their well freighted mackinaw boats fair game,—plundering them whenever they had an opportunity.

It has been said that the Tetons were prompted by the British to commit these outrages upon rival traders on the Missouri, giving them firearms as formidable enemies. But others allege different motives; reasoning that the warlike Tetons were jealous of the American traders, who were pushing their way up the great river; foreseeing that the upper tribes would be furnished with merchandise and rifles, elevating them into formidable and dangerous rivals.

Crooks and McClellan's disastrous adventure with the Tetons caused a bitter feeling against Lisa, they believing that his influence with the Indians was the cause of their misfortune. They continued their course down the Missouri to the Nishnabotna river, where they traded with the Indians until 1811, when they both joined Wilson P. Hunt's expedition to the Pacific coast. Bradbury, who voyaged up the Missouri river with Hunt's expedition in 1811, speaks of their meeting Manuel Liza at a point on the Missouri above the Grand Detour, and that Lisa and his boat of twenty oars continued with them through the Sioux country as far as the Arickara villages at the mouth of Grand river.

Washington Irving, in his *Astoria*, also mentions the overtaking of Hunt's expedition above the Big Bend by Lisa and his boat's crew, who were on their way to the Mandan villages.

While encamped near the present city of Pierre,

South Dakota, a violent quarrel took place between McClellan and Lisa, that required all the address and influence of Mr. Hunt to prevent McClellan from shooting Lisa; after calling him to account for instigating the Indians against him and Crooks in their disastrous adventure with the Tetons in 1809; which for a time threatened to produce tragical results.

Manuel Lisa separated from his Indian wife in 1820, taking his two half-breed children with him to St. Louis, where they were educated. He died there soon after he retired from the fur-trade, his white wife and children surviving him.

During President Monroe's administration, commencing in 1817, attention was attracted to the resources of the new country* in the great Northwest Territory. Explorations moved forward and distant regions were sought out for agricultural and commercial purposes. Geographical data was obtained by minute observations, which rendered valuable information to the pioneers who emigrated into new regions in the west. In speaking of western emigration during that period, Schoolcraft says:

"In all other countries, prior to this era, civilization had proceeded with slow and measured steps, but here it moved forward with such rapid strides that the expedition of the Argonauts, and the march of the Huns and Scythians into Europe, sink into insignificance when contrasted with it. Unlike those efforts, it was not a hostile inroad backed by the spear and sword, but a peaceful movement of agriculturalists, artisans and traders who moved into Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, as if by magic, and those states were admitted into the confederacy within six years."

Owing to this cause, the demands made on the Indians for new territory were almost continuous, and their lands and the hunting grounds of the fur-trader was contracting in that region.

A series of treaties held with the Indians of the northwest tribes marked the early part of President Adam's administration, the first and most important being assembled at Prairie du Chien, in the summer of 1825, under the auspices of Gen. Wm. Clark of St. Louis and Governor Lewis Cass of Michigan.

Several other treaties were made with the Indians in Ohio and Illinois, and the removal of many tribes to the west of the Mississippi went forward under treaty stipulations, providing homes for them further west.

During the year 1822, the fur-trade on the Missouri river was pushed forward with renewed vigor, more than two hundred white men voyaging up the great river, building new trading posts on its upper waters.

Fort Kiowa was built by the American Fur Co., in 1822, on the right bank of the Missouri ten miles above the present city of Chamberlain, South Dakota. The journal of the Yellowstone expedition, in 1825, says:

"The American trading post at Ft. Kiowa consists of a block-house near which stands a blacksmith shop. At the north corner stands a wooden tower, the whole works enclosed by cottonwood pickets. The old trading post of "Lookout" was also built near Ft. Kiowa, in 1822, by the Missouri Fur Co. as an opposition trading house. The Missouri Fur Co. also built that year a new trading post on the tongue of land between the Yellowstone and the Missouri about one mile above

the junction of the two rivers. This post was operated by Major Andrew Henry, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., who later was elected a member of Congress from the state of Missouri. The Missouri Co. also built Ft. Recovery, located on the lower end of American Island below Chamberlain; supposed to be on the probable site of Lisa's old trading house, hence the name Ft. Recovery. This post was subsequently occupied by such prominent traders as Charles Bent, Pilcher, Fontenelle and Drips, and became an important point on the river. Fort Brasseaux was located ten miles below Fort Recovery, near the mouth of White river, in the summer of 1822, by the American Fur Co. and was operated by Antoine Brasseaux of St. Louis.

Laidlaw's post, subsequently known as Ft. Tecumseh, was built in 1822 on the east side of the Missouri above the present railroad bridge, near Pierre, South Dakota. It was operated by Wm. Laidlaw and Jacob Halsey for five years for the Columbia Fur Co. of which Laidlaw was a partner. Fort Tecumseh passed into the hands of the American Fur Co. in 1827, and owing to the encroachments of the Missouri river it was abandoned and Ft. Pierre was built on the opposite or west side of the Missouri, named in honor to Pierre Choteau, a partner in that company.

In the spring of 1823, the American and Missouri river fur companies were consolidated, John Jacob Astor having sold out and retired from the frontier fur trade.

Two expeditions were started up the Missouri with men and keel boats loaded with supplies and merchandise for the upper Missouri river posts. Major Joshua

Pilcher was in charge of the old consolidated Missouri River Fur Co. and Gen. Wm. H. Ashley commanded the new Rocky Mountain Fur Co. expedition.

In order to have a clear understanding of the relations of the two fur companies in 1823, it must be remembered that a portion of Jones and Immell's disastrous expedition was still in the upper Missouri river country, and that Major Andrew Henry had also gone up the Missouri the year previous in the interest of Ashley's Rocky Mountain Co. Jones and Immell's expedition, as previously stated, voyaged up the Missouri in 1819, establishing trading posts; wintering at Lisa's old fort on the Yellowstone, near the Big Horn river, in 1822, where ten of their men left them. From there Jones and Immell with their remaining thirty men crossed over to the three forks of the Missouri and trapped up Jefferson's fork, returning to the Crow country on the Yellowstone. While in that isolated region they learned from the Indians that Maj. Andrew Henry's expedition had reached the Yellowstone with two keel boats loaded with men and supplies. Leaving at that point some men, at the old post on the neck of land between the two great rivers, Henry and his main force of hunters and trappers continued up the Missouri river as far as the Great Falls, where he lost four men. The Jones and Immell expedition, well freighted with furs, commenced their march down the Yellowstone in the spring of 1823, accompanied a portion of the way by a friendly band of mountain Crows. As related in a former chapter, they were waylaid by the Blackfeet Indians; who attacked them while their moving caravan was strung out in a long line, passing through a

narrow place between the rocky side of a hill and the river.

Luckily William Gordon, an intelligent and fearless man, was bringing up the rear end of the extended line in the caravan. With rare presence of mind he gathered around him a squad of men who succeeded in keeping the Indians back until a raft was built and the survivors crossed the Yellowstone, making their escape down to the villages of the friendly river Crows.

The following extract from a letter written by William Gordon to Joshua Pilcher, dated at Ft. Vanderburg, Mandan villages, June 15th, 1823, explains the attack by the Blackfeet and the escape of Gordon and twenty-one men:

“This party of thirty-eight had returned to their village which was very close and recruited three or four hundred warriors. These intercepted us on the Yellowstone, where they arrived two days before us. They lay in ambush for us on the side of a steep hill, the base of which was washed by the river; along which we had to pursue the intricate windings of a buffalo trace among the rocks and trees, by means of which they had secreted themselves. At this place the men were much scattered for a considerable distance, as two horses could not pass abreast. At this unfortunate moment, and under circumstances so disadvantageous, they rushed upon us with their whole force, pouring down from every quarter. Immell and Jones both fell near the advance early in the engagement, and a conflict thus unequal could not be long maintained. The result was the loss of five other men killed and four wounded; with the entire loss of all our horses and

equippage, traps, beaver and everything. The balance of our party succeeded in escaping by making a raft and crossing the Yellowstone. This took place on the 31st of May, below the mountains, near the river.

“Not knowing to what extent this loss of horses, traps and men might effect any future plan of operations, I came with all possible expedition to this place to acquaint you with the circumstances. I left Mr. Keemle and our party near the mouth of Pryor’s Fork, making skin boats to bring down the fall hunt. * * * Four of Mr. Henry’s men have also been killed near the falls. It appears from information derived from the Blackfeet themselves, that the British have two trading houses in their country on American territory, and, from some Snake Indians, we learn that they have several on the south fork of the Columbia. Something decisive should be done.

“Believe me to be your sincere friend,

—WILLIAM GORDON.

In the meantime, Gen. W. S. Ashley voyaged up the Missouri with his supply boats, unconscious of the disastrous defeat of white men on the Yellowstone. When passing the Aricara villages near Grand river, he was persuaded to land and trade with the Indians; who treacherously attacked him at an unprepared time in the early morning and killed and wounded twenty-three of his men. The following letter, written by Ashley to Major O’Fallon at Ft. Atkinson, relates the particulars of the attack:

ASHLEY TO O’FALLON

On Board the Keel Boat Yellowstone, 25 miles below Aricara Towns, 4th June, 1823.

Dear Sir: On the morning of the 2d inst, I was at-

tacked by the Aricara Indians, which terminated with great loss on my part. On my arrival there the 30th of May, I was met very friendly by some of the chiefs, who expressed a great wish that I would stop and trade with them. Wishing to purchase horses to take a party of men to the Yellowstone river, I agreed to comply with their request, and proposed that the chiefs of the two towns would meet me that afternoon on the sand beach, when the price of horses should be agreed upon. After a long consultation among themselves, they made their appearance at the place proposed. I made them a small present and proposed to purchase 40 or 50 horses. They appeared much pleased, and expressed their regret that a difference had taken place between some of their nation and the Americans, alluding to the fray which recently took place with a party of their men and some of the Missouri Fur Company, which terminated in the loss of two Aricaras, one of whom was the son of the principal chief in one of the two towns. They, however, said that all of the angry feeling occasioned by that affray had vanished, and that they considered the Americans as friends, and would treat them as such; that the number of horses that I wanted would be furnished me for the price offered.

The next morning we commenced trading, which continued until the evening of the 1st inst., when preparations were made for my departure early the next morning. My party consisted of ninety men, forty of whom were selected to take charge of the horses, and cross the country by land, to the Yellowstone. They were encamped on the bank, within forty yards of the boats.

About half past 3 o'clock in the morning I was informed that one of my men had been killed, and, in all probability, the boat would be immediately attacked. The men were all under arms and so continued until sunrise, when the Indians commenced a heavy and well directed fire, from a line extending along the picketing of their towns, and some broken ground adjoining, about 600 yards in length. The shots were principally directed at the men on the beach, who were making use of the horses as a breastwork. We returned the fire; but, from the advantageous situation of the Indians, done but little execution. Finding their fire very destructive, I ordered the steersmen to weigh their anchors and lay to shore for the purpose of embarking the men; but notwithstanding I used every measure in my power to have the order executed, I could not effect it. Two skiffs, which would carry thirty men, were taken ashore; but in consequence of a predetermination on the part of the men on land, not to give way to the Indians as long as they could possibly do otherwise, they (with the exception of seven or eight) would not make use of the skiffs when they had opportunity of doing so. In about fifteen minutes from the time the firing commenced, the surviving party of the men were embarked; nearly all the horses killed or wounded; one of the anchors had been weighed, the cable of the other cut, and the boats dropping down the stream.

The boatmen, with but few exceptions, were so panic struck that it was impossible to get them to expose themselves to the least danger, and, for some time, to move them from their seats. I ordered the boat landed at the first timber, for the purpose of

putting the men and boats in a better situation to pass the villages in safety. When my intentions were made known, to my surprise and mortification, I was told by the men (with a few exceptions) that, under no circumstances would they make a second attempt to pass, without a large reinforcement. Finding that no arguments that I could use would cause them to change their resolution, I commenced making arrangements for the security of my property. The men proposed that if I would descend the river to this place, fortify the boats or make any other defense for their security, they would remain with me until I could receive aid from Major Henry, or from some other quarter. I was compelled to agree to the proposition. On my arrival, I found them as much determined to go lower. A resolution had been formed by most of the men to desert. I called for volunteers to remain with me under any circumstances, until I should receive the expected aid. Thirty only volunteered; among them were but few boatmen; consequently I am compelled to send one boat back. After taking a part of her cargo on board this boat, the balance will be stored at the first fort below. My loss in killed and wounded is as follows:

Killed—Jno. Matthews, Jno. Collins, George Flage, Aaron Stevens, (killed at night in the fort) James McDaniel, Westley Piper, Benjamin F. Sweed, James Penn, Jr., John Miller, John S. Gardner, Ellis Ogle, David Howard.

Wounded—Reece Gibson, (since dead) Jos. Monse, John Lawson, Abraham Ricketts, Robert Tucker, Jos. Thompson, Jacob Miller, Daniel McClain, Hugh Glass, August Dufire, Willis (black man.)

I do not conceive but two of the wounded in danger. How many of the Indians were killed I am at a loss to say; I think not more than seven or eight; four or five men were seen to fall on the beach. I thought proper to communicate this affair as soon as an opportunity afforded, believing that you would feel disposed to make these people account to the government for the outrage committed. Should that be the case, and a force sent for that purpose in a short time, you will oblige me much if you will send me an express, at my own expense, if one can be procured, that I may meet and co-operate with you. From the situation of the Indian towns, it will be difficult for a small force to oust them without a six-pounder. The towns are newly picketed in, with timber from six to eight inches thick, twelve to fifteen feet high, dirt in inside thrown up about eighteen inches. They front the river and immediately in front of them is a large sand bar, forming nearly two-thirds of a circle, at the head of which (where the river is very narrow) they have a breastwork, made of dry wood. The ground on the opposite side of the river is high and commanding. They have about 600 warriors, I suppose, three-fourths of them are armed with London fuzes, others with bows and arrows, war axes, &c., &c.

I expect to hear from Major Henry (to whom I sent an express) in twelve or fifteen days. During that time I shall remain between this place and the Aricara towns, not remaining any length of time in one place, as my force is small, not more than twenty-three effective.

Your friend and obedient servant,

—W. H. ASHLEY.

In the year 1823, John C. Calhoun was Secretary of War; Major General Jacob Brown was Commander in Chief of the army, with his headquarters at Washington; Major General E. P. Gaines was in command of the western department with headquarters located at Louisville, Ky; the right wing of the western army being under the command of General Henry Atkinson, with headquarters at St. Louis, Mo. Colonel Henry Leavenworth, commanded the 6th regiment at Fort Atkinson, near the old Council Bluffs of the Lewis and Clark expedition. And Major Benjamin O'Fallon was Manuel Lisa's successor as the Government Agent, in charge of the Indians of the upper Missouri country; his headquarters also being at Fort Atkinson.

We find on page 247. Vol. 1, South Dakota History Collections, the following letter presented to the society by William L. Gardner, of Louisville, Ky., "a grand nephew of John L. Gardner, who was killed in the massacre" of Gen. Ashley's fur-traders at Grand river. The letter was written by Hugh Glass, an intrepid old trapper, whose disastrous adventure and subsequent death, will be given in a future chapter. The letter was written to the father of young Gardner, who then lived in the state of Virginia:

Dr Sir: My painful duty is to tell you of the deth of yr son, which befell at the hands of the Indians, 2nd June, in the early morning. He lived a little while after he was shot and asked me to inform you of his sad fate. We brought him to the ship (keel boat) where he soon died.

Mr. Smith, a young man of our company, made a powerful prayr wh moved us all greatly and I am per-

suaded John died in peace. His body was buried with others near this camp and we marked the grave with a log. His things we will send to you. The savages are greatly treacherous. We traded with them as friends, but after a great storm of rain and thunder, they came at us before light and many were hurt. I myself was shot in the leg. Master Ashley is bound to stay in these parts til the traitors are rightly punished.

Yr Obt Svt
—HUGH GLASS.

After receiving news of the Aricaras attack upon Gen. Ashley's fur-trading boats at Grand river, Colonel Leavenworth sent the following report to St. Louis:

Fort Atkinson, June 8th, 1823.

Dear Sir: I have just received a letter from Gen. Ashley, giving information of the attack upon his party by the Arickara Indians, by which it appears that not only the survivors of his party, but many other American citizens are in the most imminent danger. A copy of the general's letter I herewith enclose, and, also a copy of the order I have issued on the subject. I can only add, that we shall leave here for our destination as soon as possible; which I hope will be tomorrow or next day. We shall take two six-pounders and small swivels, and, perhaps a howitzer. My party will be about 200 strong in rank and file. If necessary, it is expected that we can raise a considerable auxiliary force amongst the Sioux. We shall do all we can to support the honor of your regiment, and hope, with the blessings of heaven, to meet the approbation of our superiors and our country. We go to secure the lives

and property of our citizens, and to chastise and correct those who have committed outrages upon them. It will be our endeavor to do this as peaceably as the nature of the circumstances which may occur will admit. I have the honor to be, with perfect respect,

Your obedient servant,

H. LEAVENWORTH, 6th Reg.

Brig. Gen. H. Atkinson,
Com'g West'n Dept.

Leavenworth's Orders.

Headquarters, 6th Infantry.
Fort Atkinson, 18th June, 1823.

Orders:

The colonel commanding has to announce to his command, that the Arickara Indians have attacked a party of Americans under the command of Gen. Wm. Ashley, Lt. Governor of the state of Missouri, who had a regular license from the government of the United States, agreeable to the laws of congress for regulating trade and intercourse with the Indians.

Fourteen of Gen. Ashley's party have been killed and nine injured.

The lives of more than one hundred American citizens now in the Indian country are in imminent danger. Gen. Ashley and about thirty of his party, still bravely remain in the face of their savage enemy, and the general asks for assistance. The colonel commanding deems it his duty to afford assistance to the survivors, and to chastise those Indians for the outrage which they have committed. And on this subject there is the most perfect coincidence of opinion between the colonel

commanding and Maj. Benjamin O'Fallon, the United States agent for Indian affairs on the Missouri. The colonel commanding is sure of the zealous co-operation and efficient support of Major O'Fallon, and the officers generally of the regiment which he has the honor to command. Companies A, B, D, E, F and G will be prepared as soon as possible to march at a moment's warning. After the departure of the colonel commanding, the command of the residue of the regiment of the post will devolve upon Major Foster. It is hoped and expected that the most zealous exertions will be made by every individual of the regiment, left here, to save the crops and preserve the public property. In Major Foster's zeal and efficiency, and those generally who will remain, the colonel commanding has the fullest confidence. He is aware that their duties will be arduous, perhaps more so than those who will ascend the river. If any glory should be acquired, the regiment generally will share it; if those who ascend the river are unfortunate they must bear it alone.

The acting post quartermaster will immediately engage the keel boat called the Yellowstone packet and her pontoon, and as many of the efficient men with her as practicable. In case he succeeds in engaging the boat, her cargo will be immediately stored. One of the public boats will be selected and immediately put in good order to ascend the river. A future order will be given on the subject of amunition and subsistence.

H. LEAVENWORTH, Colonel Commanding.

In the meantime, Mr. Keemle arrived at the Mandan villages from the Yellowstone river, bringing down the residue of men and property from the Jones and

Immell expedition; voyaging in bull boats made from rawhides taken from buffalo.

Soon after their arrival at Vandeburg's post, near Knife river, he wrote a letter to Joshua Pilcher, president of the fur company, under date of July 10th, in which he expressed himself as follows:

"Permit me to remark, that the present affair with the Ricaras is a subject of daily conversation with the Gros-Ventres and Mandans, and I am of the opinion, from many remarks made by the principal men of both nations, that much of the future welfare and interest of the persons engaged in business on the Missouri depends much upon the course of conduct pursued towards that band of savage villians."

On the following day he wrote another letter, conveyed by the same express, in which he says:

"A council was held by the Mandans on the 10th inst., in which they have decided to send for the Ricaras to enter their village, in order to protect them, as they say, from the whites. A similar proposition was made to the Gros-Ventre, by the former nation, but they shut their ears against it."

In commenting upon this information, in a letter to O'Fallon, Joshua Pilcher says:

"There are many opinions respecting the course the Aricaras will take. My own impressions are that they will not abandon their villages, but will await the coming of the expedition and give us battle.

"Many things induce a belief that they will not attempt to go to the Mandans for protection. About twelve days will decide it. The expedition left this place (Fort Recovery) early this morning. (July 21st.)

The foregoing circumstances, together with many other causes, will induce me to change the destination of our mountain men this fall. If time would justify the attempt, I would endeavor to push the expedition across the mountains to some southern branches of the Columbia river."

In voyaging up the Missouri, Leavenworth's expedition met with a disastrous accident near what they called "Caball's Bluff, about one hundred and fifty miles below the Grand Detour, or great bend of the river." The name given is evidently a typographical error, and should read Cabalt Bluff—long since known as Chalk Rock Bluffs, which face the great river; probably near what is now called the St. Helena bluffs, in a bend of the Missouri ten miles below Yankton, South Dakota. In speaking of the sad accident, Gen. Leavenworth's report says:

"On the third day of July, at about nine o'clock in the morning, Lieut. Wickliff had the misfortune to lose the boat which had been committed to his charge. The boats were progressing under sail near the right bank of the river, which was thickly covered with timber. The wind was light, and owing to the timber, very unsteady. Lieut. Wickliff wished to lay his boat further out into the stream for the purpose of obtaining a better wind, and while doing so the wind ceased to blow, and his boat fell back upon a large tree that was under the water, as the wind had been blowing against the current it had rendered the water so rough that the wake of this snag had not been discovered.

"The consequence was instantly fatal to the boat. She struck and broke into two pieces. Every possible

exertion was made to save the lives of the crew. Captain Riley promptly put his boat about and followed the wreck which was rapidly drifting down stream along a bend in the river (a heavy timbered point since known as Hagen's bend) which was full of similar obstructions to that which the boat of Lieut. Wickliff had stove. But he had the skill and good fortune to escape them all. He twice threw his cordelle to those on the wreck and made it fast, but it was not sufficiently strong to hold the strain and immediately broke.

"Finding it impossible to land the wreck, he sent his best swimmers on shore to save the property, in which they were very successful. In the meantime, Sergeant Dunn and Private Thomas had been sent off with a small skiff to the assistance of the crew on the wreck. They were very efficient and saved the lives of several of the men. They had nearly reached Sergt. Stackpole when he sank to rise no more. The wreck drifted about two miles and lodged against the shore. When the boat struck, the small boat which we called the barge was some distance in advance. We made signals to her and she returned. We landed her cargo and immediately went in pursuit of the wreck.

"We found it as above stated, took off the mast, sail and rigging and everything which was left.

"The mast and yard we left on shore to be taken home on our return. The public property which Capt. Riley had not taken into his boat was put into the barge and taken up to our remaining boats. We saved the greatest part of the flour and all the whiskey, and lost all the pork which was in the boat. There was no ordnance stores in the boat, but we unfortunately lost fifty-seven muskets and bayonets.

“What was still worse, we found on mustering the crew that we had lost one sergeant and six enlisted men. For their names and description I beg leave to refer you to the company reports, which I herewith have the honor to send you.

Mr. Pilcher was kind enough to take on board his boats eleven barrels of our provisions, the balance we distributed amongst our own boats and were under way again at 5 o'clock next morning.”

The following names, as reported by Col. Leavenworth, are among those who were drowned in the Missouri river, near Cabalt Bluff, July 3rd, 1823:

1. Samuel Stackpole, sergeant; age 27; born, New Hampshire; enlisted at Ft. Atkinson by Lieut. Palmer, 2nd November, 1822; drowned 3rd July. Very 'good soldier.

2. Andrew Viancore, drummer; age 18; born, Michigan Territory; enlisted at Fort Osage by Lieut. Pentland, 10th August, 1819; drowned, 3rd July. Good soldier.

3. Isaac Frew, private; age 27; born, Chester county, Penn.; enlisted at Fort Atkinson by Lieut. Palmer, 15th August, 1822; drowned 3rd July. Good soldier.

4. Jacob Waycold, private; age 28; born, York county, Penn.; enlisted at Fort Atkinson by Lieut. Palmer, 20th November, 1822; drowned 3rd July. Good soldier.

5. Philip Heavil, private; age 29; born, Philadelphia county, Penn.; enlisted at Ft. Crawford by Capt. Armstrong, 1st February, 1819; drowned July 3rd. Good soldier.

6. Hugh Patten, private; age 30; born, Franklin county, Penn.; enlisted at St. Louis by Lieut. Lowe, 3rd March, 1820; drowned 3rd July. Good soldier.

In the meantime, Major Andrew Henry received news of the defeat of Ashley's men at Grand river and he prepared to evacuate the upper Missouri country. Joining his forces with the white trappers at Vandenburg's fort, they voyaged down the Missouri, passing the Aricara villages in the night. Concealing his men and boats under green boughs, resembling a floating tree top, they passed the Aricara villages, witnessing a thrilling scene in the upper Indian town.

As they silently floated down with the drift on the moving tide of the great river, the glimmer of an Indian campfire showed their near approach to a dangerous point in their passage, revealing to their startled gaze a view of assembled warriors who were engaged in performing the ceremony of smoking the shield. This was a curious and important operation, in the estimation of the Aricara Indians; performed at the invitation of a young brave who had participated in their attack upon Gen. Ashley's men, which entitled him to carry a war shield made from the rawhide of a buffalo bull. George Catlin, the western traveler and painter, in explaining the Indians mode of performing this ceremony, says:

"Having prepared the shield, it was stretched on a frame of the desired shape, fastened with rawhide thongs. A hole was then dug in the ground as large in diameter as the shield was to be made, into which a fire was built and over it the green rawhide shield was

placed on pegs driven into the soil six or eight inches above the surface of the ground.

"This preparation having been performed, the friends of the young candidate were invited to assemble and participate in the ceremony; dancing and singing around it, soliciting the great war-spirit to instill into it the power to protect the young warrior from the shafts and bullets of his enemies.

"Meanwhile, an Indian medicine man rubbed in glue which dried and hardened the thick rawhide as it heated and contracted over the fire. By this curious process the rawhide increased in thickness, and the shield was made arrow and sometimes bullet proof. When it hardened and contracted on the frame to the required thickness, the dance ceased and the warriors were invited to a feast and carouse. The shield was then painted and decorated with an emblematic figure or device of the young brave's totem or medicine sign, and could be fastened on the arm ready for use.

"Proud was the young warrior who rode with this protector into battle; its boss decorated with eagle quills, and its front ornamented with a painted device representing red chains of lightning."

Such was the process of smoking the shield, and the weird scene witnessed by Major Henry and his men as they floated past the Aricara villages, was a representation of that curious performance, enacted by torchlight in the wilds of Dakota.

Slowly they drifted past the congregated warriors without being discovered, moving around a projecting point in the river, as the wild song of the savage re-

frain rose in the night air, dying away in mournful echoes, wafted through the gloom of sable night.

Removing the boughs from their overburdened boats, Major Henry and his men hastily manned their oars and coursed their way down the great river, joining their forces with those of General Ashley near the Cheyenne.

Here, at that old landmark, Lewis and Clark found two white men living with the Indians, in 1804. For some unknown cause, one of them known as "Big-Leggins," killed his partner, a man named Charman. This tragedy caused considerable excitement among the Indians, and was subsequently chronicled in Babtiste Good's pictographic Winter Counts.

Gen. Ashley, reinforced by Major Henry and his men, voyaged down to Laidlaw's trading house, built by Louis LaConte, near Pierre, South Dakota. There they learned that Col. Leavenworth had started out with an expedition of two hundred men, coming to their support from Ft. Atkinson.

We find in state papers (1824) that Col. Leavenworth wrote a letter from Ft. Brassaux, near the Grand Detour, July 21st, in which he informs Indian Agent O'Fallon that a force of Yankton Indians had joined him, saying:

"The Yanctons appear to be zealously determined to co-operate with us, but I have some doubts of the continuance of their ardor."

He also wrote that he feared the Arickaras would join the Mandans before he could reach their village, but that he should follow them and attack their combined forces. Regretting that his command was not of

sufficient strength to inspire that degree of respect among the Indians which he desired.

At Ft. Recovery, a cedar post on American Island, Col. Leavenworth found a band of Yankton Sioux Indians, and also a small number of Teton of the same nation, who were anxious to join him against the Aricaras, of whom he mentions in his report, saying:

"I told them that we had men enough, but as those bad Indians were enemies to them as well as to us, I was willing they should join us and help to punish them."

Col. Leavenworth reorganized his forces, having been joined by Major Wooley and Major Ketchum of the 6th regiment with a small force of men at Fort Kiowa. On the 28th of July the expedition reached the mouth of the Teton, now called Bad river, opposite the present city of Pierre, South Dakota. There they were joined by Gen. Ashley and his force of white trappers and hunters, amounting to eighty men, who were divided into two companies. Gen. Ashley nominated his officers, as follows, who were confirmed by Col. Leavenworth in orders:

William Sublette, major; Jedediah Smith, captain; Hiram Scott, captain; Hiram Allen, lieutenant; Geo. C. Jackson, lieutenant; Chas. Cunningham, ensign; Edward Rose, ensign; J. Fitzpatrick, quartermaster.

Major Pilcher, representing the Missouri Fur Co., also offered his services, accompanied by forty white men. Mr. Pilcher was assigned to command the Yankton and Teton Indians, with the rank of major. He nominated his officers as follows, who were confirmed by order, to form a company from his trappers:

William H. Vandeburg, captain; Angus McDonald, captain over Indians; Alexander Carson, 1st lieutenant; William Gordon, 2nd lieutenant.

It being understood that they were not amenable to martial law, their promise to obey orders being sufficient guarantee of services during their attack upon the Aricaras. No nominal rank was conferred on Gen. Ashley, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., who was then a general in the militia of Missouri, and also lieutenant governor of that state.

There, at the Teton river, the forces of the expedition were detained two days—31st of July and first of August—waiting for a band of Sioux Indians, led by their chief, "The Fire Heart," who had sent out runners saying they intended to go with the expedition and fight the Aricaras. This band of warriors reached the river and another day was taken up in crossing them in boats and in purchasing two thousand pounds of dried buffalo meat. After receiving reinforcements from another band of friendly Yanktons, who were in the rear waiting for the sub-agent to furnish them with powder and ball, the expedition moved forward, the boats being under the direction of Major Wooley. The land forces were led by a small party of Sioux scouts, followed by Captain Riley with his party of riflemen, and Gen. Ashley with his two companies of mountaineers, followed by the remaining companies of the Sixth regiment. The Sioux Indian force, estimated by Major Pilcher at 400, moved on the flanks and in the rear of the advancing army. On the night of the 8th of August the forces of the expedition encamped fifteen miles below the Aricara villages, being joined by

350 Sioux warriors, making an Indian force of 750 men.

Col. Leavenworth, in making this report, adds the following comment:

“Allow me to say, that up to this time I had been very well satisfied with Mr. Pilcher in every respect, particularly as sub-agent. He had neglected no opportunity to be of service to the expedition, but had done everything in his power to insure its success. I had understood that it was not intended, after the defeat of the party under the late Immel and Jones was known, to send the boats of the Missouri Fur Co. above their Fort Recovery. (Their boats being then with the expedition, manned and propelled by Pilcher’s company of white trappers.) From that point to the Aricara villages they could have no other object but to co-operate with us, for the service of our country, and to acquire influence with the Sioux nation. The former object was highly appreciated by me, and the latter, as I believed it existed, I considered as perfectly justifiable as they were engaged in the fur-trade with that nation.

“Mr. Pilcher has an interpreter (supposed to be Collins Campbell who subsequently became famous on the upper Missouri in pioneer days) who had been for a considerable time in the employment of the Missouri Fur Co., and with whom I had too much reason to be displeased. He no doubt did all in his power to increase the influence and importance of that company, not only at the expense of the other traders, but also at that of our expedition.”

Captain Chittenden, in his American Fur Trade, says:

“One of the most regrettable features of the whole

affair was the feeling of bitter animosity that was engendered between Colonel Leavenworth and Joshua Pilcher, both men of high character and unblemished reputation.

"Mr. Pilcher was one of the ablest of the traders and had succeeded Manuel Lisa in the presidency of the Missouri Fur Co. * * * He had apparently joined the expedition purely from a desire to help punish the Aricaras, for, as he had withdrawn all his establishments above the Sioux (river) he was not protecting his own interest to the same extent that Ashley was. Leavenworth was highly pleased with him up to the time when he began his negotiations for peace. He (Pilcher) refused to be a party to the treaty, and probably did all he could to cause this part of the proceedings to fail.

"His conduct naturally aroused the ire of Colonel Leavenworth, who considered him bound to obey orders as long as he was attached to the command."

As the forces of the expedition approached within a few miles of the Aricara villages, Col. Leavenworth's greatest apprehension was that the Indians would evacuate their fortified towns and retreat to the wild hilly country west of the Missouri. To prevent their getting away he instructed Mr. Pilcher to move on with the Sioux allies and his interpreter, and surround the villages and hold them back until the regular troops and the boats with the artillery could come up. Meanwhile, the troops were ordered to advance as quickly as they could do so with regularity and order.

When the soldiers were within two miles of the Aricara villages, the firing of guns was heard in front

and they began to meet their Sioux allies returning with captured horses. Soon Mr. Pilcher met the soldiers and reported that the Aricaras fought the Sioux outside of their villages and had driven the latter back. The soldiers were pressed forward and the battle line was formed ready for action. The Aricaras retreated into their villages, and the soldiers halted to await the arrival of their boats and artillery. In the meantime, the Sioux killed ten of the Aricaras, and amused themselves in playing what they called "white bear" over one of their slain enemies. The boats arrived in time for the soldiers to unload the artillery and place them in position before sundown, ready to commence the attack on the following morning, August 10th.

On the following day, the troops were placed in their stations at the upper and lower towns and the attack was commenced with artillery by Lieut. Morris—the Sioux allies being scattered in the rear. The report says: "The first shot fired from the cannon killed the Aricara chief 'Grey Eyes,' and the second one cut away the staff of the medicine lodge flag."

Major Ketchum with his command was ordered to advance. He did so until ordered to halt; being within three hundred yards of the pickets at the lower village. The battle was now fought all along the lines. Captain Vandeburg had taken a position on a hill overlooking the upper village, (the two villages being divided by Cottonwood creek, since known as Deadman's creek, which flows into the Missouri) but later moved down upon a more level plain where his command composed of old trappers with a six pound cannon did effective work. But the Aricaras refused to be driven from their

villages while so many Sioux warriors were fighting around ready to attack them and kill their women and children. The Sioux desired the concentration of their forces, and that the white men should drive the savages from their villages; and Pilcher favored the plan, saying: "It would lead the Sioux to believe that something great was about to be done."

Colonel Leavenworth was more humane and did not wish to exterminate the besieged Indians. He, however, informed Pilcher that he intended to concentrate his forces in their attack on the lower town, but should first try to induce the besieged savages to come out and surrender. The Sioux allies finding out that the soldiers were opposed to a general charge upon the enemy, withdrew and gathered a large supply of corn and other plunder; making terms with the Aricaras.

Colonel Leavenworth saw and heard the Sioux and Aricaras holding a parley in front of the villages, and he soon discovered that the Sioux were retreating. He directed his interpreter to ask one of the Aricaras who had been parleying with the Sioux what they wanted. The Indian replied, saying: "We want you to have pity on our women and children and not fire upon them any more. Do with us as you please, but do not fire any more guns at us. We are all in tears."

Colonel Leavenworth addressed them, saying: "It was the wish of the Government of the United States to be at peace with all the Indians, but if they should behave badly any more they might expect to be more severely punished than they ever yet had been."

They were told to make up the losses of General Ashley and behave well in the future, and that they

must give five of their principal men as hostages and security. They replied that they would restore everything that they could. Their horses had been taken by the Sioux, and killed in great numbers. They had no horses to give, but they would return all the guns they could find and the articles of property which they received from Gen. Ashley, even to the hats."

Continuing the report says: "Considering my small force—the strange and unaccountable conduct of the Sioux, and even the great probability of their joining the Aricaras against us. And also considering the importance of saving to our country the expense and trouble of a long Indian war-fare; and the importance of securing the safety of the Indian trade, I thought proper to accept the terms.

"The pipe of peace was accordingly lighted. It passed around very well until it came to Mr. Pilcher—he refused to smoke. He also refused to shake hands with the Indians, but got up and walked back and forth with much agitation, and at last said to the Indians: 'That war chief has said you shall be safe, and you shall be so, but tomorrow I will speak to you.' He, however, last said that as it was my wish that he should smoke, he would do so, but not as an evidence of his assent to the peace, or something to that effect. His whole manner was such as to have a very unfavorable effect upon the Indians, as his interpreter (one Collin Campbell) had told the Indians that Mr. Pilcher was the principal, or first chief of the expedition.

"After smoking, and selecting from those present (and who, by the bye, were said by those best acquainted with them, to be the principal chiefs and men of

their nation) the five hostages to go with us, and whom I intended to take with me to Fort Atkinson, we arose to return to our boats.

“The Indians had brought ten or twelve buffalo robes as a present to us. My interpreter, Simoneau, attempted to carry them but could not take all of them. The Indians who were going with us, took up the balance and we moved on. But several of the officers had by this time advanced a few yards from me. I believe Lieuts. Crugar and Noel were with me. As we were walking, Campbell, (the interpreter) was conversing continually with one of the Aricaras who understood and spoke Sioux. I have but little knowledge of the Sioux tongue, but can understand some words and I understood Campbell to tell the Aricara that the ‘heart of the big chief (meaning Mr. Pilcher) was bad, very bad,’ meaning that Pilcher was very much displeased; and in fact the Indian did not stand in need of Campbell’s information to know this, it was apparent from his looks and actions. Campbell continually kept his thumb on the cock of his rifle. He also snatched a pipe tomahawk from one of the Indians, and threw it to the rear. This together with the circumstance of our coming to the body of one of the Aricaras who had been killed by the Sioux, most shockingly mangled and stuck full of arrows, (being the same over which the Sioux played “white bear”) and also seeing our men standing by their arms, they became alarmed and stopped. I endeavored to convince them that they should not be hurt if they would go with us, but all was in vain.

“They said Campbell had told them that it was our

intention to get them into our possession and then kill them. From their apparent fear and trembling, I have no doubt but what they believed it.

“It became impossible to make them advance. They said they would come to us early in the morning, and they threw down the buffalo robes and turned back. I told the interpreter to tell them to take up the robes and carry them back to their villages, if they would not do as they had agreed to do; and then there would be no peace and we should be as we were before the smoke, but they would not take back the robes. I told the interpreter to let them go and come along. Campbell cocked his rifle and said, ‘Colonel, I will kill one of them fellows.’ I positively forbid him from firing upon them. They were unarmed and had also placed themselves under our protection; coming from their village under a promise of safety. Campbell soon repeated what he had said. I again in a loud voice, in fact as loud as I could well speak, firmly forbid him and ordered him not to fire.

“At that moment, Mr. Pilcher as I have since been informed was telling Doctor Gale that he would not be surprised to see those Indians seize the Colonel and drag him away to their villages. The doctor accordingly fired his pistol at them, and Mr. Pilcher ordered Campbell to fire, and he did, as did also Mr. Vandenburg. These shots were all fired in quick succession, and were as quickly returned from the Indians (standing in the rear.) We parted in a hurry. The shots of the Indians fortunately did no injury.”

The Aricaras returned to their villages and the white men to their camp, and nothing further was done

that day; for it was ascertained that the Sioux allies had all gone away, and at their departure had taken away several horses that Gen. Ashley had purchased of them, and also six mules from the quartermaster department. At a conference of the officers it was the general opinion that the Sioux had come to an understanding with the Aricaras, and intended to make a joint attack upon them during the night. Preparation was therefore made for defense, by entrenching their position on the river bank.

On the following morning, August 11th, the Arickara Chief "Little Soldier" was seen coming; who called for Colonel Leavenworth's interpreter to meet him and have a talk. Soon after the Indian chief made his appearance, Collin Campbell (Pilcher's interpreter) came up from Pilcher's boats with his rifle in his hand and ran toward "Little Soldier." Col. Leavenworth called to him, ordering him to stop; which order he did not seem inclined to obey until he was forced to do so by the sentinels, who disarmed him and placed him under guard. Col. Leavenworth met the chief "Little Soldier," the report saying:

"He inquired what the people intended by firing upon them, so soon after smoking and making peace. I told him it had been done contrary to my orders. He said that his people were very much alarmed at the circumstances and believed what they had heard as to our intention of killing them, if we got them in our possession. He then inquired if the other chief (meaning Mr. Pilcher) would make peace. I told him he would do so; that he was subject to my orders for he had promised to obey me, and that I had the power to

make all the men with me either fight or make peace. He said he would endeavor to have the chiefs and his principal men come out again and smoke and hear my words; and that he should be very glad to have some of our chiefs and soldiers come into their villages, as his people were very much alarmed. Previous to this, I had not found any one willing to go into the villages except a man by the name of Rose; who held the rank of ensign in Gen. Ashley's volunteers. He appeared to be a brave and enterprising man and was well acquainted with these Indians. He had resided for about three years with them, understood their language, and they were much attached to him. He was with Gen. Ashley when they were attacked; and they had at that time called to him to take care of himself, before they fired upon Gen. Ashley's party. This was all I knew of the man. Have since heard that he was not of good character. Everything he told us, however, was fully corroborated."

CHAPTER VI

**Attack Upon the Aricaras---Shelling the Indian Towns
---Death of Grey Eyes---Indian Conference and With-
drawal of the Sioux---Little Soldier---Evacuation of
Villages---Disastrous Adventure of Hugh Glass.**

COLONEL LEAVENWORTH informed Dr. Gale and Lieut. Morris what the Little Soldier had said to him in relation to having some of the officers visit their camp, accompanied by Ensign Rose, who could talk the Aricara language. They asked permission to be allowed to visit the Indian villages, which was granted; they being ordered to report upon their return the true situation as they discovered it among the Aricaras—the following being their written report:

Camp Near Aricara Villages,
August, 1823.

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, Lieut. Morris and myself, accompanied by an interpreter, have just visited the Aricara towns. The Little Soldier met us near the pickets and invited us to his lodges and treated us with much hospitality. During our stay all the warriors of the village collected at the lodge and seated themselves about us; they all appeared very melancholly. They had just finished burying their dead, many of whom had layed exposed two days. I inquired of the chief why he did not go out with his principal men and shake hands with the American chief; since he had begged for peace and it had been

granted to him. He replied that "his young men were like frightened deer, that they had been flogged with whips of which they had heretofore no knowledge, and such as they supposed the Great Spirit had power to punish them with; but since we soldiers had visited him, he would have no hesitance in visiting us." On parting with him, he shook us by the hand and said that he had understood that we were hungry, and requested us to send some of our boats opposite the village and he would have them loaded with such articles as we required for our subsistence and that he would return with them in company with some of his warriors to our camp.

I am respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

John Gale,

Surgeon U. S. A.

Col. Leavenworth,
Commanding.

Continuing the journal says: "We were short of provisions, but I did not think proper to send a boat at that time, but sent a message to the Little Soldier that they must come to our boats and see us without delay if he wished peace. In the meantime I discovered by conversation with those who had been to the villages, and there were several who had now been there, that the towns were not so strongly fortified as we had been informed; that the pickets were very frail, and that they had but slight ditches on the inside. It appeared that the dirt lodges were the most formidable defenses which they had. Several Indians soon arrived who said that they were sent by the chiefs to assure us of their disposition to adhere to, and maintain the peace

which had been made. But as they were not chiefs I declined to confer with them, but referred them to Major Wooley. He consented to go with them to their villages (while one of their number remained with us) to ascertain who the principal chiefs were, and if they were seriously inclined to make a peace in good faith or not.

“The major soon returned and reported that he was fully satisfied that they were acting in good faith. That they had been evidently severely flogged and humbled, and were anxious to make with us a permanent peace. He had seen all the principal men and had made an arrangement with them that all their principal men, (except one who was to be represented on the occasion by his brother) and one who was wounded for whom his son acted, to meet the American officers in front of our camp and sign a treaty.

“In compliance with the spirit of my instruction, I then applied to Mr. Pilcher as sub-agent to assist in making the treaty, to draft it, etc.—he declined. Major Henry, who was with Gen. Ashley, had also been appointed a special sub-agent by Major O’Fallon, and I therefore gave him the same invitation. He politely replied that it was a matter in which he felt himself wholly incompetent to act as his powers were for a special purpose. I then drew the treaty myself. The Indians were ready to sign it. It was signed in the presence of the officers who witnessed it.

“It is proper, however, to remark here that the substance of the treaty was they should restore to Gen. Ashley as far as possible the articles of property taken, and not in the future obstruct the navigation of the

river, but treat the Americans as friends wherever they might meet them.

"An unrestrained intercourse was immediately opened between our camp and the villages. The Indians in the meantime had buried their dead and began to look more cheerful. We were supplied with plenty of corn and other vegetables. These they offered to give us, and said we had conquered them and they were ours, but we chose to make them some compensation—although they said they did not expect any. We asked them what articles would be the most acceptable to them. They replied that if we were pleased to give their women any trifles to please them for bringing the corn to the boats we might do so.

"Copies of the treaty were sent by my adjutant to Mr. Pilcher and to Major Henry, they being sub-agents. From Mr. Pilcher I received the following note:

Camp Near the Aricara Villages,
13th August, 1823.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a paper transmitted to me last evening by Lieut. Noel, your adjutant, entitled a treaty of peace between the Aricara nation and the United States. Notwithstanding I have declined any participation in this business and have been opposed to it upon several grounds which it is not necessary here to mention, I still think it proper to inform you that neither of the principal chiefs of the Aricara nation have signed that paper, and if I have been correctly informed were not present at the meeting when the paper was signed.

I have the honor to be, etc.,
Joshua Pilcher.

“On this subject I have taken some trouble to ascertain who were the chiefs, and from the information of those who had been acquainted with these Indians for many years and who know most every one, I was fully satisfied that Major Wooley had not been mistaken, and that every chief or principal man of both villages had signed the treaty except one who had always been considered as the first soldier of the late Chief Grey Eyes, and who was now considered no better than a dog in their villages.

“It now became necessary to see that our new friends fulfilled their stipulations as to Gen. Ashley, and they were called upon to do so. They delivered to the general three rifles, one horse and sixteen buffalo robes, and said that it was all that they could do for him. They were told that it was not enough, and that they must go back to their villages and tell their people to come forward and remunerate Gen. Ashley or that we should attack them. They said they would do so, and went back to the villages for that purpose.

“I must here remark that as Mr. Pilcher had declined any participation in making the treaty, he and others of the company to which he belonged appeared to think that they were not bound by it; and therefore would not shake hands with any of the chiefs, at which the Little Soldier and others expressed much mortification. They also became suspicious that we were not sincere in our professions of peace. They were afraid to give up their horses to remunerate Gen. Ashley and they were apprehensive that we intended to again attack them and that they would need them to assist in making their escape.

"Mr. Rose informed me that their women were packing up, evidently for the purpose of going off. He said they had again become exceedingly alarmed. The least unusual noise in our camp, and particularly our martial music, which they had not before heard, terrified them greatly.

"The Little Soldier returned to our boats late in the afternoon of the 12th. He was very much agitated and exhausted and fainted almost as soon as he entered my cabin. Our surgeon soon restored him. When he had sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, he expressed deep regret that hostilities should again occur. But it was impossible to do anything more for General Ashley. He said that it was the people of the lower village who had done the mischief to Gen. Ashley, and that the Sioux had carried away many of their horses and the rest we had killed. That the people of the upper village would not give up their horses to pay for the mischief which the Chief Grey Eyes had done; and that they were all of them so much alarmed that it was very difficult for him to prevent them from running away from the villages. He also said that he had always been a friend of the Americans; that he had told Gen. Ashley the truth and given him notice that the Indians would attack him. That he had lost his son in the fight, but he was willing to forgive him, as the Grey Eyes had been killed, who had been the cause of all the mischief. If it was our intention to again attack them he hoped we would let him remain with us. He told us where we could post our artillery to good advantage, and he told us correctly. He said we must be careful and fire low and that our artillery would cut

them all to pieces, and it would therefore be unnecessary to give the Indians a chance to kill even one of our men.

“My officers generally and all of the men were anxious to charge upon the towns. There had been much said as to the feelings of the Indians. Some said that they had not been humbled. Others thought they had. Mr. Pilcher and his party had thrown their whole weight against the treaty. The troops were under arms. I felt that my situation was a disagreeable and unpleasant one. It appeared to me that the reputation and the honor and brilliancy of the expedition required that I should gratify my troops and make a charge. But I also thought that sound policy and the interest of my country required that I should not.

“My command was small. We were short of provisions, and although Lieut. Morris had found some round shot of which he did not know when he before reported that he had but thirteen, yet we had 120 round shot and 25 stands of grape. If we succeeded in our charge, all that we could expect was to drive the Indians from their villages and perhaps kill a few more of them. The remainder would be left in the country in a confirmed state of hostility to every white man. We could not expect to overtake them nor had we provisions sufficient to enable us to pursue them.

“For my own part I felt confident that the Indians had been sufficiently humbled, fully to convince them of our ability to punish any injury they might do us, and that they would behave well in the future if we left them undisturbed in their villages. Gen. Ashley's boat could then, I had no doubt, proceed without

molestation to the mouth of the Yellowstone river—agreeable to his wishes. The trade and navigation of the river would be restored and probably a long and expensive war avoided.

“I felt satisfied that the blood of our countrymen had been avenged and I also felt an unwillingness to re-commence hostilities on account of the articles of property. Gen. Ashley, I well know, regarded not property. It was the principle. The question was:—Had the Indians been sufficiently humbled and taught to fear and respect us? On me lay the responsibility of decision.

“The Little Soldier had asked us to postpone our attack until the next morning, that in the meantime he might bring out his family. On this subject I thought it advisable under all the circumstances to take the opinions of Major Wooley, General Ashley and Mr. Pilcher. Major Wooley’s opinion was against a postponement. Gen. Ashley and Mr. Pilcher in favor of it. I was determined to postpone the attack and directed the troops to be dismissed.

“The Little Soldier was dismissed and sent to his villages. Mr. Rose went with him. I told the Little Soldier to make one more effort to save his people. That it was not their property that we cared so much about as it was to have them keep their word with us, and behave well in the future. After a little while he came out with Mr. Rose and brought a few more buffalo robes. He said they had no more; that they had taken these off their backs, and could not possibly do more, and begged that we would now have pity on them.

“Mr. Rose now informed me that the Indians were

in great distress and alarm, and that there was no doubt that they would leave their villages in the course of the night. I told him to go immediately to the village and tell Little Soldier that we had concluded to be satisfied, and that we were so. We would not attack them. To calm the fears of his people, and tell them that as long as they behaved well toward the Americans they need not be afraid of us. He went to the villages with this message, and without my consent or knowledge, carried a piece of white cloth on a stick. He afterwards told me that it was a signal which he had promised to give them in case I determined not to attack them.

“Early in the morning we discovered that the Indians had abandoned their villages and gone off during the night. The facts which subsequently transpired I have stated in my communication of the 30th of August last, to which I beg leave to refer you.”

When Col. Leavenworth learned that the Aricaras had abandoned their villages, he sent out Charlouneau, the interpreter to Major Henry's mountaineers, with the American flag and a calumet pipe of peace to try and overtake them. The interpreter also carried with him the following letter written by Gen. Leavenworth to the fleeing Indians:

Headquarters, Missouri Legion,
Ricara Towns, August 14, 1823.

To the chiefs and warriors of the Ricara nation of Indians:

Greeting: You see the pipe of peace which you gave to me in the hands of Mr. Charlouneau, and the flag of the United States. These will convince you that

my heart is not bad. Your villages are in my possession; come back and take them in peace, and you will find everything as you left them. You shall not be hurt if you do not obstruct the road or molest the traders. If you do not come back there are some bad men and some bad Indians who will burn your villages. Come back and come quickly. Be assured what I say is truth.

H. Leavenworth,
Colonel U. S. Army.

In the meantime, Major Ketchum was ordered to take his company and also company E, commanded by Lieut. Bradley and Lieut. Morris, with one six pound cannon to take possession of the Indian towns, the report saying:

“A message was sent to call back the Indians, if possible, and induce them to take possession of the towns, but they could not be found. It was evident that our artillery had been served with great effect; the towns had been completely riddled. We found thirty-one new graves, and we found several old ones had been opened, and the surface set with prickly pears to conceal the new dirt. We know that ten men, who were killed by the Sioux in the skirmish on the 9th, were buried in five graves. And we know also that more than one was buried in several of the other graves. From the best evidence which we could collect it is supposed that more than fifty of their people were killed and a great many wounded. Our messengers returned on the evening of the 14th, without having been able to find the Ricaras.

“On the morning of the 15th, we placed the mother

of the late Chief Grey Eyes (an aged and infirm woman whom they had left in their flight) in one of the principal lodges of the lower village, gave her plenty of provisions and water, and left her in the quiet possession of the towns and the property of the Indians, except some corn taken for the subsistence of the men. At about ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the troops were embarked to descend the river, and our guard withdrawn, and every soul removed from the villages, except the old woman before mentioned. All the boats were got under way nearly at the same time. Before we were out of sight of the towns, we had the mortification to discover them on fire. There is no doubt that they have been consumed to ashes. Nor is there any doubt but what they were set on fire by one McDonald, a partner, and one Gordon, a clerk of the Missouri Fur Company."

In Col. Frank Triplett's book, "Conquering the Wilderness," we find the following narrative relating to William Gordon:

"Bill Gordon was the laughing philosopher of the trappers. On the toilsome march, when the sandy soil on the parched plains had drunk up every vestige of water, and the tortures of thirst consumed the mountaineers in the bleak and sterile lands; Gordon still laughed, and with song and jest cheered on his weaker comrades.

"In battle, too, he laughed; but here his cachination lost its merriment, and froze the blood of his savage enemies with its appalling sound—the scream of the panther.

"Thus he laughed, when he dashed into the Aric-

ara village, in advance of all his comrades, rifle in one hand, torch in the other and fired this den of thieves and murderers. In all the village but one thing was left when the trappers had swept it with fire and ball—an old woman, so old that she might have counted her years by the century; so decrepid that she might have been a thing of wood, so far as locomotion or power of escape went. The Sioux would have killed her for a witch, but Gordon told them she was old and a woman; and laughingly said that age and womanhood must be respected, even if she were the great grand mother of every Aricara devil sent into the world. He placed her in a solitary lodge, with a supply of water and provisions, and as he moved off she raised her hands toward the sun, and then held them out toward the good natured trapper. 'She is cursing him,' said the Sioux. It may have been, or the poor pagan might have called for a blessing on the laughing white brave, who, even in the Aricara squaw, could reverence the sex of his mother. Whether it was curse or praise did not effect the firm soul of Gordon; and that night as the trappers smoked around their camp-fires and told over the incidents of the day, Gordon selected only the ludicrous, and soon his auditors roared with him—even the stoical savages, who marveled that a man could fight like a demon and laugh like a squaw."

During Leavenworth's operations against the Aricaras, the white men sustained no loss in killed, and but two wounded. (Hugh Johnson of Gen. Ashley's command and Smith, a private in Major Ketchum's company.) They found seventy-one dirt lodges in the lower Aricara village and seventy in the upper one;

each village being enclosed with palisades, or pickets, and a ditch. The greater part of the bottom, or floor of the dirt lodges, were excavated below the surface of the ground.

Gen. Leavenworth, in his final report, designates his losses of men and material; an itemized account of which was forwarded from Ft. Atkinson to Brigadier Gen. Atkinson at St. Louis.

Captain Chittenden, in his review of the Aricara war, says:

“Colonel Leavenworth added fuel to the flame of discord by issuing an order on the day of departure from the Aricara towns, in which he directly charged the Missouri Fur company with the destruction of the villages and declared that “with such he would have no further intercourse.” From this ban of displeasure he excepted Major Henry Vandeburg and Moses B. Carson. But these gentlemen would not accept the colonel’s indulgence, and wrote to Pilcher on the day following, that they felt “extremely mortified at having been selected as the object of his (Leavenworth’s) approbation and praise.”

Pilcher was enraged at Leavenworth’s order, and permitted his indignation to get the better of his judgment entirely. On the 23rd of August, at Fort Recovery, he addressed a letter to Colonel Leavenworth, which, whatever truth it might contain, was couched in such violent and abusive language as to produce the opposite effect upon the public from what he intended. His provocation was indeed great, and he was not a man to the mincing of words, but he ought at least to have refrained from personal abuse. He closed his

letter with the following passage, in which, it must be acknowledged, there was more truth than the partisans of Colonel Leavenworth would have been willing to admit.

"I am well aware," he wrote, "that humanity and philanthropy are mighty shields for you against those who are entirely ignorant of the disposition and character of Indians; but with those who have experienced the fatal and ruinous consequences of their treachery and barbarity, these considerations will avail nothing. You come to restore peace and tranquility to the country and to leave an impression which would insure its continuance. Your operations have been such as to produce the contrary effect, and to impress the different tribes with the greatest possible contempt for the American character. You came (to use your own language) to open and make good this great road; instead of which you have by the imbecility of your conduct and operations, created and left impossible barriers."

"Strange, is the Missouri's record of changing channels, changing of banks and bars, changing of timber points that disappear as if by magic," says a western writer.

More than eighty-six years have passed and gone since Col. Leavenworth fought the Aricaras at their fortified villages above the mouth of Grand river, on the eleventh of August, 1823. The restless waters of the great river courses through its channel more than three quarters of a mile from the old battlefield. Its singing current has long since cut away the eastern bank, filling and closing up the old channel with drift-

ing sand and sediment, leaving wide timbered bottom lands through which Dead-Man's creek flows to the channel of the Missouri. There, where the old Indian trail crossed that sluggish stream, Belden, the "White Chief," was murdered by a treacherous Sioux, in 1873, —fifty years after Leavenworth's battle, in 1823.

The Aricara Indians are no more seen on their old historic hunting grounds, in the valley of Grand river. During the summer of 1825, a treaty of peace was made with the Missouri river Indians, and the old hunting grounds of the Aricaras were acknowledged as the possessions of the Sioux.

The Aricaras became wanderers, following the buffalo in their migrations from the Platte to the Yellowstone. As the years rolled on, many of them returned to the Missouri—the lands of their forefathers—in the valleys of the Cannon Ball and Grand rivers. A war-party fought their way into the Sioux country, to Ree Heights, South Dakota, but were driven to the Missouri, where they were again defeated in Peoria bottom, above the city of Pierre. From there they were driven northward to the Mandans, below the mouth of Knife river, in North Dakota. In 1823 they numbered more than three thousand souls; but owing to their continued harassing wars they were reduced to less than two thousand in 1832, when George Catlin located their villages below the Mandans—reporting them still hostile to white men. In 1837, smallpox reduced their number to less than five hundred; a sad remnant of their former greatness.

When the military expedition returned from the Aricara villages, to Fort Atkinson, Col. Leavenworth

issued a report announcing the result of their movements; with the duties performed in ascending and descending the Missouri river; speaking in praise of the efficiency of his men and officers, saying:

“Where all have done well, and all have been zealous to contribute their whole and entire power to promote the public service, it is as delicate as it is difficult to mention individual instances, but that the combination of circumstances has enabled some to perform more than others, cannot be doubted. The colonel commanding has been highly gratified with the promptness and alacrity manifested by Major Wooley and Brevet Major Ketchum, in joining the expedition, and equally so with their subsequent conduct.”

Col. Leavenworth also mentions Captain Riley as being successful in the management of his men, and his efficiency and promptness in the execution of orders. In speaking of Lieut. Bradley, he says he had given entire satisfaction wherever placed; and to Lieut. Cruger, and the staff generally, he praises for the services rendered. He mentions Lieut. Noel, as having discharged the duties of adjutant with entire satisfaction; evincing his ability to perform more important service. To Lieut. Morris, he speaks in praise of the duties he performed in a manner which is highly commendable, saying: “The lieutenant’s management and direction of the artillery would have done honor to a master of the trade.”

He especially mentions Dr. John Gale as having performed his duty to his entire satisfaction, and that he had done more, saying: “He has frequently volunteered his services to perform important duties, and

particularly in saving the property of the large boat when she was sunk by a severe storm at night. He effected much, and in a manner highly gratifying to all who knew the circumstances. Although Lieutenant Wyckliffe had the misfortune to lose the boat which was committed to his charge, it has been evident that his zeal for the good of the public service has been equal to that of any other gentleman of the expedition."

Dr. Gale was appointed surgeon's mate in the 23rd U. S. infantry, in 1812; and was promoted to surgeon in 1814. While he was stationed at Fort Atkinson, he became enamored with the charms of a young Indian girl in the Omaha tribe named Nekoma; and they had one child, Mary. When this child was about five years old, Gale fell heir to a fortune and left the post to attend to his new estate. He wanted to take the child along, but could not make up his mind to take its Indian mother to his friends and family. Nekoma became aware of this, and secreted herself and child so securely that neither could be found when wanted. Gale stayed searching for his child as long as he could, and on the evening of his departure, he visited Peter Sarpy, a trader, and giving him some money bound him solemnly to take care of this young Omaha squaw and his half-breed child. After Gale had gone, Nekoma came forth from her secret hiding place, and, being bequeathed to Sarpy by his former friend, she became his squaw; being ever faithful and true to him.

The little half-breed child, Mary, grew up a belle in the Omaha tribe, and married Joe La Flesh, a half-breed, who was a chief in the Ponca tribe. In time, Mary became the mother of the beautiful "Susette La

Flesh—better known as “Bright Eyes”—who married a white man by the name of Tibbles.

Among the young men whom Gen. Ashley had recruited for his Rocky Mountain Fur Co., in 1823, was Thomas Eddy, supposed to be “the last of Ashley’s trappers.” He lived near St. Louis, Missouri, until 1884; dying at the age of 86 years. Thomas Eddy was with Ashley’s men when they were attacked by the Aricaras, in 1823, and fought in the battle there. Being one of fourteen free trappers, who went from there to the Yellowstone with Major Henry.

He says: “The noted chief, White Bear, fought single handed with a gigantic Aricara warrior the first day of the battle at the Aricara villages. He rushed upon his foe, tomahawk in hand, and dared him to turn like a man and fight. The Aricara, bow in hand, turned upon White Bear and sent a shower of arrows whistling around him, one of which pierced his thigh. Stopping to pull the arrow through the wound, White Bear then charged upon his enemy.

“The Aricara had discharged his last arrow, and seeing that it was too late to fly, he determined to meet his fate like a man. With a terrific whoop the two warriors came together, and a duel to the death began. The Aricara was the larger and more powerful man, but the Sioux made up in agility and address what he lacked in physique, and for sometime the combat was doubtful. Like spectators in some vast amphitheater, the other combatants looked on at the gallant struggle. The sweeping and circling tomahawks flashed in the sun, but so far each had evaded any disabling stroke. When, making a feint at the head of his foe, the Sioux

suddenly bent down and struck the Aricara a fierce blow on the knee, almost severing the leg, and with the agility of a panther, sprang rapidly beyond the reach of the descending weapon of his foe. The latter tottered for a second or two and then fell, still retaining his tomahawk, but before he could recover himself, the Sioux had poised his weapon and sent it crashing through his brain, killing him instantly. Amidst the thundering plaudits of his warriors, the White Bear dextrously scalped his enemy, and then gave his attention to his wounds."

When the soldiers moved up in front of the villages, White Bear donned a grizzly bear skin robe and crawled around the slain Aricara warrior, playing "White Bear"—grunting and growling like a wild animal—being mentioned, in a report of the battle.

Captain Chittenden, in his history of "The American Fur-Trade of the West," relates many interesting narratives of adventure in the wilds of the upper Missouri country. From information received from his history, and from stories told by old trappers, it appears that Major Pilcher and Gen. Ashley each sent out overland expeditions from the deserted Aricara villages (in the summer of 1823) to the Crow country—on the headwaters of the Yellowstone, and to the tributary streams of the Columbia and Colorado rivers.

We are told that Major Andrew Henry started out for the mountains at the head of seventy men immediately after the battle at the Aricara villages; a portion of whom were Pilcher's old trappers, led by Wm. H. Vanderburg—subsequently known and mentioned in the stories of mountain trappers as Henry Vanderburg.

They traveled westward up Grand river to the "Absarakas," or mountain Crows, who were friendly to the white men.

On the fifth day, while in the inhospitable regions of the Bad Lands, in the Dakotas, old Hugh Glass—their hunter—was attacked and horribly mangled by a grizzly bear. Glass was in advance when attacked, and being a man of nerve, he succeeded in killing the savage beast, as assistance came to his rescue. He appeared to be injured beyond all hope of recovery, and, as the mountaineers were moving along on urgent business, Major Henry left him in charge of two men; said to have been James Bridger and one of the Fitzpatricks—both famous hunters and trappers. These two men, who were left with the wounded old hunter, remained with him several days, but as he neither showed signs of improvement, nor died, they abandoned him in an isolated section near "Eagles Nest Hills;" and, pushing on, they overtook Major Henry and the mountaineers on the upper waters of the Yellowstone. There, they reported that Glass had died, and that they had buried his mutilated remains near their trail.

The old Scotch trapper, deserted in the lands of hostile savages, was so exasperated at the treachery of his two faithless companions that he resolved to live for the sake of revenge. Husbanding his strength, he crawled into an isolated glen, where he remained many days before he could work his way back to the Missouri.

He was near the point of starvation before he reached Fort Kiowa, a fur-trading post below the Grand Detour, or big bend of the river, living many

days on wild plums and berries. Favored by providence, he wandered near a band of wolves that had killed a buffalo calf, where he supplied his present needs from the remains of the carcass and carried enough with him to supply his wants until he reached the fort.

Before the rigors of winter set in, he recovered sufficiently to embark as hunter and guide with a party bound for the headwaters of the Missouri. While near the Mandan villages his companions were murdered in their boats by a wandering band of Aricaras, while Hugh Glass was hunting across a bend of the river. Killing one of his savage foes, he escaped during the dark hours of night; reaching old Fort Tilton in safety. With the assistance of friendly Mandans, Glass succeeded in eluding the Aricara war-party and reached Major Henry's fur-trading post on the Yellowstone, in February, 1824.

His coming was heralded by friendly Indian scouts, and Bridger and his companion fled down the Missouri to the military post at Fort Atkinson, above Council Bluffs. Nothing daunted, old Hugh Glass accepted service with the fur company to carry important dispatches down the Missouri river. With two companions he crossed overland to Powder river and the headwaters of the Platte. Here, they built a boat, and embarked on the waters of this great tributary of the Missouri—where they were attacked by a band of Aricaras, who roamed in that country since their defeat at the mouth of Grand river.

His companions were both killed, and Hugh Glass escaped with the loss of his gun and equipments; with

only a knife and a flint to make his way back to the fur-trader's post, near the Grand Detour of the mighty Missouri.

Secreting himself in the dark recesses of a gloomy canyon, he waited and watched for the opportunity to escape from his savage foes; who were scouring the surrounding plains in search of him. As the shadows of night closed over the valley, the taps of a drum was heard in the Indian encampment, and the lone trapper witnessed the disgusting ceremony of a scalp dance, performed around the sad relics of his slain companions.

Many hours were spent by them, feasting and dancing around their bloody trophies, to the doleful tap of the drum. At intervals, they stopped the dance, and one of the victorious warriors would step to the front and vociferate in a loud voice the feats of bravery he had performed, the scalps he had taken, and the enemies he had slain; at the same time carrying his body through all the motions and gestures supposed to have been used during the tragic scenes of bloody turmoil.

Meanwhile, his savage companions gave assent to the truthfulness of his bombastic story by uttering in guttural tones their great word of approval: How! How! with an occasional accented Waugh! yelled by some old enthusiast. Then with frantic leaps and yelps, the dance would commence again, and continue until the next interval; when another one would make his boast, and then another and another; as the dance went on through the long hours of the night.

Old Hugh Glass escaped from the Aricaras on the North Platte, and after many days of travel over a

wild unsettled line, he emerged from the southern slopes of the Black Hills, reaching the Grand Detour of the Missouri river in safety.

There, at that old historic land-mark, the Missouri river makes a circuit of thirty miles around, leaving a narrow neck of land less than two thousand yards across. Scarcely anything in nature can be found more picturesque—exhibiting the wonderful manner in which the turgid waters of the great river has cut out its channel through deep gorges, leaving square topped elevations, presenting a perpetual anomaly in that strange land; with its petrified bones of extinct animals. Producing evidence that there has been at some ancient period in geological history, a super-surface water level corresponding with the flat topped buttes and hills, bordering along the great river.

From the fur-trading post at Fort Kiowa, Hugh Glass voyaged down the Missouri to Fort Atkinson, where he found Bridger and Fitzpatrick protected by the United States army. Thus protected, he could not carry out his threat against them.

The commandant of the post, and the soldiers stationed there, sympathized with the misfortunes of the old trapper, and they fitted him out with a new equipment in his old business of hunting and trapping in the wilds of the great northwest.

He returned to the headwaters of the Missouri, roaming for many years along its fur-bearing tributaries; feared by the wild and hostile tribes in that region. But the wily Scotch trapper was hunted and trailed by his old enemies, the Blackfeet—who killed

him while he was crossing the Yellowstone on the ice, during the winter of 1833.

The following paragraph, written in a letter by Kenneth McKenzie, March 15, 1829, says: "Old Glass came to Fort Floyd last fall as a hunter and trapper"—showing that Fort Floyd, subsequently known as Fort Union, was established in the fall of 1828.

Hugh Glass is supposed to have been killed near the dividing line between the states of Montana and North Dakota; at a point on the Yellowstone known as Glass' bluff.

After his death, Fitzpatrick and Bridger returned to the fur-trading posts in the upper Missouri country, the latter becoming one of the partners in the new Rocky Mountain Fur company. Bridger's (X) appears opposite his name on an old document in the South Dakota Historical Society collections, showing that he was illiterate and could not write.



POST FALLS, SPOKANE RIVER, IDAHO.



CHAPTER VII

Congressional Report, in 1824--Letter from Gen. Thomas S. Jesup--Major Long Establishing Boundary Line--Death of Waneta--Mike Fink, the Flat-Boatman, Trapping in the Mountains--Discovery of Great Salt Lake.

OWING to the unsettled condition on the upper Missouri and Pacific coast, following the second war with England, congress appointed a committee to inquire into the expediency of building new forts on the upper Missouri, at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and at the mouth of the Columbia river, in the new possessions on the Pacific coast.

On page 2345, in the Annals of Congress, (1824) we find the following report of the committee, in the House of Representatives, relating to the condition of the Northwestern frontier and the expediency of building new forts at the points mentioned.

The report presented by Mr. Floyd, is as follows:

“The committee to which was referred the resolution of the 29th of December last, instructing them to inquire into the expediency of occupying the mouth of the Oregon or Columbia river, have had the same under consideration, and ask leave to further report:—That they have considered the subject referred to them, and are persuaded, that, both in a military and commercial point of view, the occupation of that territory is of great importance to the Republic; but as much has been submitted to the House on these points, by former committees, we have now deemed it neces-

sary only to present a view of the difficulties which would probably present themselves in accomplishing that object, and the manner in which they can be overcome.

To obtain information, a letter to this end was addressed to an officer of the army, whose integrity in the public service is well known to the House, and whose military knowledge is entitled to the highest respect. That officer, Brigadier General Thomas S. Jesup, answered so satisfactorily to the committee, that they have presented his answer, in its entire form to the House, and we adopt it as a part of this report."

Quartermaster General's Office.

Washington, April 26, 1824.

Sir: In reply to your letter, dated the 30th ultimo, requesting me to communicate any facts, views or opinions, which may have presented themselves to me, relative to the probable difficulty of making an establishment at the mouth of the Columbia river, and the military advantages of that establishment, I have the honor to remark, that, ever since my attention was first directed to the subject, I have considered the possession and military command of the Columbia necessary not only to the protection of trade, but to the security of the western frontier.

That flank of the country, extending from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, is everywhere in contact with numerous, powerful, and warlike Indian nations; who, altogether, might be able to bring into the field from twenty to thirty thousand warriors. Most of those nations communicate, either with the British to the north and west, or the Spaniards to the south. In the event

of war, or under the influence of foreign companies, they might be made more formidable than any force which Europe could oppose to us. On the other hand, if such measures be adopted to secure a proper influence over them, and, in the event of war, to command their co-operation, they, with the aid of a few small garrisons, would not only afford ample protection for that entire line, but would become the scourge of our enemies.

The dangers to be apprehended, can only be averted by proper military establishments; and whether the post at the mouth of the Columbia be intended to secure our territory, protect our traders, or to cut off all communication between the Indians and foreigners, I should consider a line of posts extending from the Council Bluffs entirely across the continent necessary. Those posts should be situated as well with a view to command the avenues through which the Indians pass from the north to the south, as to keep open communication with the establishment at the mouth of the Columbia.

A post should be established at the Mandan villages, because, there the Missouri approaches within a short distance of British territory, and it would have the effect of holding in check the Hudson Bay and Northwest Fur companies, and controlling the Rees, Mandans, Minnetarees, Assiniboins and other Indians, who either reside or range on the territory east, north and west of that point.

A post at or near the head of navigation on the Missouri, would control the Blackfeet Indians, protect our traders, remove the British companies from our

territory, and serve as a depot, at which detachments moving toward the Columbia might either be supplied, or leave such stores as they should find it difficult to carry with them through the mountains. It might also be made a depot of trade, and of the Indian department.

To keep open the communication through the mountains, there should be at least one small post at some convenient point between the Missouri and Columbia, and on the latter river and its tributaries, there should be at least three posts. They would afford present protection to our traders, and, on the expiration of the privilege granted to British subjects to trade on the waters of the Columbia, would enable us to remove them to our territory, and secure them as our own citizens.

They would also enable us to preserve peace among the Indians, and, in the event of foreign war, to command their neutrality or assistance, as we might think most advisable.

The posts designated might be established and maintained, at an additional annual expense of not more than forty thousand dollars.

By extending to those posts the system of cultivation, now in operation at the Council Bluffs, the expense of supplying them would in a few years be greatly diminished. Mills might be erected at all the posts at a trifling expense; and, the whole country abounding in grass, all the domestic animals necessary, either for labor or subsistence, might be supported. This would render the establishment more secure, and, consequently, more formidable to the Indian nations in their vicinity.

As to the proposed posts on the Columbia, it is believed they might be supplied immediately at a low rate. Wheat may be obtained at New California at about twenty-five cents per bushel, and beef cattle at three or four dollars each. Salt, in any quantities required, may be had near the Peninsula of California. Should transportation not be readily obtained for those articles, vessels might be constructed by the troops.

To obtain the desired advantages, it is important, not only that we occupy the posts designated, but that we commence our operations without delay. The British companies are wealthy and powerful; their establishments from Hudson Bay and Lake Superior to the Pacific; are many of them within our territory. It is not to be supposed they would surrender their advantages without a struggle; and, though they should not engage in hostilities themselves, they might render all the Indians in that extensive region hostile.

The detachment intended to occupy the mouth of the Columbia might leave the Council Bluffs in June; and one hundred and fifty men proceed with the boats and stores; and, as the country is open and abounds with grass, the remaining fifty might proceed by land — with the horses intended for transportation across the mountains. And they might drive 300 or 400 beeves to the Mandan villages or the falls of the Missouri; and at one of those places the separate detachments should unite and spend the winter. The latter place would be preferable, because there they might be able to establish a friendly intercourse with the Blackfeet Indians, or, at all events, impress them with an idea of the power of the United States nation,

and restrain their depredations upon the neighboring tribes, and deter them from acts of outrage upon our trappers.

They might, also, during the winter, reconnoiter the several passes through the mountains, prepare provisions necessary to support them on the march and down the Columbia, and, if authorized to do so, remove from our territory all British traders on the Missouri. They would necessarily remain at, or, in the vicinity of, their wintering grounds until June; but might be occupied during the months of April and May, in opening a road to the mountains, and in constructing bridges over the numerous streams on the route. This work prepared, they might, in about twenty days, reach the navigable waters of Clark's river, a branch of the Columbia, and, in ten days more, prepare transportation to descend to their destination; where, after every necessary allowance for accidents and delays, they would certainly arrive at the mouth of the Columbia by the month of August.

The vessel employed to transport the stores by sea, might leave the United States in the month of November, and would arrive at the confluence of the Columbia in April, at least four months before the detachment from Council Bluffs could reach that point, and, unless the ship should be detained during that time, which could not be expected, the stores would be exposed to damage and depredation. It would, therefore seem to me a matter of prudence, that one company of artillery be transported with the stores. That force would be necessary at the fort and the ship would afford them accommodation.

That the route from the Council Bluffs to the mouth of the Columbia is practicable, has been proved by the enterprise of more than one of our citizens. It no doubt presents difficulties; but difficulties are not impossibilities.

We have only to refer to the pages of history to learn that many operations, infinitely more arduous, have been accomplished by Americans. The march of Arnold to Quebec, or of Gen. Clark to Vincennes, during the Revolutionary War, exceeded greatly in fatigue, privation, difficulties and danger.

In the proposed operation, I believe I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the detachment might be supplied during the whole route, with less difficulty than in the war of 1756 was experienced in supplying the forces operating under Generals Washington and Braddock, against the French and Indians on the Ohio.

A post at the mouth of the Columbia is important, not only in relation to the interior trade, and the military defence of the western section of the Union, but also in relation to the naval power of the Nation.

Naval power consists not in ships, but in seamen; and, to be efficient the force must always be available. The north and west coasts of America is an admirable nursery for seamen—many of our best sailors are formed there, without a naval station—in the whale fishery, as well as in sealing; and the northwest trade should be protected, for, in the event of war with a great maritime power, it would be in a measure lost to the nation. But that establishment made, it would afford a secure retreat to all our ships and seamen in

that section of the globe; and the force, thus concentrated, might be used with effect against the trade if not the fleets or possessions of the enemy; in place of being driven to the Atlantic, or perhaps captured on their way.

The establishment might be considered as a great bastion, commanding the whole line of coast from north to south. And, it would have the same influence on that line, which the bastions of a work have on its curtains; for the principles of defence are the same, whether applied to a small fortress, or to a line of frontier, or even to the entire section of a hemisphere. In the one case the missiles used are bullets and cannon shot; in the other, ships and fleets.

I have the honor to be etc.,

Thomas S. Jesup.

Hon. J. Floyd,
House of Representatives.

During the year 1822, Major Long established the present boundary line between North Dakota and the British possessions. While at Lake Traverse he met Waneta, the great war chief of the Dakota plains, who then lived with his people in a village on Elm river; a tributary to the Saint Jacques, or James river.

There, in the historic lands of the Dakotas, known as the "Great Buffalo Republic," lived the most influential Sioux chief in the Dakota nation; and although but twenty-eight years old, had acquired great renown as a warrior; having fought with the British in our second war with England, at the age of eighteen years. His village was located at a strategic point on the Indi-

an war-trail, leading across the Coteau des Prairies, from big Stone Lake—past the Trappers Well—to the Aricara villages near the mouth of Grand river. In speaking of the personal appearance, habits and manners of this aboriginal nabob, Major Long says:

“The most interest we experienced while at Lake Traverse, was from an acquaintance with Waneta, the distinguished chief of the Yanktonias Sioux — who are divided into six bands.

“He was more than six feet high, dressed in a mixture of European and aboriginal custom; with leggins of splendid scarlet cloth, a blue breech-cloth and a fine shirt of printed muslin; over which he wore a blue frock coat with scarlet facings, somewhat similar to the undress of a Prussian officer. This was buttoned and secured by a rich wampum belt; over which was thrown a handsome Mackinaw blanket. On his head he wore a blue cloth cap, decorated with beads and eagle quills; betokening the totem of his rank and rising prominence.”

Waneta continued a leading chief of the Dakota Sioux; being entitled to wear the eagle's feather; notched and tipped in blood, signifying his participation in battles where throats were cut. And it is presumed that this Sioux chieftain wore his badge of honor, notched and bordered in red, with as much pride as the old Grand Army veteran; who displays the little circlet upon the lapel of his coat.

Waneta lived in a land rich in eventful history, leading his warriors in many battles against his Indian foes. He joined his forces with the white men in the battle with the Aricaras, in the summer of 1823; met

Gen. Atkinson at the Fort Pierre treaty in 1825; and after the conquest and treaty moved with his people to the Missouri river, within the present borders of Emmons county, North Dakota.

There, Waneta lived with his people until his death in 1848. He was buried on the high summit of Calumet bluff, in the midst of a savage population, his grave a conspicuous landmark, near old Fort Rice.

His portrait hangs in the art gallery at Washington, painted by the famous Catlin, in 1833; while that great Indian traveler was visiting the Indians of the Dakota family, in the wilds of the upper Missouri.

In the year 1822, when steam began to take the place of oars on the Mississippi, three flat-boatmen engaged with Gen. Ashley and Major Henry for a trip up the Missouri; in their trapping and fur-trading expedition.

Reaching the Yellowstone, Mike Fink and his two friends, Talbot and Carpenter, commenced to hunt in the mountain Crow country as free trappers. Without pausing on the borders, they penetrated to the heart of the savage country bordering along the eastern verge of the Big Horn Mountains. Four months elapsed without any tidings of them, when they came sweeping down the Big Horn to the new trading post on the Yellowstone; their bull-boats loaded with beaver skins and spoils of the hunt, from that fur-bearing district.

These wild hunters become so accustomed to the Indian mode of living, and the perfect freedom of the wilderness, that they lost all relish for civilization; identifying themselves with the Mountain Crows, with whom they dwelt—distinguished from them by their

superior licentiousness. When the fur-traders started down the Yellowstone, with Jones and Immill's ill-fated expedition, ten free trappers remained with the friendly Crow Indians at the mouth of the Big Horn—including Fink, Talbot and Carpenter. When the winter set in and the streams began to freeze, the free trappers took possession, and all quartered in the fur-trading post, except Fink and his two companions, who built a large "dug-out" in the Crow village and remained there, near the "White Chief Rose."

While they were in their winter quarters, Fink and Carpenter got drunk and quarreled; presumably about their conquests in the Indian village. Carpenter left the Indian camp and went to the general rendezvous at the fort. In the spring the quarrel was renewed, "fiery as Vesuvius." But it was patched up through the mediation of Talbot; and Fink and Carpenter agreed to seal the compact of good humor with one of their accustomed shooting matches; in which they would shoot a tin cup filled with whisky off from each others head—a big medicine act, among the wild Crow Indians on the Yellowstone.

Colonel Frank Triplet, in speaking of this shooting match, says:

"Tossing a copper to see who should have the first shot, Mike won. Carpenter feared his treacherous disposition and unforgiving heart, and he bequeathed to Talbot his gun and effects; and then, like a brave man, took his place with the cup of whisky on his head. The distance was sixty yards, and in the center of the cup was a black spot about the size of a one cent piece.

" 'Hold yer head stiddy, Carpenter,' called out

Mike, and then taking his rifle down, he added 'don't spill that whisky, I'll want some in a minit.' With these words he again raised his gun to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, and fired. Without a word the brave Carpenter fell, and Fink, cocking his empty rifle, blew the smoke from the breech-hole, and then called out: 'Did you spill the whisky, Carpenter?' 'He's dead,' said one of the trappers, 'you've killed him.' 'Have I,' asked Fink. 'Well, it's all an accident. I took as square a bead on the spot on the cup as I ever took in my life.' And then he began blaspheming about his luck; cursing his eyes, his gun and himself. Of course nothing could be done with the murderer, but with Talbot the suspicions of murder became a certainty, and when afterward, Fink in a braggart mood acknowledged that he had killed Carpenter on purpose, Talbot coolly drew a pistol that had been presented to him by the murdered man and blew out Fink's brains. Thus perished the Mississippi flat-boatman.

"Talbot became surly and ferocious, after the death of his comrades, and he perished that spring, while attempting to swim a swollen mountain torrent that flows into the Big Horn river."

Thomas Eddy says, the fourteen free-trappers who started westward from the mouth of Grand river, after the battle with the Aricaras, in the summer of 1823, were led by the famous William Gordon; falling in with Major Henry's expedition to the head-waters of the Yellowstone. They resolutely pushed their way westward across the mountains to Green river—the head-waters of the Colorado of the west. There, a footing was secured and a system of trapping was organized

in the valley of that wild mountain stream; then known by its Indian name of Seeds-ke-dee, Agie—the prairie hen river. Agie, in the Crow language, signifying river. In speaking of the courage, fortitude, and perseverance of these pioneers in the Rocky Mountain fur-trade, Washington Irving says:

“They broke their way through a wilderness where everything was calculated to deter and dismay them; traversing the dreary and desolate mountains and barren and trackless waste, oftentimes infested by cruel and savage foes.

“They knew nothing of the country beyond the verge of their horizon, and gathered their information as they wandered. They launched themselves in frail canoes without knowing whither the swift currents would carry them, or what rocks, and shoals, and rapids they might encounter in their course. They had to be continually on the alert against mountain tribes, who laid ambuscades in their path and attacked them in their night encampments; so that of the hardy bands of trappers who first entered into these regions, three fifths are said to have fallen by the hands of savage foes.

“In this wild and war-like school, a number of leaders sprung up, originally in the employ, but subsequently becoming partners in Ashley’s Rocky Mountain Fur Co., among whom we may mention Gordon, Smith, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Robert Campbell and William Sublette, whose adventures and exploits become famous.

“The Rocky Mountain association, commenced by Gen. Ashley, underwent many modifications; that gentleman having acquired sufficient fortune, sold out

his interest and retired. The leading spirit succeeding him was Captain William Sublette, a man worthy of note, whose name become renowned in frontier story."

We shall have occasion to frequently speak of Wm. Sublette and his game qualities; who become prominent as a partner with Robert Campbell, in the early thirties.

For many years the fur-traders had no regular established posts in the mountains. They would establish a rendezvous at some convenient place; from which they would detach bands of trappers in various directions, assigning to each band or brigade a portion of the country as their hunting or trapping grounds. These scattered bands would return to their designated rendezvous, bringing in their furs caught during the trapping season; when the affairs of the past year were settled, and the following one arranged. There, they would be supplied with their next year's supplies, by caravans from St. Louis; that would annually take back with them the products of the year's campaign, usually taking it down the Plattè river in boats. When these convoys arrived at the rendezvous, the free-trappers and wild Indians would come in and trade their furs for the luxuries of civilized life.

"The free trappers come and go, when and where they please," says Capt. Bonneville. "They provide their own horses, arms and other equipments; trap and trade on their own account, and dispose of their furs and peltries to the highest bidder. Sometimes, in a dangerous hunting ground, they attach themselves to the camp of some trader for protection; then they come under some restrictions, conforming to the ordi-

nary rules for trapping, and submit to such restraints as are established for the good order and safety of the camp.

“In return for their protection, and camp keeping, they are bound to dispose of all their furs and peltries to the trader who commands the camp, at a certain price per hide. Should they prefer to seek a market elsewhere, then they are required to make him an allowance of thirty or forty dollars during the season's hunt.”

However, the wandering free trappers usually banded themselves together, or mingled with the friendly savages, adapting themselves to their habits and customs. Oftentimes these rangers of the wilderness rode into a fur company rendezvous, dashing forward at full speed, firing their guns and yelling in Indian style, with dark sunburned faces and long flowing hair. Their leggins and moccasins richly decorated and dyed, Indian fashion, gave them the air and appearance of the wild savages of the plains. Such were the free trappers, who started out from the Missouri with Major Henry in 1823; among whom were Bill Gordon, Bill Williams, Bridger, Fitzpatrick, Pegleg Smith, Thomas Eddy and others.

There were among the old fur-traders, men whose characters was perhaps more worthy of admiration, but none whose career was more daring or whose adventures excite more interest, than the famous Wm. Gordon, leader of the free trappers, who blazed their way into the mountains, in 1823. The trail that was being followed by the main body of trappers, led them westward, north of the Black Hills to the Big Horn

river, through a wild country south of the Panther Mountains—an outlying spur of the Big Horn range.

Gordon and his companions conceived the idea of crossing these mountains, taking a shorter route, which would enable them to have time for hunting and rejoin the main party in a few days. They made good progress the first day, camping at night in a mountain meadow, or park. There, La Jeannesse, one of their men, fell from a ledge of rock while running from a wounded grizzly bear and was seriously injured, being unable to travel the next day.

They selected a protected camping place, and waited for the wounded Frenchman to recover from his injuries, so that he could travel. The following day he was still unable to walk very far, and what made their situation more serious, was owing to the fact that Gordon discovered the presence of an Indian spy, in the following manner. He had been out hunting big horn sheep, and was returning to their retreat when he fancied he heard voices in conversation on a moonlit crag overlooking their camp. Cautiously creeping up in the direction of the sound, he saw the outline form of a Blackfoot spy, who was lying prostrate on the summit of a high point looking down upon the recumbent figures of the white men—who were sitting around the flickering light of a smouldering campfire. The young warrior suspected no interruption, while watching the scene below, and was quietly humming in a suppressed voice the monotonous *keh-i-hai, keh-i-hai*—that passed for a musical strain in an Indian war-song. While in that happy state of mind, Gordon crept noiselessly up to him and killed him with a single blow from his sharp hunting hatchet.

When Gordon carried the arms and ammunition of the dead Indian into camp, Bill Williams recognized the warrior's gun as having belonged to a missing trapper, and advised an immediate retreat from the mountain fastness; saying there were Indians near there, who would attack them before morning.

The injured Frenchman was assisted by his comrades, who took turn in helping him along; their aim being to pass over the mountain spur before daylight; having left vine-covered dummies, resembling men, lying around their deserted campfire. As they quietly moved along, guided by the light of the moon, their keen ears detected the faint hooting of owls, which rose in the night air; imitation sounds from Indians, who were surrounding their deserted bivouac.

The detached trappers pushed on through the long hours of the night. Passing over a summit of the mountain range, they entered a narrow gorge, expecting they would be attacked there, but fortunately were still in advance of the pursuing Indians, and none come. They worked their way down the mountain defile, and reached a point where the valley was wider; and, as the wounded Frenchman was suffering a great deal, Gordon decided to make a stand there.

He sent one of the men on ahead, to hold the main body of trappers until they could fight their way out to them. In the early morning hours, Williams killed a deer, and they carried the meat to a strategic point, near a spring; and prepared for a siege. They bathed the inflamed legs of the wounded Frenchman in the cold spring water, built a rude stone fort, and waited for the attack.

No Indians were seen before noon, and, as Le Jeanesse rapidly improved under the cold water treatment, Gordon hoped they could soon push on down the valley; when the half naked forms of the Blackfeet warriors were seen approaching, and closing up around them. Some hours were taken up in preparation and investigation, before the bullets and arrows began to fly into their camp. The Indians did not come up very closely, showing that they were few in numbers and feared the deadly aim of the white men; who lay in their rude fort of loose rocks, which was hastily thrown up around the spring.

The chief of the attacking savages, showed that he was a man of more than usual daring; who was seen crawling up, gradually working his way toward a high crag, from the summit of which he could shoot the white men without danger to himself. The trappers watched him with great anxiety, as he worked his way toward this unguarded spot, knowing that if he gained it unharmed they would be in great danger.

In speaking of this Indian's maneuvers, with the subsequent events enacted in this wild tragedy, Thomas Eddy, in Triplet's "Conquering Wilderness," says:

"This was the only unguarded point, and Gordon saw, before the chief could reach it, he would for some fifty feet be hid from view of our little fort. His mind was made up in a minute. To allow the chief to gain the crag, would give the savage an opportunity to kill him and all of us; and a bold dash might prevent it. He would try it.

Leaving his rifle, he began crawling toward a slight ravine that led out and up to the crag, and succeeded

in reaching it unobserved by the Indians. From there, his progress was more rapid, and he soon reached the base of the high point. He now had a slight advantage over the savage, as the Indian had a space of twenty or thirty feet over which he must either crawl or make a quick dash; in which case, Williams, who was the best shot, might reach him with a bullet from the fort.

"Crawling to the foot of the crag, pistol in hand, Gordon waited for the approaching foe; chuckling to himself to think how surprised the Blackfoot would be to see a trapper there ahead of him. He had not long to wait, for in a few moments the savage came over the slight rise, and after a quick glance at the fort, began crawling toward the crag. He evidently feared the trappers would pick him off, if he attempted the bolder way of making the run across the open space.

"It was one time in his career when boldness might have proved safety. As he crawled along, Gordon was entirely concealed from his view; and he now changed his original plan of action. Taking his pistol in his left hand he placed his tomahawk in his right, and waited as motionless as a statue. The chief would pass within a few feet of him, and he hoped to be able to dispatch him without the necessity of firing his pistol.

"Nearer came the Indian, to where Gordon was crouched like a waiting panther, his muscles strained and tense. The Blackfoot moved with the silence and ease of a serpent, and was just passing the spot where Bill Gordon was concealed, when he leaped with a bound, reached him, and before he could utter his

warning whoop, that would have told his friends of his misadventure, the tomahawk had cloven his skull.

“Gordon now determined to make use of the dead savage, and accordingly propped him up in a crouching position about half way up the crag; as if he lay there watching the besieged trappers in the little rock fort. He hoped that the Indians—who had moved around to a new position—after waiting some time and hearing nothing from their chief, would dispatch one or more of their men to see if any accident had befallen him. Having arranged the body of the dead chief in as life-like an attitude as possible, Gordon placed himself in such a position that if a considerable number of the Indians appeared, he could either retreat to the crag or the fortified camp.

“Secreting himself carefully, he impatiently waited. The minutes seemed hours to Gordon, but at last he was rewarded by seeing the tufted head of an Indian appear around a point of rocks, and look eagerly toward the crag. He seemed satisfied with the survey, for he began crawling swiftly toward his chief, and would soon have reached him had not fate, in the person of Bill Gordon, interfered.

“When he reached the spot, which had proved the last of earth’s journey for his leader, the trapper sprang upon him, and brained him as noiselessly as he had his chief. Another decoy was added to his trap; this one in a sitting position with his gun across his lap, as if waiting an order from the chief before firing. Again Gordon waited, and again his patience was rewarded; and three silent Indians appeared to be watching the trappers stone citadel.

“The fourth Indian appeared, and Gordon waited for him, as for his fellows; but was this time doomed to a surprise, for just as he had sent his weapon crashing through the brain of the crawling savage, he heard a fierce whoop, and saw half a dozen Blackfeet warriors coming over the rise at a swift run. Gordon seized the rifle of his last victim and fired, the foremost Indian falling dead. Losing no time, he secured the ammunition of the savage, and running swiftly up the sloping side of the crag, he boldly took the rifle of the dead chief and hastily secreted himself in a depression on the top of his lonely post. At his first shot the Indians had taken to the shelter of the rocks, but as he turned in his flight up the steep hillside, they came out from their cover and fired. The distance was short but in their hurry their aim was poor, and Gordon received only a slight flesh wound.

Aiming one of his guns at the five Indians who had now advanced to the open space, Gordon held them there, dancing about to confuse his aim, until a shot from the camp sent one hopping over the rise badly wounded in the leg. Other shots from the camp missed, and Gordon also had poor success; the rifle he had taken from the dead chief flashed in the pan. The sudden valor of the savages had by this time evaporated, and they dashed back over the rising ground, and endeavored to regain their comrades. This they found a dangerous procedure, for while they were hidden from view of camp, they yet remained in range of Gordon, who had now secured the rifles of the dead Indians. Four of them made the attempt, one after the other, and two fell fatally wounded.”

We are told, that after their defeat at the trapper's bivouac, the Blackfeet warriors withdrew from the attack, and began to build signal fires on the surrounding hills; a strategem, to call up reinforcements, who could surround the free trappers and starve them out. Knowing the customs of the Blackfeet, and their treacherous character, Gordon retreated down the ravine to the trapper's camp; working his way back in the dim twilight.

He found them all alive, and the wounded La Jeanesse much better. After holding a council, he advised another retreat during the night. It took much persuasion, however, before the trappers could induce Bill Williams to consent to their flight, for he had received a slight wound, and as yet had not killed an Indian. He wanted to stay another day and give the Blackfeet a good drubbing, now that they had secured an impregnable position with plenty of ammunition, water and provisions. However, he finally consented; as the Indian signal fires (which could plainly be seen on the high hills) blazed for assistance and revenge. Gordon told his companions he had fixed a dummy on the summit of the crag, and after breaking the stock and flint lock from the gun of the dead Indian, he pointed the barrel leveled on the open ground, and he thought it would be some time before the Indians would venture up to it—believing that he was still holding that strategic outpost.

About midnight, when the moon was low, they silently made their way across a timbered ridge to another valley leading to the west; and, striking a trail, made good speed toward the main caravan of trappers

—leaving the defeated Blackfeet warriors singing their death songs around a blazing signal fire, on a high hill in the Panther Mountains.

The fourteen trappers escaped from the Blackfeet and made their way to the Big Horn, a tributary river of the Yellowstone. There, they wintered with a friendly band of Crow Indians, who treated them with kindness. They hunted and trapped in that fur-bearing region until the following spring—1824. After selling their furs to Major Henry, who moved down the Yellowstone, they pushed their way westward to Green river and across the mountains. Two of their men remained with the Crow Indians on the Yellowstone, but they were reinforced by five other trappers, who were headed by the famous William Sublette. These seventeen free trappers were all good hunters, who were well supplied with guns, ammunition and Indian horses; to carry their traps, blankets and packs of trinkets, to trade with the Indians. They were frequently attacked by their old enemies, the Blackfeet, but they fought them back and pushed on over the high summits of the Rocky Mountains.

As they passed over to the western slopes they could see the savage sentinels on the mountain tops, signaling to their friends in the rear; who had attacked them at almost every ford and mountain pass. But the superior marksmanship, with good rifles, kept them back at a safe distance; and they crossed the Rockies with slight wounds, which were bound up and kept wet with cold water, “marching on as if nothing had occurred.”

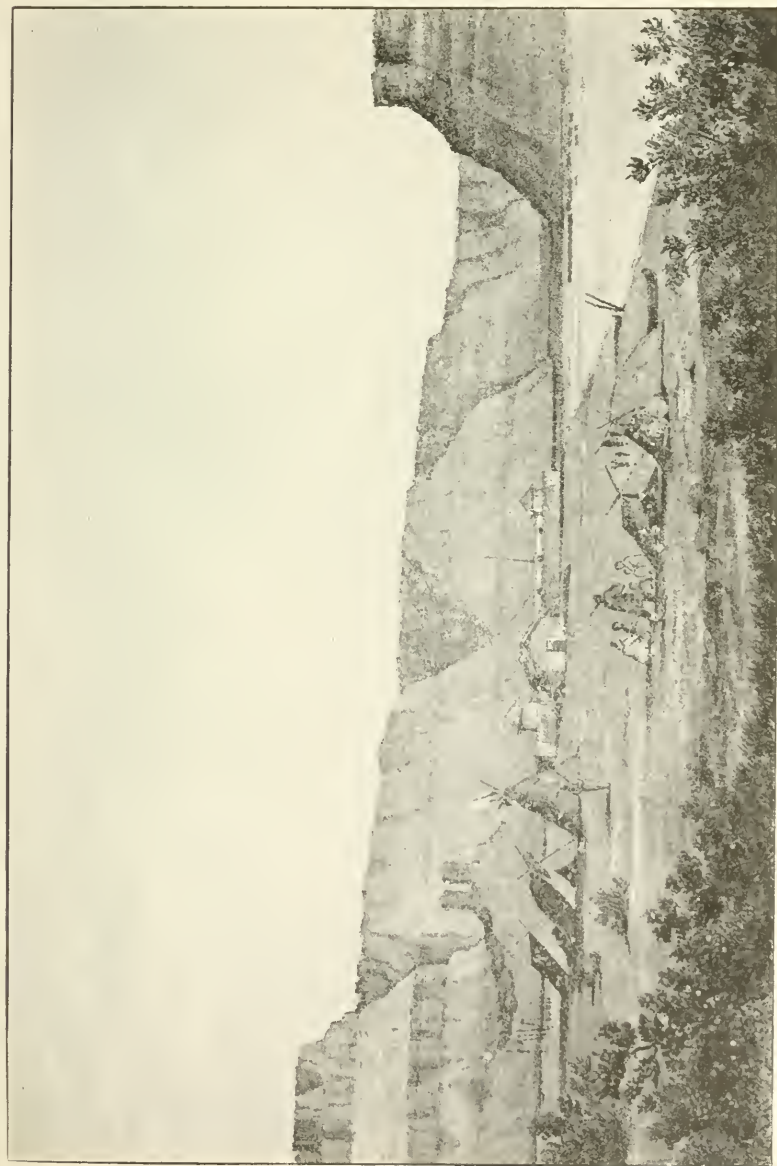
But when they crossed the arid plains beyond the

slope, now embraced within the southern boundaries of Idaho, they encountered the same privations and hardships that had proved so disastrous to Crooks and McLellen's men, in 1813, upon their return from the Pacific coast. In their fights and almost constant skirmishes with the Blackfeet, they had used up nearly all their ammunition, and were reduced to want and hunger. Fortunately, they reached a band of Hudson Bay trappers, who took them to their post on the Columbia, where they spent the winter of 1824-5

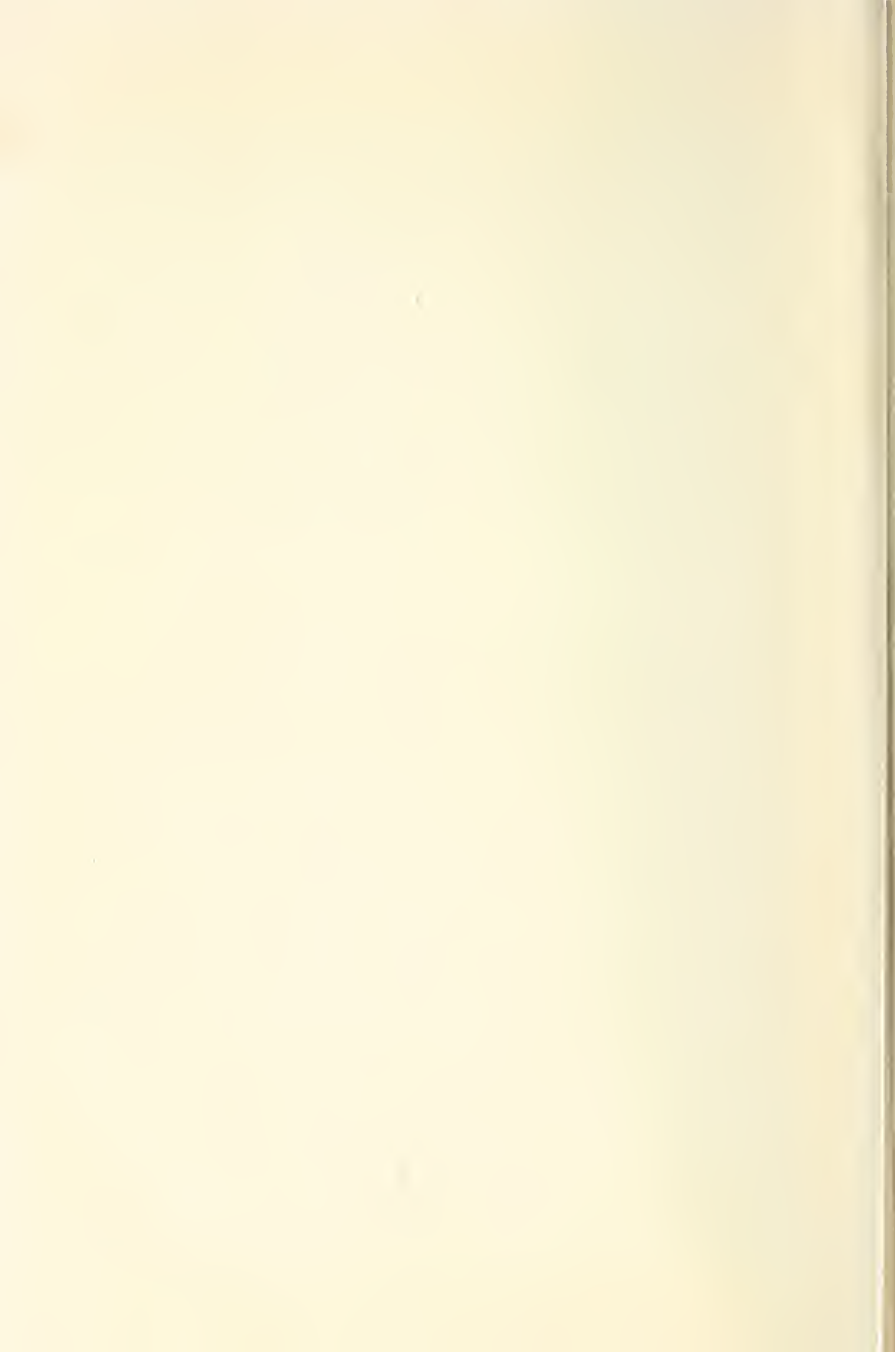
The Great plain of the Columbia, known to old trappers as the platteau of the Spokane, is bounded on the north and west by those rivers, and on the south and east by the Blue and Rocky Mountains. It is about one hundred miles in width and two hundred in length, and presented in the early fur-trading period, a wild variety of surface; alternating from a "Rocky Platteau" to a barren sage plain, sterile waste, and sandy desert.

A great deal might be said to show that it was either or all of these, but there can be no doubt that it possesses many points of interest, developed by modern irrigation. It contains numerous lakes and rivers, the latter flowing in canyons of proportionate dimensions to the water flow—from the great fissure which holds the Columbia to the little chasm on the surface peculiar to small streams.

Large tracts contain huge masses of columnar basaltic rocks, projecting from ten to one hundred feet in height. At other points extensive swales or depressions occur, covered with bunch grass—oasis of verdure, amid short rounded ridges and hills; appearing to



OLD FORT WALLA WALLA.



be arranged in rows toward the same cardinal point; while near old Fort Walla Walla were large fields of artemisia in dead sandy soil—an unfavorable section on the plateau. In order to reach the fur-trading post the trappers passed down into the “Grand Coulee;” in the form of an immense canyon twenty five miles in length, that becomes lost in the lower levels of the plateau, and disappears in rounded slopes to the plain. There, on that wild desert land, lying between the Rockies and the Cascade mountains, the free trappers forced their way down to the Columbia river. From their line of march, the distant outlines of majestic peaks in the Cascades loomed up beyond the arid waste—through which, the Columbia cuts its way in a deep canyon; where foaming agitated waters swiftly flow over numerous falls and cascades—fed by small streams from mountain tops, pouring the sparkling water in tiny falls, from every crevice and depression on either side.

We are told that as many as twelve of these “fairly cascades” could be seen from one point; pouring down in threads of foam—waving in gentle undulations of air, as they spread into veils of mist below—a wild sublime scene, amid the roaring of waters, as the great river forced its way down through the canyon to the Pacific ocean.

Among the trappers who fought the Aricaras, in 1823, was William Rose; who is mentioned in Col. Leavenworth’s report of that battle. He was with the Crow Indians, in 1811, and guided Hunt’s men along the old Astoria trail through the Crow country to the Big Horn mountains; and, for many years he was a

familiar figure seen by furtraders in that isolated wilderness—in the early days of the last century. No one knew much about the early history of Rose, or when he first penetrated into that wild savage land west of the Missouri.

He is represented as having been a member of John Murrell's pirates, on the lower Mississippi—a renegade Creole, who escaped and fled to the wilds of the upper Missouri. However, we believe that much of what has been said, relating to his boyhood days, is mere conjecture. Hunt, Ashley, and Leavenworth, all say he was true to the trust reposed in him.

Thomas Eddie says, Ashley's misfortune at the Aricara villages, was owing to his disregarding the advice of Rose; who spoke of the danger of an ambush, and wished to land their boats against a sand bar farther from the timbered margin of the river. His warning was treated with contempt, and the traders boats were run close in to the shore, near a long strip of cottonwood trees; from which the treacherous Aricara's fired into them during the early morning, killing many of the trappers.

Jim Beckwith, who lived for years with the Crow Indians, relates many stories of his and Rose's adventures. But as Beckwith is known to have oftentimes misrepresented facts in his narratives, not much reliance is placed on his published stories. Rose guided the fur-traders to the Crow country, after the battle with the Aricara's, in 1823, and remained with that wild mountain tribe until his death:—a sad tragedy, as related in the following narrative, by old Joe Jewett, a trapper on the yellowstone.

"The Crows and Blackfeet were constantly at war with one another, and the acquisition of such an ally as the desperate Rose was fortunate for the Crows, who naturally were more cowardly than their war-like savage enemies.

Rose taught them that when numbers were nearly equal, it was determined bravery and endurance that won; and he showed them that it was not the superior strength of the white man that caused his success, but by the fact that he would not be daunted by superior numbers, nor terrified by dangers.

For sometime his example and advice caused them to overcome the Blackfeet; but at last, giving way to a panic in one of their battles, being out-numbered, a great many Crows were slain in their retreat. Had it not been for Rose—who was brave as a lion—not one of the retreating Crows would have escaped; but by rallying three of the bravest sub-chiefs, he had them load their rifles as fast as possible, and dropping back toward the enemy, he kept between them and danger always with a loaded rifle in his hands. When this was discharged, he would run to one of the Crow chiefs get a rifle and face his enemies; the others falling back, loading as they went along. In this way, by forming a rear guard of four men, a massacre of the warriors was prevented.

When he reached the Crow village, instead of the ovation he had a right to expect, he was met with frowns and averted eyes.

The next day, Little Raven, the medicine chief of the village, approached him toggged out in all his gaudy paraphernalia; and touched him with his decorated

wand, ordering him to appear unarmed at the council lodge that evening, to answer to charges of conspiracy against the Great Crow Nation; and of witchcraft against the medicine of their warriors.

To such an accusation as this, coming from the most influential medicine man in the tribe, Rose knew there would be but one outcome; for to be accused by a medicine chief, was to be condemned in council and be put out of the way. Rose saw that his evil genius had overtaken him at last, but he determined to die like a brave man; having but the one hope, that the influence of the three sub-chiefs, who bravely stood with him as a rear guard in their retreat, might possible save his life.

Secreting a tomahawk and scalping knife upon his person, he appeared in the village, near the council lodge tent, and met Little Raven, the medicine man; who raised his left hand, within which was grasped his sacred pipe, and invoked the Great Spirit to attest the justice of the accusation against the white medicine man.

All the warriors had assembled within the medicine lodge, with the exception of the three brave sub-chiefs who had assisted Rose in their retreat; and now stood dejectedly near the lodge, within which the doleful drumming of the assembly call could be heard.

They had used their influence to save the life of Rose, but had been unsuccessful and were now waiting to bid him adieu. This was done with solemn dignity, which the Indians knew how to preserve on all great occasions; and after a low "good bye, brother," they

retired to their tepees, covering their heads with blankets as Rose passed into the council lodge to his doom. There, they remained motionless, until the horrible yells of the warriors, the loud answering whoop of the white man, and the significant silence which followed, told them that the wild tragedy had been enacted.

Within the tent, when Rose entered, he found everything prepared for his trial, and one glance around the savage circle at the faces of his judges, told him that he had nothing to hope for. Had he been an Indian, he would have sat down, covered his head with his blanket and awaited the fatal stroke; but being from among white men, without the slightest respect for the Indian laws or customs; Rose moved along as closely as possible to Lone Pine, a jealous chief, whom he knew to be the main instrument in his persecution.

When within striking distance of the savage, Rose offered him his hand, which was disdainfully refused by the Indian, who drew himself up with folded arms, and glared upon the white trapper. This was what Rose expected, and throwing aside his blanket, he grasped his tomahawk in his right hand and his knife in his left, and cutting down Long Pine at a single blow ran around the crowded council lodge, striking and cutting right and left. Soon there was a great commotion. Rose tried to cut his way out of the council lodge; following the medicine chief, who retreated in precipitate flight.

Those of the Indians who were armed; fell upon Rose and he finally sunk to the ground bleeding from

many wounds. The white chief soon died, and was buried without mutilation by his three friends on a high eminence overlooking the waters of the wild fur-bearing river:—a savage tribute to bravery; for the Crow Indians had to mourn the loss of three of their bravest warriors killed, with half a dozen wounded, before Rose was vanquished.”

The Salmon river, a tributary of the Columbia, owes its name to the immense shoals of salmon which ascend the Columbia from the Pacific. These fish, two feet or more in length, were to the Indians west of the Rocky mountains, as the buffalo were to those on the eastern plains—the chief food supply, obtained during their migratory season; in September and October. As the buffalo, in vast herds migrated to their transient pasturage on the Dakota plains; so the salmon, at their allotted time, regulated by an all-seeing Providence, swarmed up the Columbia and its tributary streams in myriad of shoals; penetrating to the waters of the great plain and plateau, lying between the Rocky and Cascade mountains. There, wandering bands of Snake Indians were fed from a great supply of fresh and dried fish, season after season. This great Indian nation, embraced the Nez Perces, Shoshones, Yakimas, and other mountain tribes, roaming between the Rocky and Coast mountains; as far south as Great Salt Lake.

The wild animals on the hunting grounds of the plateau of the Spokane, watered by the Columbia and its tributaries, were the wolf, the badger the mink, and the bear. On the higher levels there were also the Big Horn sheep and mountain lion. There, also,

was found the sage hen, the sharp-tailed grouse, the horned lizard and the rattlesnake.

Upon reaching the Hudson Bay trading post, the free trappers commenced getting their meat supply for the winter; catching and drying in the sun large quantities of salmon, which were still found in the rivers.

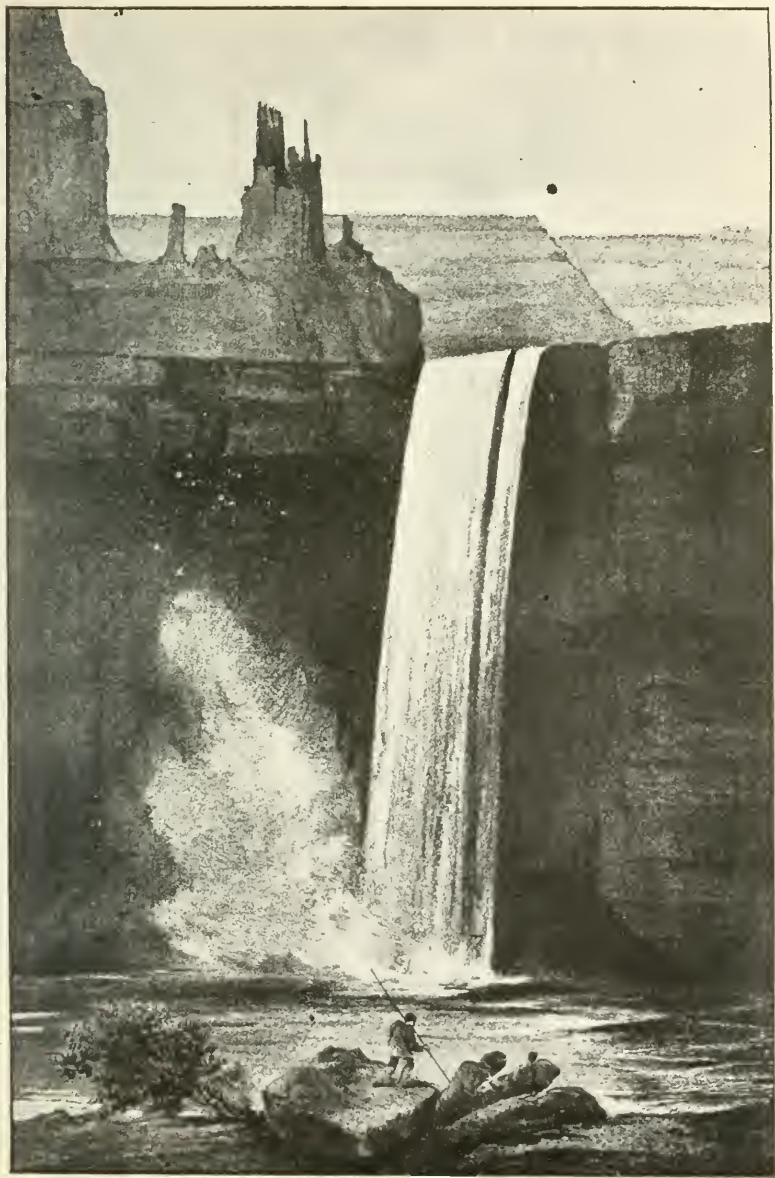
Not caring to live upon fish alone, as a winter food supply, five of the trappers started out on a hunt toward the highlands, near the head waters of Snake river; where deer and elk were more plentiful, sheltered in the forests of the foot hills. The mountain slopes, and highlands along the base of the hills was capable of supporting large herds of deer and elk which congregated there in the fall months; being then a great resort for Indian hunters; on the borders of the Blackfeet and Snake Indians hunting grounds; the two nations being at war with one another.

There, the whole country is formed in a series of mountain ridges, with their intervening valleys, all of which was defined and marked by prominent landmarks; in a land now classed as fertile. Lying westward, from a range called the Snake river divide, the geological formation is basaltic and principally, volcanic. Many of the streams flowing toward the snake river, form into small lakes, some of which has subteranern outlets; and others sink into the ground, flowing into suterranean rivers which form a portion of the great artesian flow.

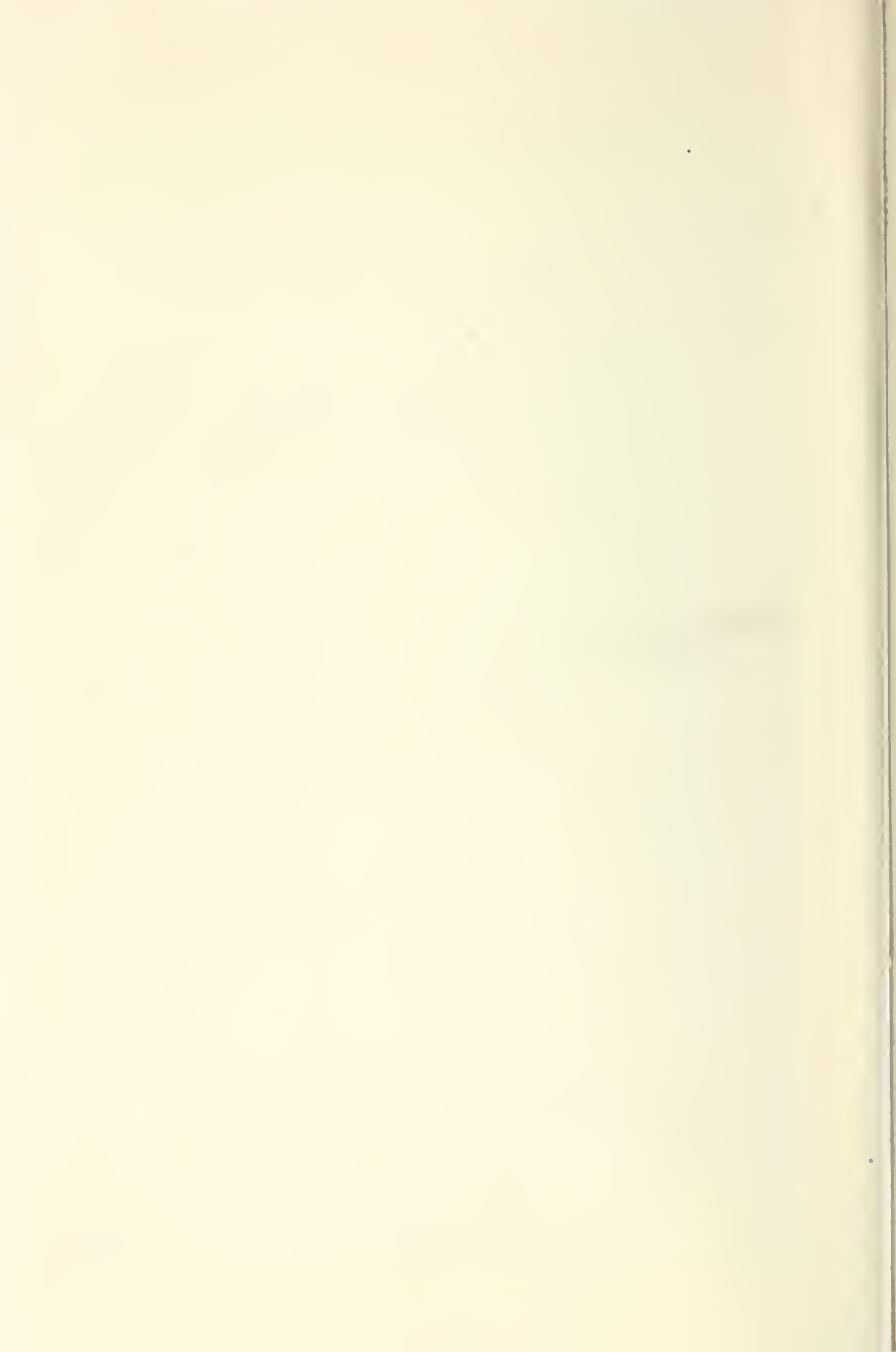
The trappers say, a wild region extended for sixty miles, where they only found one tributary stream that flowed into the Snake river, coming in from the south; a sage desert of the mountain plateau, whose

sameness was only broken by the "Three Buttes," that rose like islands in that barren area.

The five hunters passed along the northern shore of a beautiful mountain lake, since known as lake Pend d'Oreille, the southern shores being impassible, owing to its waters terminating along the rocky verge of the Blue mountains. On the northern shore, were many fine meadows covered with luxuriant grass, where the hunters were obliged to deviate from their course into the timber and climb some hills to avoid the water. There, near that beautiful lake, they met a band of Pend d'Oreille Indians, of the Snake tribe, who were starting out for the Pelouse river to hunt; and they persuaded La Faure and Jeanesse to go with them, leaving the other three white men at Running Fisher's Indian village; near which, the Hudson Bay trappers had a hunting camp.



PALOUSE FALLS.



CHAPTER VIII

Lake Pend d'Oreille--Running Fisher--Legend of Palouse Falls--Return of the Hunters--Bill William's adventure on the Columbia--Free Trappers Moving South--Mountain Utes--Great Salt Lake.

THE scythe of time lays waste unregistered events. The social history and belligerent transactions of the red men, in prehistoric times, are as easily enveloped in the mist of obscurity as their footprints through the forests were obliterated by the leaves of autumn. Nation after nation and tribe after tribe sprung up and hastened onward to their dissolution, and neither the first nor the last could explain its origin, or number the years of their duration.

Indian traditions and legends are generally nothing but vague and incoherent tales, mixed up with mythology; in most of which some animal figures as a supernatural power. However, we occasionally find a legend handed down by the Indians, from one generation to another, that is intensely interesting, and may be considered as fine specimens of what is known as the unwritten literature of the "Old Native American Race." Thinking that one of these traditional stories might prove interesting, I will relate the following characteristic Indian legend, as told by John La Faure, an old French trapper, in 1865; as near as I can recall from memory.

INDIAN LEGEND OF THE PALOUSE FALLS.

"A great many years ago, myself and a trapping companion were hunting near the old trail that led

from the Bitter Root river to the Hudson bay post on the Columbia. We passed down into a rocky country of broken aspect, to a small stream called Cragfish creek. Continuing along the creek for ten or twelve miles we struck a stream leading to the Palouse river, and encamped for the night on an eminence that overlooked a small lake, that was fed by a number of warm springs, enclosed by high precipitous bluffs. This remarkable little lake, translated from the Indian tongue, signifies "never freezing water," and, at the first glance looked as though it had no outlet. But upon a close inspection we discovered it at a place near a point where the rocks towered aloft in jagged pinnacles, presenting to our view effigies resembling men and beasts. There, the waters of the lake, after being drawn into a vortex, passed for a short distance below the earth's surface and issuing forth rushed down into the creek below, which at that point flowed through a deep fissure in the basaltic rocks, to the Palouse river. Below the falls, the Palouse runs through a deep canyon for a distance of nine miles to its junction with Snake river. While encamped at the little lake, we were visited during the evening by several Snake Indians, accompanied by their chief, "Running Fisher." Their hunting camp was then located above the junction of the Palouse with Snake river, where they devoted the greater portion of their time to fishing for salmon, which run up the Columbia and Snake rivers to the mouth of the Palouse, and ascend to the falls. While visiting our camp Running Fisher pointed to the effigies on the jagged pinnacles of rock that rose above the outlet from the lake and said: 'These are the

representatives of a race of people who inhabited this country ages ago, and were annihilated and placed there by the Great Spirit in his displeasure at their misdeeds.

It is a sacred spot, where those that come on a peaceable mission will not be molested; but those who come here for war and plunder will face the doom that was meted out to our hereditary foes who inhabited the upper country many years ago.

Wishing to learn the particulars of that traditional story I requested Running Fisher to relate it. Seating himself on a large flat rock that overlooked the clear transparent waters of the lake, he narrated in the Indian tongue the following interesting legend:"

"White Crane was the chief of a band of Yakima Indians; a remnant of a once powerful branch of the Snakes; who dwelt with his people on the banks of the Palouse river. The Blackfeet, that fierce and indomitable tribe of war-like Indians, who claimed the hunting grounds from the Bitter Root mountains to the Missouri, took it into their heads to destroy this little band of Yakimas. Knowing the deep cunning of White Crane, who during many years of intercourse with the Blackfeet, had learned their habits and their language, they chose a day when he was absent, and falling upon the village unawares, they took the scalps of the warriors and carried off the women and children into captivity. The war-party who did this deed were sixty in number, and though successful thus far they knew that upon returning to their native village the squaws and the old men would mock them and deny them the title of braves if they brought not the

scalp of White Crane. They therefore left fifteen of their bravest warriors to murder him upon his return to the village. But the Yakima chief had learned of the coming of the invaders and taking a new route he reached a secluded spot from which he viewed his desolate and illfated village, that was smouldering in ruins. Though alone, he vowed vengeance upon his persecutors. Life had lost all its charms to him. Waiting until twilight thickened into darkness, he left his place of hiding and crept stealthily along until he gained a position near the smoldering campfires of his hated foes. Soon the twang of his bowstring was heard and three unerring arrows were sent into vital spots, of three of his mortal enemies. During the excitement caused by the out-cries of the dying braves, White Crane mounted a fleet footed mustang and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit.

“Knowing well that his enemies were thirsting for his blood, he thought it prudent to hide for a while until they took their departure; when he could come forth again and lay deep and hopeful plans for further retaliation and revenge. Dismounting he turned to the hills to secrete himself. With his faithful bow and unerring arrows, he moved cautiously along, using the most careful precaution to conceal his trail by walking in the bed of a running stream until he came to a ledge of hard rock that could not leave even the most indistinct traces of human footsteps. The chief followed it. It led between two lofty hills becoming every moment more narrow. At length he reached its termination, and came out on the opposite side of the lake from where we are sitting. A vivid scene burst

upon White Crane's vision which even at that desolate moment made his heart leap with gratitude and emotions of joy. He was within the precincts of the sacred pinnacles. At his feet lay the lovely little lake surrounded with its precipitous walls of rock save where he stood. A smooth lawn of green grass ran down from a stony crest to the water, while numerous springs, sparkling in the moonbeams, trickled into the bosom of the transparent reservoir. Small bushes dotted the scene, with refreshing shelter. The chief walked slowly along the banks of the lake. It was teeming with fish. In tracing his steps toward the south he passed beneath the pinnacles of rock and there discovered that a small outlet flowed beneath an arch from the agitated waters of the lake, while at a distance the dull roar of rushing waters was heard. But nowhere did the restless eye of White Crane detect the slightest evidence to prove that mortal man had ever trod that spot before. 'Again smiles of satisfaction lit up the face of the warrior, as he determined to take up his abode there for a while and baffle his enemies until he could reach his friends on Snake river. And then? His dark eye was glittering with deadly meaning—he was thinking of the scalps of his followers and kindred that were hanging in the lodges of his hated enemies—and he was planning a terrible revenge. Secreting himself under the overhanging ledge, he slept there; beneath the clear canopy of an overarching star-lit sky. On the following morning his first care was to manufacture traps and fishing tackle, to capture fish. Then laying aside his bow and arrows he passed out

under the overhanging arch to explore the outlet of the lake, whose high, rough and precipitous banks forbade any other mode of exit. Crawling along in the water for some distance, he came to a point where the arch grew higher and the light of day penetrated from the farther side, his watchful eye scanning every gap and fissure in the rocks, as he felt the current becoming more rapid. Coming out he made for the bank of the stream, and climbing among pointed rocks and loose stones he soon gained a high and prominent place for observation. The chief sat down upon a projecting rock and gazed around him. Then as if satisfied with his survey he retraced his steps, repassed under the arch of the cavern, and returned to the shores of the beautiful lake.

More than a week passed, and White Crane began to think he had baffled his enemies. There was no lack of game and fish, and every day added to his knowledge of the locality. He had profited by these fortunate circumstances. About dusk one evening, which gave sign of a stormy, disagreeable night. White Crane sat on a flat rock at the shore of the lake thinking of the sad fate of his people. His keen, restless eye ranged all around, and his ear, alive to the faintest sound, was ever listening for the foot-falls of his foes. Why does he start, stand erect and clutch his ever faithful bow? The next instant an arrow flies from it, a loud cry is heard, as a warrior tumbles over the rocks. Then ten dark and yelling forms are seen in outline on the bluffs overhead, and the evening resound with their war-whoops as they discharge a flight of arrows at their intended victim. They were the

Blackfeet war party come to ferret out the hiding place of White Crane. To leap into the lake and swim under water until his breath could be held no longer, then rise at a distance and shake his clinched fist at his pursuers was the work of a minute. The darkness was not sufficient to hide any very palpable object from sight, and when White Crane reached the outlet where the waters of the lake rushed into the vortex, an awful yell rent the air. Another yell, half of pleasure and half of admiration, followed as they beheld the form of White Crane issue from the dark cavern and run down the stream. Wishing to capture him alive, every dark form which a moment before was filled with disappointment, now was elated with joy as they plunged on after the chief. Each man sought to be the winner of the prize; and the end of the chase no longer appeared doubtful.

White Crane, stunned and bewildered, soon recovered, but not so rapidly as to be a match for one of his pursuers; who, fresh and strong, rushed after him in intense eagerness. Soon he heard the faint sound of approaching footsteps; and, stopping suddenly, he dodged the lance of the Blackfoot warrior, plunged his knife into him, and continued his flight. He was pursued by the remaining warriors, as he sped on his way toward the Pelouse river; reaching it, above the falls, before the dawn of day. As he sat resting on the river bank, he heard the approaching Blackfoot leader give orders to take him alive, knowing he was unarmed.

White Crane laughed aloud, a laugh of taunting bitter irony, as he plunged into the rushing waters of the river, hotly pursued by the approaching warriors.

The middle of the channel was a smooth, though rushing stream; while on either side were caverns and gullies, around which the mad waters fiercely bubbled; escaping through rents which its impetuosity had carved out.

The Yakima chief floated down with the current of the stream, as if seeking a good landing on the opposite shore; being closely pursued by the Blackfeet, who were swimming down after him. With a taunting whoop, White Crane cried; "The Blackfeet are squaws, the Blackfeet are cowardly dogs." Still they rushed on, swimming more eager to capture him; their yells mingling with the roar of boiling waters.

Suddenly White Crane plunged headlong beneath the surface of the water. A yell of horror, terror and agony burst from the lips of the pursuing warriors as they vainly strove to turn back against the raging current. Those behind pressed them on, as man clung to man. One gigantic warrior clutched a point of rock, and for an instant they become one dark stationary mass as they clung to their chief. They were in the vortex of the cataract. The current was too impetuous to be stemmed. There was no hope.

A loud taunting laugh caused them to raise their eyes to the bank, on which stood their avenger, pointing to the abyss below. A cry then rose so horrible, piteous, and deathlike, that even White Crane was appalled; and he covered his eyes as they were drawn over the falls to eternity. Not one was saved. White Crane had his revenge. The place is now deserted. No one will dwell here. "And," said Running Fisher, "the effigies on the pinnacled rocks, above the outlet

from the little lake, guards the sacred place." White Crane escaped to his people on the banks of Snake river, living to be an old man.

His grave, marks a height, that overlooks the waters of the Columbia."

The two Frenchmen rejoined their companions on the Palouse river and hunted toward the north; following down a tributary stream of the Columbia. On the banks of that river they encamped for a day's hunt, before resuming their travel down to the Hudson Bay post. Leaving their companions, Gordon and Bill Williams started off in the mountains looking for deer; they being the two best hunters. Upon reaching the banks of a small stream, they separated, each in pursuit of wild game.

While Gordon was examining a fresh Indian trail that he crossed, he heard a single shot, followed by a series of war-whoops and a loud volley. Thinking that Bill Williams was "wiped out," as he expressed it, he hastily turned back toward their camp, before the Indians had time to surprise the hunters who were left there. Starting off in a swift run, Gordon looked back and saw a war-party of his old enemies, the Blackfeet, following him in hot pursuit. As he ran swiftly along, he determined to swim the Columbia as a method of escape; and stopping, he took a quick aim at the foremost savage and fired.

La Faure says, "his rifle was of the old Sam Hawken's make, and never failed him, and, as its sharp report rang out and echoed along the hills, a savage leaped headlong into the air and fell dead. The Indians halted about their dead chief, and Gordon

continued his flight to the hunters' camp. He told them they could not resist the attack of the large Indian war party. Abandoning their camp they quickly ran to the river, and dropping their guns into a deep eddying pool, they swam safely across, with only one man slightly wounded."

The savages feared to follow them across the swift flowing stream, and contented themselves, in plundering and feasting in their deserted camp. They lost the greater part of their meat, which had been collected during the fall hunt; with only their pistols left to secure game, to supply their present wants until they reached the fur-trading post further down the river. At the Hudson Bay post they bought four new rifles, with a supply of amunition, and in a few days the whole force of free trappers started out on their return up the Columbia to the game country.

On their way up the river, they heard a familiar voice, and upon pushing their way through the bushes to the bank of the stream they saw Bill Williams sitting astride a rude raft, making his way down the swift flowing current;—"damning all rapids and rocky obstructions to decent navigation." It is said, that when he saw them, he yelled for joy; paddling his rude raft in to the bank, where he rejoined them.

"The Old Solitary," as he was sometimes called by his companions, had killed three of his Indian foes and a grizzly bear, during his escape and voyage down the Columbia.

The free trappers secured three of the rifles they had dropped in the Columbia, during their flight from the Blackfeet Indians; among which was Gordon's

valued one. And, they hunted and trapped on the the fur-bearing tributaries of the Columbia river, until the spring of 1825.

There was a good old medicine chief among the Snake Indians, who was known to the free trappers by the singular name, "Old Pim." He informed them, the hunting grounds of the Snake tribes lay between the rockies and coast mountains, extending away to the south, where there was a large inland sea, in a beautiful valley; near which, their mortal enemies the Pai-Utes lived. Being interested, the free trappers decided to visit that strange land; and in the spring of 1825, they started out on their migrations southward; being the first white men from the north, who discovered Great Salt Lake. There, they hunted and trapped, unmolested by the Indians, and had a prosperous season. They made excursions to the country of the mountain Utes; along the Unita, Grand and Bill William's fork of the Colorado; within the dominions of old Spanish Territory.

In those days, the mountain ranges forming the eastern rim of the Great Salt Lake basin, were called the Pai-Ute mountains. This line of elevation, west of the Colorado, and within the present limits of Utah, are a succession of elevated ridges which, by their close proximity and combination, form one great swell of high surface, extending around the southern end of the Salt Lake basin. Further east, across the Colorado, is the Cerbat range, lying between that stream and a large tributary since known as Bill William's fork—the Hawilhamook of the Indians, and the Santa Maria of the old Spanish map makers.

In the vicinity of Bill William's fork of the Colorado, game was abundant, found in that new location by the free trappers;—a belt of country lying in the track of the ancient Pueblo builders, during their migrations southward along the Colorado river.

The Pai-Utes, were the Switzers of the mountains, roaming in the game country from Great Salt Lake to the summits of the Rocky ranges; and while their tribe was small in numbers they were bold and adventurous hunters. They were opposed to amalgamation with the white men, or with other tribes; and half-breeds were seldom seen among them. They were strict observers of their tribal laws; and any of their squaws who disobeyed the custom of the tribe, were put to death with their offspring.

In the spring of 1826, the free trappers set out for the waters of the Yellowstone; and while they were encamped near Bear river, an Indian runner from the Snake tribe came to them and announced that their great medicine chief, Pim, was dead. The runner stated that he had traveled far to see them on a sad business; and throughout the long hours of the night the trappers could hear his dismal death song. At the rising of the sun the Indian messenger made known his strange request. He asked them to come to the Snake village, and read from their medicine book (the bible) and sing their death song over the body of his chief, as he had seen them do to a trapper; then assist in laying the chief to rest in his grave, on the banks of Bear river. Where his spirit could hear the unceasing song of its flowing waters; and make the beavers come for his white brothers.

To the honor of the free trappers, they turned aside from their route; traveling more than forty miles to the place of burial. In relays of four, they bore chief Pini's body slowly and tenderly to the banks of the river; and there, in a hole that was worked out in the rocks, they laid him to rest. J. S. Smith, a christian trapper, mentioned in Ashley's attack by the Aricaras, in 1823, read the burial service and sung a hymn at the chief's grave. A volley was then fired over the tomb of him, who had shown them many kind favors, and the trappers turned sadly toward the mountains traveling to the Yellowstone. On the eastern slopes they were again met by their deadly foes, the Blackfeet Sioux. Luckily, the Indians were armed principally with rude bows and arrows; those who possessed guns being sparing of their amunition, apparantly having little of it. In forcing their way through to the Crow country, the free trappers were attacked in a beautiful mountain valley. There, they succeeded in reaching a knoll; on the side of which trickled a small stream of cold spring water. In this battle, three trappers were wounded; Thomas Eddy having recieved a rifle ball in the fleshy part of his thigh. The bullet had lodged near the skin, on the opposite side of the leg, and was cut out by William Sublette, with a small beaver knife.

The Blackfeet were defeated, with a loss of five killed, and more than twice that many wounded. After being driven back from the knoll, which commanded the low banks of a creek bottom; the Indians withdrew, and the trappers determined to remain there until their wounded men were able to travel.

The war-party remained in the neighborhood, increasing in force, and had it not been for an abundance of beaver and fish in the creek, which they could easily secure near their fortified position; they would have suffered from want and hunger. In the course of ten or twelve days, the wounded men were able to travel, and after holding a council, they decided to push on toward the Yellowstone.

Before leaving their fortified camp, they placed dummies at points where their guards had stood in the night watch; and, after lighting their watch fires as usual; they abandoned the knoll in the early hours of the night.

They passed over a rough trail, in a tedious and hazardous march toward the north, and long before the dawn of day, turned to their true course in a more easterly direction; passing beyond and around their waiting foes. Continuing along on their forced marches, they encountered no Indians for four days; being within two days travel of their old fort on the Yellowstone. There, they decided to stop and rest for a few days, as they were in a good game country, and in need of provisions for their support.

While returning to their camp, from a short hunt, Thomas Eddy saw some Indians rush up to their horses that were grazing in the valley and commence to drive them off. As they came near him he fired upon them and killed their leader. The Indians changed their course, swiftly mounted the trappers horses and rode rapidly down the creek valley; as Eddy's comrades came up to his assistance. Bill Williams and "peg-leg Smith", were wild with excite-

ment, at the loss of their valuable Nez-Perce riding horses.

Eddy remembered that the valley, in which he had been hunting, doubled about in a horse shoe curve through a deep canyon, for more than two miles before the Indians could leave it with the horses. Telling his comrades this fact, a part of them returned to camp, while Bill Williams, Gordon, Eddy and a few more of the best hunters hurriedly crossed the ridge to the valley on the opposite side where the savages must pass. The white men were first to reach the narrow opening between the two mountains. As they crossed the summit of the high ridge, the parties came in sight of each other, yelling in defiance as they rushed on. One of the Indians was holding the dead body of their leader across his horse; which incumbrance was the cause of their not making their escape with the stolen horses. Gordon cheered on his men; as they made all possible haste toward the fatal pass. Their endurance had been under-estimated by the mounted Indians, who pressed forward to the crossing of a creek, near the opening of the valley.

As the Indians rode up they were all shot from their horses except the one who was carrying the body of the dead leader; and he was badly wounded. In his endeavors to ride his heavily burdened horse across the stream the animal stumbled, throwing both the live and dead Indian in the water. During the excitement that followed, in catching their horses, this wounded Indian was left where he fell. Later, a careful search failed to discover either him or his dead leader, both having disappeared.

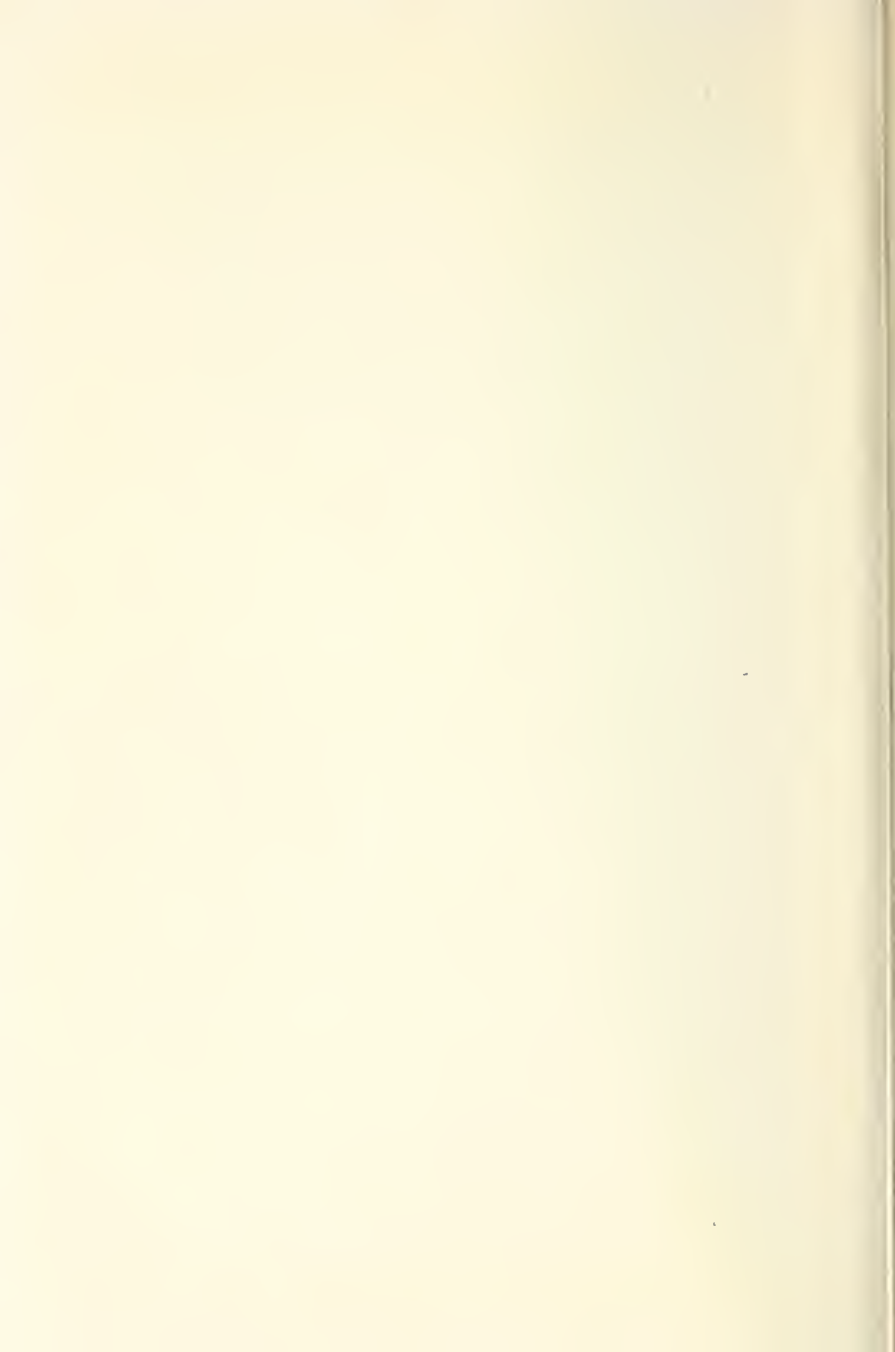
The following day the free trappers resumed their travels, coursing down the Big Horn, to their old trading post on the Yellowstone.

There, they met old comrades, and other trappers who had ascended from the Missouri country; and around their campfires, they made rude tracings of their routes from the Columbia, telling their new friends of the wonders of the Great Salt Lake, and of their discoveries of ancient relics from a prehistoric race; found on Bill William's fork of the Colorado river.

That a wild tribe occupied that region, from Bill William's fork southward to the Mojave villages; known as the Tontos, or Apaches. The word Tonto in Spanish signifies stupid, but the free trappers did not apply that signification to those Indians; on the contrary, they considered them rather sharp, particularly at stealing. Therefore, if the name was not a term for stupid, we may reasonably suppose that it has been corrupted by Spanish spelling. It is a singular coincidence, worth noting, that when Father de Nica, in 1539, was in search of the seven Kingdoms of Cibola, (Now Zuni) he met an Indian from that place, who gave him information of several great nations and Pueblo's. After he described the chief city of Cibola, (old Zuni) the Friar adds: "Likewise he saith that the Kingdom of Tontontec lieth toward the west; a mighty province, replenished with infinite store of people and riches." The position indicated, west from Zuni, would apply to Pueblo creek, southeast from Bill Williams' fork of the Colorado; and it would be an easy corruption for the name Tontontec to pass down in the Spanish language into Tonto.



SACRED SPRING, OLD ZUNI.



CHAPTER IX

Forerunners of Civilization in the Upper Missouri Country--The Gens des Cheveux--Spanish Invaders Searching for the Golden Utopia--The Seven Cities of Cibola--Old Ruins in the Ancient Realm of Zuni--Prehistoric Civilization in America.

More than one hundred years ago Lewis and Clark's exploring expedition voyaged up the Missouri, wintering at the Mandan villages. The story of their travels and adventures,—and a wonderful story it is—was the begining of recorded history in the regions of the upper Missouri country. Other venturesome white men preceded them into the wilds of the great northwest, for the purpose of gain,—trading with the Indians in that favored region.

Frenchmen, coming from Canada, traveled along well known trails, leading from Lake Manitoba and the Mississippi, across the Dakotas to the Missouri river.

Spaniards, from New Orleans and Mexico traveled northward, trading and trapping in the wilds of upper Louisiana. But these fore-runners of civilization were not given to making record of what they saw and did. They were men of action, unused to pen or pencil, many of whom could not read or write; and the history of their movements are extremely meager.

All territory west of the Mississippi was claimed by Spain, from the days of the invasion of Mexico, until their relinquishment to France under Napoleon Bonaparte. And, during a long dim period, under

Spanish dominion, there is little to say about their movements in the wild regions north of the Platte river.

However, many Indian tribes, who roamed over the lands of the two Dakotas, knew of these strange white men in the south; and Spanish horses with various utensils of European manufacture, made their way into that country through the intervention of a band of semi-civilized Indians, who occupied lands west of the Missouri river and south of the Black Hills; who were known to early French explorers by the name and title of "Gens des Cheveux,"—the people with horses.

This band of Pueblo Indians made excursions as far north as South Dakota, to the far famed pipestone quarry in Minnesota. And, it is presumed that early Spanish traders were the first white men to set foot on the wild plains in that section of the great west.

In 1540, Coronado started out his exploring expedition from Mexico with three hundred Spaniards. According to Bandalier, he came as far north as the center of Kansas; while Bancroft informs us that his forces passed beyond the southern boundaries of Nebraska. Other historians think that the fertile valley of the Platte river may have formed a part of the ancient "Realm of Tartarax," with the now famous Black Hills, the far off "Golden Utopia,"—which the early Spanish invaders sought for in vain.

It is somewhat remarkable that Coronado's expedition set out from Mexico at the same time that De Soto was traversing the broad Savannas of Florida, and his invading army actually reached the waters of the Rio

Gila, as the latter crossed the Mississippi at Chickasaw Bluffs. Both invading armies, unknown to the other, eventually explored portions of the great buffalo plains, extending from the Canadian fork of the Arkansas, near the headwaters of that river in the south.

From there, De Soto's expedition moved down the Arkansas, crossing that stream near the present town of Van Buren. Being in feeble health the explorer was prostrated with fever and died near the banks of the Mississippi.

There, the remnant of his army, after more than two years of almost constant fighting with the wild tribes near the Mississippi, buried their chief from a boat at midnight, in the turbid waters of the great river.

Schoolcraft, in his history of the North American Indians, says: "In 1530, an Indian, named Tezon, told the governor of New Galacia, Mexico, a wonderful tale about the existence of seven cities in the terra incognita, north and east of the river Gila, each as large as the city of Mexico. He stated, that country abounded in precious metals, many towns being occupied by goldsmiths.

"And in confirmation of what he asserted, said that his father, then dead, had been a trader in ornamental feathers, and brought from that country—known as the great cities of Cibola—large quantities of gold and silver."

It so happened, while this story was credited, that Caba de Vaca arrived at Compostella, the capitol city of that Spanish province; after having wandered nine years in Florida and the wilds of the southwest. He

had been the treasurer of Narvaes, and was the only officer of his invading army, who escaped the fury of the waves and the vengeance of the Indians on the Florida coast.

The fact of the safe passage of himself and three companions over vast territories occupied by hostile tribes was of itself a wonder, but not more so than the extraordinary tales he related of a semi-civilization, in which he found many inhabitants north of old Mexico,—rekindling the latent cupidity of Spanish adventurers who were seeking their fortune in America, for a new land of golden promise.

Mendoza, the viceroy of Mexico, questioned him respecting the strange incidents of his escape, and the state of civilization among the Indians; receiving information that many tribes on the Rio Grande and Gila rivers, wore cotton clothing, lived in large houses built of stone, and possessed rich mines. From Mexico, De Vaca's fame preceded him to the court of Spain, where he arrived in 1537; and was lionized on account of his adventures, sufferings, and tales of golden wealth in the wilds of North America.

Among the believers of his story, and in the existence of a rich country north of Mexico, was Fernando de Soto; who had assisted Pizarro in his conquest of Peru, and shared largely in the plunder of the Incas.

In conformity to the preconceived notions of the Spanish court and nobility, De Soto determined to organize a new expedition for the conquest of Florida, exceeding in means and splendor anything of the kind which had voyaged to the new world.

Receiving from King Charles a commission of

Adalantado, together with ample powers for the establishment of a new government, De Soto left the Spanish coast with a force of nine hundred men; many of whom were equipped in the amplest manner, carrying with them on that voyage the finest horses from Andalusia. De Soto's army was re-inforced in Cuba and landed on the coast of Florida: encountering great privations and perils, during a period of more than two years of wandering between the peninsula of Florida and the Buffalo plains, on the upper waters of the Arkansas river.

Not only did Caba de Vaca's presence at the Court of Spain give origin to the expedition of De Soto, but at the same time to another one almost equally renowned; organized by the viceroy of Mexico, and placed under the command of Vasques de Coronado.

Among the rare and valuable works upon early American history, illustrative of the condition of this continent upon its first discovery by the Spaniards, is Hakluyt's discription of voyages, published in 1600. This old work printed from manuscript documents contains many interesting narrations regarding early Spanish explorations in the regions of the Rio Grande and Colorado rivers; and a brief recapitulation of those portions which relate to a country and people west of the Missouri, will constitute the remainder of this chapter.

In execution of instructions received from Lord Don Antonio de Mendoca, viceroy of Mexico and captain general for the Spanish majesty in New Spain; Friar Marco de Nica departed from the town of San Miguel in the province of Cullican, on Friday, March

7th, 1539. His companion was Friar Honoratus, and he carried with him a Creole named Stephen Estravan; who had accompanied De Vaca in his wanderings from the coast of Florida,—and certain Indians from the town of Cuchillo, whom the viceroy had made free.

They proceeded to Petatlan, where Marco rested three days, leaving his companion, Honoratus, there sick.

Pushing on he traveled twenty-five or thirty leagues, seeing nothing worthy of notice, save a tribe of Indians from the Island of Saint Iago, where Fernando Cortez had been, and he learned that among these islands “were great stores of pearls.” Continuing through a desert of four days’ journey, accompanied by Indian guides, he found a more favorable country, where he saw other Indians, “who marveled at the sight of him; having no knowledge of any Christian white men, or even Indians, from whom they were separated by the desert.”

They entertained him kindly, and called him “Hayota,” signifying a man coming from heaven.” This desert referred to, lies between the Rio Yaqui and Rio Sonora, described in “Bartlett’s Personal Narrative,” as being destitute of trees barren and uninteresting. The Indians found beyond this desert, of more than one hundred miles in extent, were located in the valley of the Sonora, spoken of by Vasques de Coronado, “The valley of Coracones,”—as stated by him in a report of his expedition during the following year.

There, Friar Marco was informed of a mighty plain near the foot of the mountains at a distance of

five days journey, "where people dwelt, clothed in cotton."

"And when he showed them certain metals which he carried, they took the mineral of gold and told him that thereof were vessels among the people of that plain, whom also carried certain round green stones hanging at their nostrils and ears,—but as this plain was distant from the sea coast he deferred the discovery of that favored land until his return."

By reference to modern maps it will be perceived that this valley, or plain Marco was informed of, corresponds with that of Rio de las Cascas; one hundred and fifty miles east from the valley of the Sonora, where ancient ruins are now found.

Marco de Nica traveled three days through an inhabited country, and came to a town of reasonable size, called Vacupa, forty leagues from the sea; corresponding with Magdalena, on the Rio San Miguel; whose inhabitants were probably ancestors of the Cocopas, since scattered over the desert westward, near the mouth of the Rio Colorado.

The people of Vacupa had "great stores of good victuals," owing to a fruitful soil that was well watered; and they showed the pious Friar great courtesies and respect.

Here, the Creole Stephen was sent in advance to reconnoiter; and at the end of four days he sent back a message to Father Marco, stating that wonderful accounts had been told him of a great city called Civola, thirty days journey distant. He pushed forward without waiting, as he was ordered to do; crossed the Gila and entered the city sixty leagues in the advance.

The first thing he did at this place was to demand of the assembled chiefs their gold and silver.

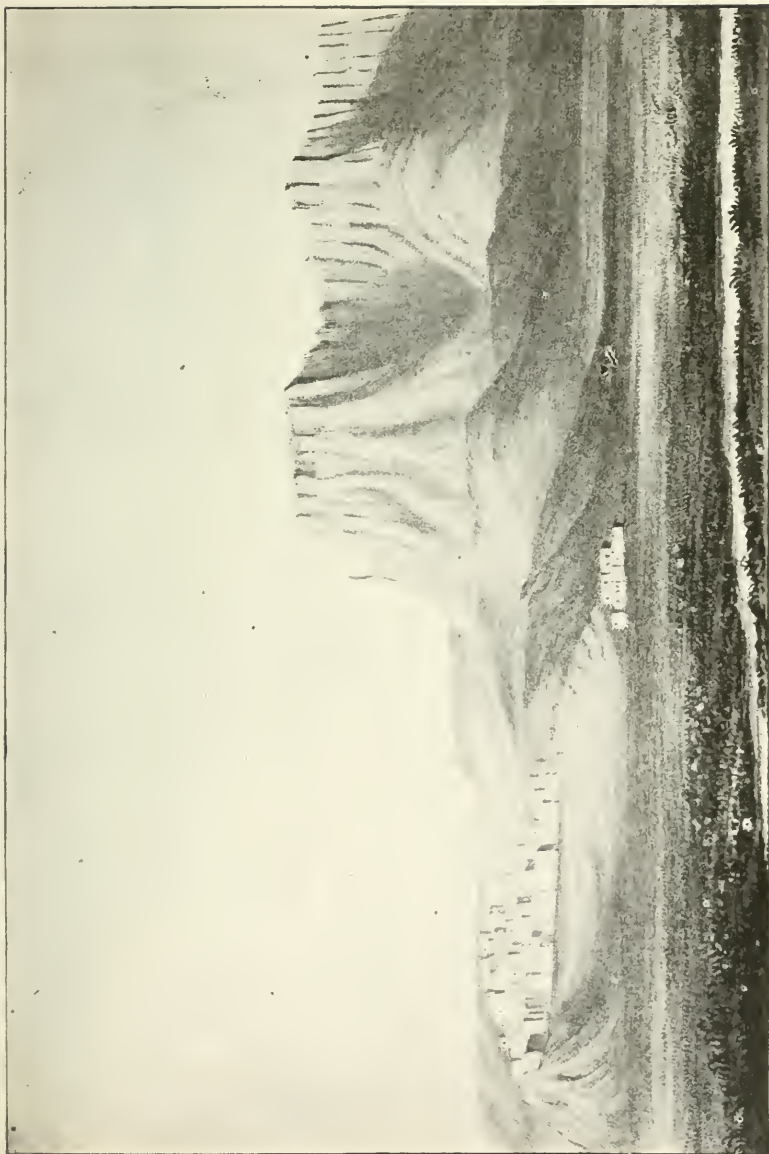
After questioning him as to his authority for making such a demand, and having reason to suspect him as a spy of some invading army, they determined to put him in prison and execute him, which sentence was carried out and he was killed.

We find, upon resuming the narrative of Marco de Nica, that while he was at the old Indian town of Vacupa, he received messengers from a tribe further east, known as Pintados, (because their faces and breasts were painted), informing him of the location of the city of Cibola,—now known as old Zuni.

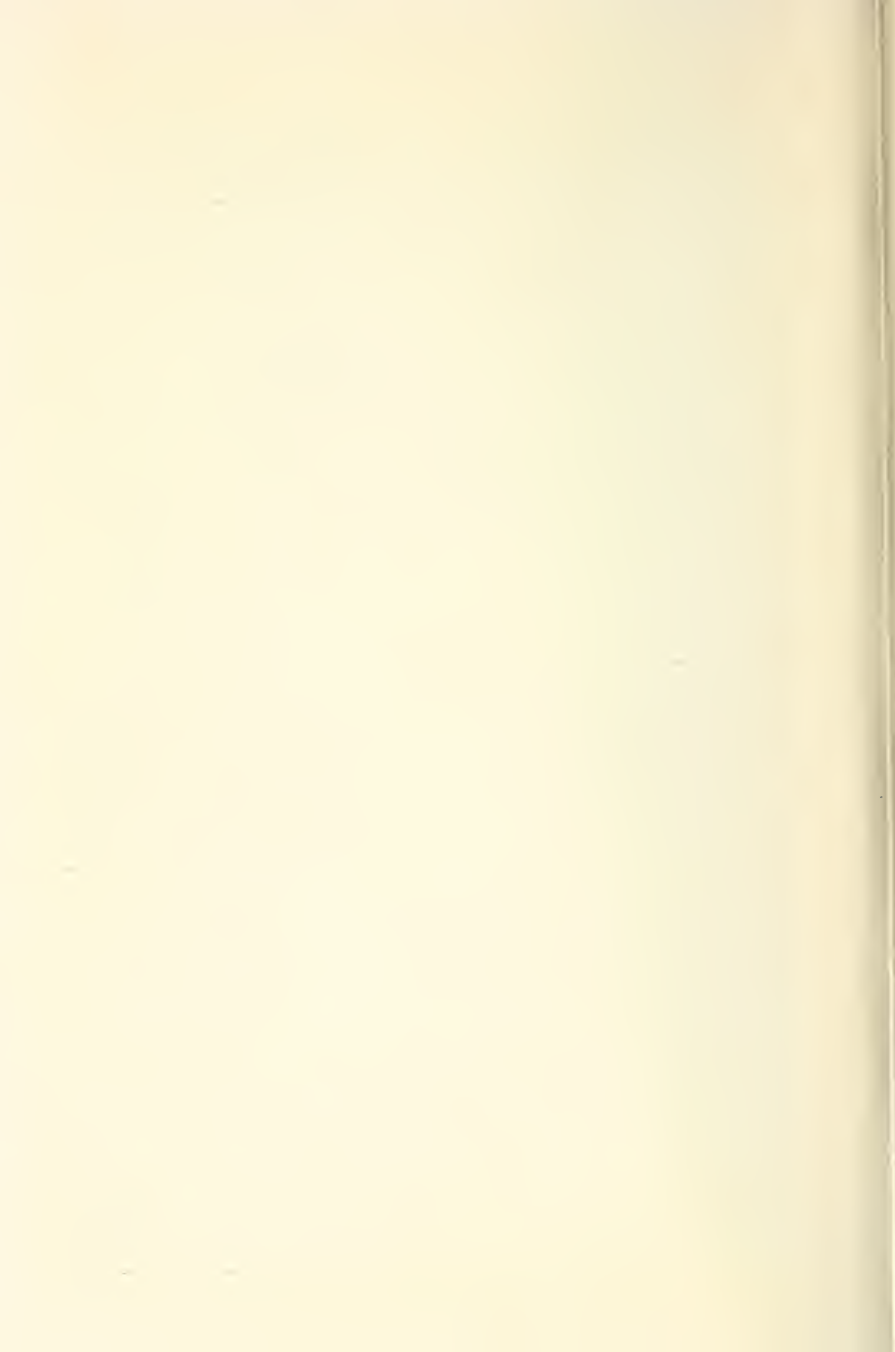
In speaking of them the reverend father says: "These people dwell further up into the country towards the east in a valley of reasonable bigness, bordering on a river lying between them and the seven cities of Cibola." This tribe is supposed to have been the ancestors of the Pima Indians, who were found scattered over that country in 1848,—extending from the Santa Cruz valley to the Rio Gila river. With these Pintado guides Marco de Nica traveled for three days in the direction Stephen Estragan had taken, thirty days travel from the kingdom of the Seven Cities of Cibola.

He was told that there were also three other cities of importance called Marata, Acas and Tontontecac,—now known to have been situated near the waters of the Rio Verde and on Pueblo creek; where civilization and the arts must have made considerable progress; as evidenced by the remains of old ruins.

If the wild Tonto Indians, since found roaming over



OLD ZUNI.



that country, are descendants of the lost race who formerly lived in the city of Tontontec, they must have woefully degenerated since their palmy days of semi-civilization, described by De Nica.

Father Marco de Nica continued his journey five days, guided by the Pintados; finding inhabited places and great hospitality. He then understood he would find a desert, after two days journey, where there was no food. Before he reached this desert he says he arrived at a "very pleasant town, by reason of great store of waters, conveyed thither to water the same." Known as the present site of Tucson, in a rich and fertile valley that was watered by aqueducts.

There, he met with many people, both men and women, clothed in cotton. Saying:—"All the people of this village go in caconadoes; with turqueses hanging at their nostrils and ears, which turqueses they call cacoma"—tokens of honor.

"The lord of this village, appareled in cotton," informed him that in Tontontec there was a quantity of woolen cloth, such as he himself wore, made from the fleece of wild beasts;—probably wove from the long hair of mountain sheep. These beasts, they told him, "were about the same bigness of two spaniels which Stephen carried with him." The next day he entered the desert, "and where he was to dine," he found bowers made and victuals in abundance, provided by the Indians near a stream of water:—saying, "thus the Indians provided, during four days that the wilderness continued." He then entered a river valley (Rio Gila) which was well inhabited with people, who

were dressed in cotton robes; with shell pendants from collars encircling their necks.

He traveled through this valley, which was well inhabited with people, crossing to a river (the Rio Azul) with large buildings on its banks; in a country "well watered like a garden and abounding in victuals, sufficient to feed above three thousand people." Saying:—"The boroughs and towns were from a quarter to half a league long." Here, he found a man born in Cibola, having escaped from the governor; "For the lord of the seven cities liveth and abideth in one of these towns called Ahacus, and in the rest he appointeth lieutenants under him." This townsman of Cibola—old Zuni—Father Marco says, was a white man, of good complection; somewhat well in years, and of far greater capacity than the inhabitants of the valley he had left behind.—"It is remarkable," says Simpson, in 1854, "that at the present day many of the Indians at Zuni are white. They have a fair skin, blue eyes, chesnut or auburn hair, and are quite good looking. They claimed to be full blooded Indians who have no tradition of intermarriages with any foreign race. This circumstance creates no surprise among the people, for from time immemorial a similar class of persons has existed in the tribe." It is easy to conceive how, with imperfect means to communicate with the inhabitants of old Zuni, that a lively imagination might lead to exaggerations; such as was afterward charged to Marco de Nica by the Spaniards. The good Friar relates the following description of Cibola (old Zuni) as told him by the native "white man" from that Pueblo.

"It is a large city, inhabited with great store of people, and having many streets and market places. In some parts of this city there are certain very great houses, of three to five stories high; wherein the chiefs of the city assemble themselves at certain days of the year. The houses are of lime and stone, the gates and small pillars of the principal houses are decorated with gold. The other six cities are built like unto this, whereof some are bigger; and Ahacus is the chiefest of them. At the southeast, there is another kingdom called Marata (supposed to be Casas Grandas, near Corralitas) where there were want to be many great cities, which were all builded of houses of stone, with divers lofts; and these have and do wage war with the lord of the seven cities, through which war the kingdom of Marata is for the most part wasted; although it yet continueth and maintaineth war against the other.

"Likewise, the kingdom of Tontontec lieth toward the west, (supposed to be in the valley of the Rio Verde and on Pueblo creek; where civilization and the arts must have made considerable progress, judging from the old ruins found there) a mighty province, replenished with infinite store of people and riches; and in the said kingdom they wear woollen cloth made of the fleeces of beasts previously described; (mountain sheep) and they are very civil people; there is also another city called Acus, with many people and store of wealth." (The Canyon de Chelly; of which, Captain Simpson says:)

"Thirty miles south, at the base of a Black mountain, was a low summit; with indications of a break in the mountain chain, cut by a branch of Pueblo creek.

This cut through the Sierra seemed formed by nature for a passage. Wide Indian trails and ruins of extensive fortifications, constructed centuries past upon the heights to defend it, showed that not only the present tribes, but ancient races deemed this "Astec Pass" of great importance. Upon the northern side the mountain slope was regular, and followed in a spur parallel to Pueblo creek, enabling us to pass the summit with a favorable grade. Leaving Astec Pass behind us, we gently descended fifteen or twenty miles along a rivulet, which flowed sometimes above and sometimes below the surface; turning northward towards Yampai creek, which flowed in the direction of a valley uninterrupted, even to the horizon. Our reconnoitering party again turned westward over a rolling prairie, and, to our surprise, in ten or twelve miles we found our course cut by the creek we had left. It now flowed west of south, with canyoned banks fifty feet high; the general surface of the country being rolling. Following the stream,—which we now call Canyon Creek—we found that the country become more rough, the canyon deeper, cutting through, and a few miles below emerging from the eruptive barrier that opposed the flow of its waters.

What we saw of this country,—from Astec Pass to Bill Williams fork—was full of interest to each department of science. There were extensive forests, abounding with game, valleys affording pasturage to numerous herds of deer, crystal brooks alive with trout; their fertile banks once cultivated and now lined with ash and walnut timber. That this solitude had not always been unbroken by man, was shown by the numerous

ruins of stone houses that lined the borders of the streams: with the still high walls of extensive fortifications that covered the surrounding heights. We traversed this region in winter (January 1854) but the climate was that of spring, and vegetation was rapidly advancing. It was a beautiful view that burst upon us, as we ascended a hill and first beheld the Colorado river sweeping from the northwest to unite with Bill William's fork almost beneath our feet. One long and loud huzza burst spontaneously from the men, sending a thrill through every nerve, and their dreary forebodings were cast upon its waters; and all felt relieved from a burden of anxieties."

We now return to the narrative of the Spanish explorer, in 1539.

The inhabitants in the Rio Gila valley, requested Marco de Nica to remain with them three or four days, because from that place there were four days journey into a desert; and from the first entrance into it, to the city of Cibola, was fifteen days journey. After due preparation, the good Friar says:

"Accompanied by thirty of the principal men, with others to carry our provisions, we departed, entering this second desert on the 9th of May. The first day's travel was by a broad and beaten way, and we cometh at night unto water, where I was provided with a dwelling and victuals. In like manner we traveled twelve days journey." At this point, they met one of Stephen's Indian guides; who, in great fright "and covered with sweat," informed Friar Marco, that the people of Cibola had at first imprisoned the Creole, and afterward killed him.

The good Friar then became fearful of trusting his life in the hands of the people of Cibola, but he told his companions that he purposed to see the city, whatsoever became of it. And he ascended a mountain and viewed the Pueblo; describing it as follows.

“It was situated upon a plain, at the foot of a round hill—a good description of old Zuni—and maketh show to be a fair city; and is better seated than any in these parts. The houses were builded in order, all made of stone with divers stories and flat roofs. The people are said to be somewhat white; and they wear apparel, and lie in beds. Their weapons are bows, and they have emeralds and other jewels; although they esteem none so much as turqueses, wherewith they adorn the walls of the porches of their houses, and their apparel; and they use them instead of money through all the country. Their apparel is of cotton and of ox hide; and this is their most commendable and honorable clothing. They use vessels of gold and silver, for they have no other metal; whereof there is greater use and more abundance than in Peru; and they buy the same for turqueses in the Province of the Pintados, where there are mines of great abundance.”

Of other kingdoms, he says he could not obtain so particular instruction. When he told the Indian chiefs who were with him “what a goodly city Cibola seemed,” they informed him that Tontontecac was the greatest and best of all, because there were so many houses and people; “that there was no end of them.”

Marco de Nica set up a cross and laid a heap of stones around it; naming that country “El Nuevo

Reyno de San Francisco." Then, "with more fear than victuals," he returned.

In two days he overtook the people he had left behind, and recrossed the desert. He hurried from the Gila, and passed the second desert, having crossed into the valley of Santa Cruz; where he determined to visit a great plain toward the east, which he had been informed of, but, for fear of the Indians, who were rising in his rear, he did not go into it.

At the entrance to the kingdom of Marata, "he saw seven towns of a reasonable bigness, which were afar off in a low valley; being very green and having a most fruitful soil, into which ran many rivers." Friar Marco was informed that there was much gold in this valley, and that the inhabitants worked it into thin plates; but they did not allow those on the other side of the plain to traffic with them.

Having set up crosses and taken possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain, he returned to San Miguel, in the province of Culican; where he learned that Father Honoratus had died of sickness at Petatlan. And from there, he finally came to Compostella, and reported to the governor.

The glowing account of Marco de Nica's discovery of the seven kingdoms of Cibola caused great excitement among the Spaniards in Mexico, and the Viceroy was induced to start out an expedition the following year under Vasques Coronado to the newly discovered country, appointing the returned explorer as guide to his advancing forces, as far as the Gila river.

There is perhaps no place on the North American continent so rich in relics of forgotten ages, as are

found in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. There, in the fertile valleys of the Rio Grand, Colorado, Rio Verde and Del Norte rivers; old ruins are found where once lived a pre-historic race who attained a semi-civilized population long before the discovery of the western world by Columbus. The origin of this mysterious race, known as the Aztecs, has been a puzzle to investigating archeologist; dating back into remote antiquity; where specious fiction fill up the interval between a few scattered facts that remain of their early history. They came from an unknown land in the north, called Anahuac; working their way southward about the year 1200. And the remains of their monuments and cities, gives them claim to high rank among the lost nations of antiquity, in America.

Old Spanish historians say that this mysterious semi-civilized tribe first appeared at Shipap, the north-western source of the Del Norte river.

Wandering without fixed abodes, they sought shelter in the caves that yet remain along the canyons of that river. They sojourned for many years at Acoti; the birth place of the first Montezuma, who became the leader and guide in their subsequent migrations southward; imparting a degree of civilization to the wild tribes who has superceded the old Astecs.

Their chief, Montezuma, taught them to build pueblos, with lofty houses and estufas; and to kindle fires upon the alters that were guarded by priests.

Taos, is represented as having been the first Pueblo established by them, and from there they moved southward; forming settlements in their order of succession. As the years rolled on they built and fortified Acoma—

described by Francisco Lopes de Gorma, "An exceeding strong town on a high hill,"—using it as a base for future operations; while driving the inhabitants of that country before them.

Pecos, subsequently become one of their principal towns; and while Montezuma was there, Indian legends tell us he planted a tree, saying: "When I disappear, there will be no rain, the tree will die, and a foreign race will rule."

From Pecos the Aztecs are represented as having continued their course southward; driving the Acolhuans before them until they reached the island of Tenochtitlan; where they built the city of Mexico, in honor of Mexitli, their god of war. There, they built a temple, where the Montezumas ruled until they were defeated by the Spaniards, in their conquest of Mexico under Fernando Cortez.

During the year 1847, there was found in the library of the late Col. Peter Force, at Washington, D. C. unpublished manuscripts purporting to have been written by Friar Augustus Ruyz, Antonio Espejo, and other Spanish historians: dating back to 1583,—giving interesting narratives of what appears to be truthful descriptions of the native tribes then inhabiting the northern provinces of New Mexico. Corroborating many things, related by Marco de Nica, and Vasques Coronado,—whose explorations extended northward from Mexico to the 40th degree of latitude,—unfolding wonderful and thrilling episodes of early aboriginal history; as related by the historian of his expedition.

From an old Government report, in 1854, we find the following information, taken from De Gorma's nar-

rative of Coronado's exploring expedition, north from Old Mexico.

"On the 22nd of April, 1540, Vasques Coronado set out from the province of Culican, Mexico, with an expedition of three hundred men; for the newly discovered country of Cibola. After great hardships he arrived in the valley of San Miguel river on the 26th of May. But the corn not being ripe he sent over to a native settlement of people called Carocones, in the valley of the Rio Sonora, where he secured a supply for his invading army. Having rested two days, he arrived at Chichitticale, meaning "Red House," the often described ruins of the present day; near the old Pima villages, in the valley of the Rio Gila. There, he entered the desert country beyond, on Saint John's eve; 23rd of June. For many days there was a scarcity of grass and the mountain passes were worse than he had expected.

In this uninhabited wilderness he lost many horses, some friendly Indians, one Spaniard and two negroes, for the lack of food and water. In describing this mountain desert,—Sierra Mogoyan, between the Pima villages and old Zuni, Coronado says: "It was a most wicked way, at least thirty leagues or more, over rough mountains; but beyond, we found fresh rivers and grass like that in Castile; many nut and mulberry trees. and flax—chiefly near a certain river, which therefore we called El Rio del Lino"—river of flax; since known as the Colorado Chiquito. There, he was met by many people from Cibola, who at first appeared friendly, but afterward attacked his army valiantly; but at length retired, sounding a small trum-

pet in token of retreat. After their defeat, the Indians made signal fires, that were again answered afar off, giving notice of the approach of the Spaniards.

As soon as Coronado's forces came within sight of the city of Cibola,—which he named Granada,—he sent forward messengers with terms of peace; but their overtures were rejected, and they were fired upon by the natives.

Having crossed the Gila and passed over an intervening country, Coronado led his advancing forces up the valley of a small stream to the lofty natural walls of Cibola,—old Zuni.

There, upon the flat summit of an isolated mesa, the fortified portion of the town stood, surrounded by high bluffs from the valley below, —limited on all sides by precipitous banks of clay and sandstone.

Without making any inquiry, the Spaniards stormed the city in a general assault, which, after considerable resistance, yielded to their valor.

The natives used bows and arrows and threw stones down upon the Spaniards, one of which struck Coronado, knocking him senseless from his horse, but his heavy Spanish armor saved his life. The city was taken by storm and the conquerors found plenty of provisions stored there, of which they were in great need: but no gold. And so great did the excitement become against De Nica for his glowing reports, that he had to flee for his life.

An account of which was reported to Don Antonio de Mendoca, viceroy of Mexico. In speaking of the captured city this report continues, as follows: "It remaineth, now, your honor, to testify to you of the

seven cities, kingdoms and provinces, whereof the father provincial made report to your lordship. To be brief, I can assure your honor he said the truth in nothing he reported; save only the names of the cities, and the great houses of stone.

“For although they be not wrought with lime and bricks, yet are they excellent good houses of three and four lofts high, wherein are good lodgings and fair chambers, with ladders instead of stairs, and certain cellars under ground very good and paved, which are made for winter. The ladders which they have for their houses are all in a manner moveable and portable which are taken away and set down when they please, and they are made of two pieces of wood with steps as ours be.

“The seven cities of Cibola are small towns, all made with these kind of stone houses that I speak of, and they stand all within four leagues together; and are all called kingdom of Cibola; every one having their particular name and none of them Cibola—but altogether called that name.

“This town, where I remain, I have named, Granada, as well because it is somewhat like unto it, as also in remembrance of your lordship.

“It contains some two hundred houses encompassed within the walls and I think with the rest of the houses not so walled, there may be altogether five hundred.

“There is another town near this, somewhat bigger; which is one of the seven; and another one of the same bigness, with four smaller ones.

“I send them all painted to your lordship, and the

parchment whereon the picture is, was found here with other parchments.

“The men of this town are of reasonable stature and witty; but they seem not to be of that judgement and wit to build their houses as they are.

“They have no cotton or wool growing; yet they wear mantles thereof, of which your lordship may see by the shew hereof; and true it is there was found within their houses certain yarn of cottonwool.

“They wear their hair on their heads like those of Mexico, are good conditioned, and well matured, and have turqueses of good quality; which, with the rest of their goods except corn, I think they had conveyed away with their families; for I find no women here, nor no youth under fifteen years old; nor no old folks above fifty, save two or three who govern the youth and men of war.

“There is no kind of fruit, nor trees of fruit; the country is all plain with no forests on side mountains and bad passages. And for fuel they have sufficient four leagues off, from a forest of cedars.

“There is most excellent grass for our horses, to feed and make hay; and corn, which is ground and made into cakes, whereof they have great store.

“Their victuals of maize, peas and the flesh of animals is salted from most excellent salt in kernel, which they get from a certain lake, a day’s journey from hence.

“Here are many sorts of beasts, as bears, lions, porkenspikes,—porcupines—and certain sheep with great horns and little tails.

“They also kill deer and certain great oxen on the

plains, lying toward the north sea; unto which they travel.

“The Kingdom of Tontontecac; so much extolled by the father provincial, (Marco de Nica), in which were such wonderful things; the Indians say is a hot lake, about which are five or six stone houses, there being certain other ones ruined by war.

“The Kingdom of Acus is only a small town where they gather cotton, which is called Acacu; beyond which are other small towns near a river.” (The Rio del Norte.)

Coronado states that the conquered people abandoned their captured town and fled to the hills; and with all his persuasions he could not induce them to come down from their strongholds, and to his inquiries of other countries, they told him of a land far distant, which was like unto theirs except that the houses were of earth, and small. There, lived a mighty king named Tartarrax, whose realm extended over a wide stretch of plains near a great river, in the kingdom of Quivira.

Wishing to march further into the unexplored country, which the Indians told them was better and more fruitful, Coronado's invading army continued on until they came to the pueblo of Acoma.

There, his forces separated, Don Garcia Lopes de Cardenas, taking his company of horsemen back to the sea. Continuing on his course, Coronado went to Tiguex, a city standing on the banks of a large river.

There, they had news of King Tartarrax, who was represented to them as living on a vast plain three hundred leagues distant; beyond barren, sandy heaths

bare of wood. From Tiguex, they went, in four days' journey, to a small town named Cicuic, "where large mantles were made from red and white cotton."

There, they entered the mighty plains, smooth and wearisome, over which they traveled many days; piling up stones and heaps of buffalo dung to mark the way, that they might not lose themselves upon their return.

While passing over those great, sandy plains, they lost four horses and one man before they reached a more fertile country; in speaking of which, their historian says:

"For more than three hundred leagues we traveled through mighty plains as full of crooked-back oxen (buffaloes) as the mountain of Serena in Spain is of sheep; but there is no people, except such as keep those wild and fierce cattle, which sufficed the army with flesh."

They at length came to Quivira, and found the noted Chief Tartarrax, whom they sought, hoary headed and half clad; with a copper ornament hanging at his neck, which was all his riches.

Quivira is represented as being forty degrees north, in a temperate country with good water and much grass, plums, nuts and grapes, which ripened well; but no cotton, "the people there, appareling themselves in ox-hides and deer-skins."

The Spaniards seeing the false report of riches in that famous land, returned to the Indian town of Tiguex, where they remained during the winter of 1541 in the valley of the Rio Verde.

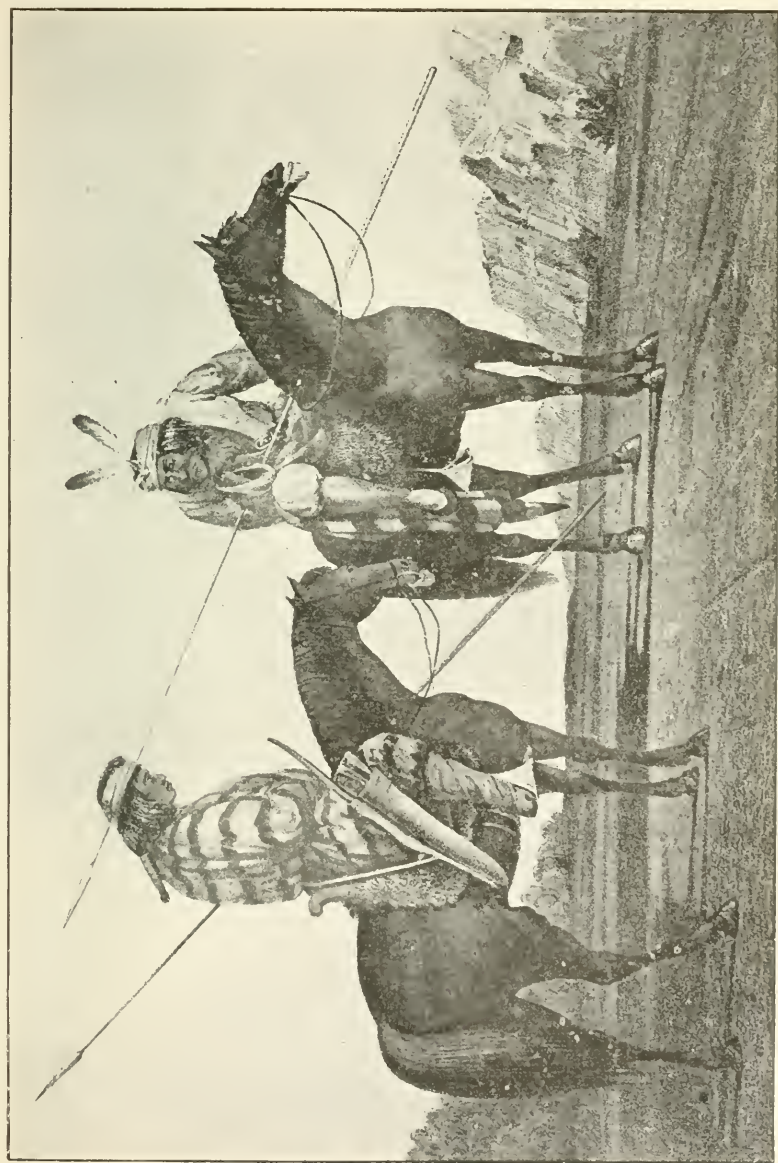
While there, Coronado fell from his horse, and, as reported, "went out of his wits and became mad,

which some took to be for grief and others thought to be counterfeit; for many in his army were much offended with him because he refused to make settlements there."

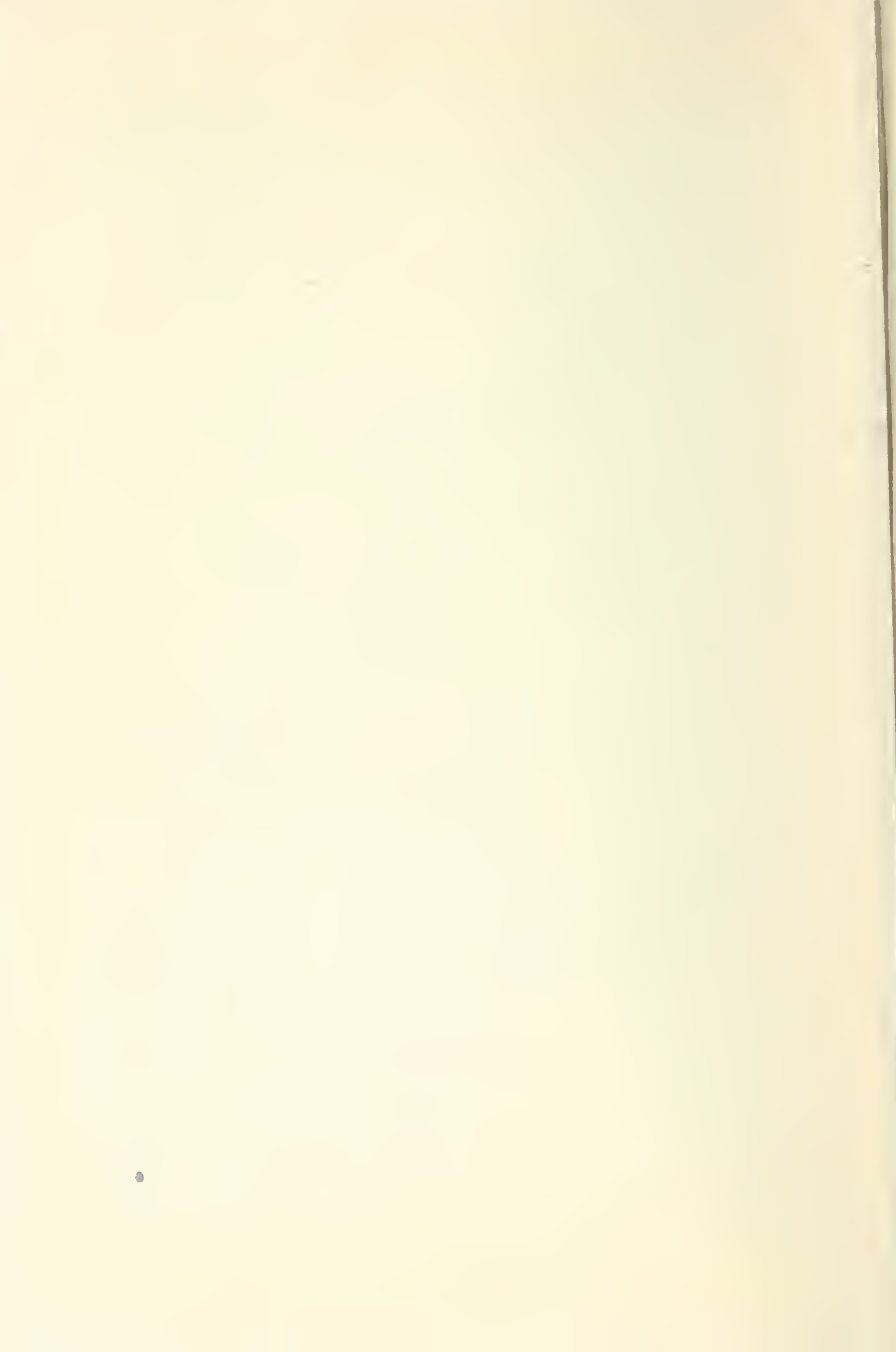
The command of Coronado's expedition devolved upon Francisco Lopes de Gorma, who wrote the history of their return to Mexico, in which he says: "It grieved Don Antonio de Mendoca very much that the army returned home, for he had spent about three score thousand pesos in gold in the enterprise, and owed a great part thereof."

Many sought to have dwelt there, but De Coronado, who was rich and lately married to a fair wife, would not consent; saying; they could not maintain nor defend themselves in that remote country so far from succor."

No Spanish settlement was made in the old pre-historic kingdom of Quivira—"lying along the borders of a great river, in the realms of Tartarrax,"—and its location, supposed to be some-where in the valley of the Platte, still remains unsolved.



AZTEC ROAD, NAVAJO INDIANS.



CHAPTER X

**Coronado's Detached Command Marching Northward--
Old Indian Kingdom of Quivira--Exploring along the
40th Parallel--The Realm of Tartarax, in the Platte
Valley--The Mysterious Pre-Historic Mound Builders
--Theories as to their Origin.**

OLD manuscript documents, edited by M. Margry, in Paris, have been published; which throws a new light upon some of the earliest explorations, in the west. In comparing these old memoirs with a French map, said to have been made by Pere Marquette, in 1673; which was recently found in the old archives of St. Mary's College, in Montreal, Canada; Mr. James W. Savage, of St. Paul, Minnesota, claims that Coronado's Spanish expedition, in 1540, marched as far north as central Nebraska.

"Upon this map, appears the territory which now forms the state of Nebraska," says James W. Savage; who claims that Coronado, with a portion of his expedition reached the old Pawnee settlement near the Platte river valley. He mentions what Marquette wrote of the appearance of the Missouri river at its outlet; with its muddy waters and mass of trees with roots and branches entire, rushing from its mouth like floating islands; upon the spring tide of the mighty river.

"The Pekitanoui," (Missouri) says Marquette, "is a considerable river, which comes from very far in the northwest, and empties in the Mississippi. Many Indian towns are ranged along this river, and I hope

by its means to make the discovery of the Red or California sea."

"We judge by the direction the Mississippi takes, that if it continues on the same course, it has its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico. It would be very advantageous to find that which leads to the South sea toward California; and this, as I said, I hope to find by the Pekintanoui.

"Following the account which the Indians have given me, I learn from them that, advancing up this river for five or six days, you come to a beautiful prairie twenty or thirty leagues long which terminates at another river, on which you can embark and course up to near a deep river running to the west, where it empties in the sea. * * * I have hardly any doubt that this is the Red Sea, and I do not despair of one day making the discovery, if God does me this favor and grants me health; in order to be able to publish the gospel to all the nations of this new world; who have so long been plunged in heathen darkness." The brave and pious Marquette, was not to be cheered by the discoveries he had hoped for; and the great highway to the Pacific was to be traveled by another race than his, long after his death and burial on the shores of Lake Michigan. The general course of the Missouri is given on Marquett's map to a point above the mouth of the Platte river; and, the latter stream is laid down in almost its exact position; where, among the Indian tribes which he enumerates as scattered about this region, are the Panas, (Pawnees) that still lives along its banks.

James W. Savage; in presenting his theory that

Coronado marched as far north as the Platte river, says: "Not unfrequently has it happened in the history of the world that when the need of a nation is sorest, a savior rises up among them; and thus it was with the unhappy natives in the fertile valleys of New Mexico. One of their number, willing to sacrifice his life for the salvation of the rest, suddenly appeared before Coronado with much mystery in his movements and a pretended hostility to the natives.

He came, he said from a land far to the northeast, where there was a river at its springtide seven miles in width, with large fish; and upon its broad bosom floated canoes which carried twenty oarsmen, and huge vessels with sails which bore upon their prow a golden eagle, and on the poop a sumptuous dias, where their lords were wont to seat themselves beneath a canopy of cloth and gold.

That every day, the monarch of this favored region, named Tartarrax, long bearded, grey-haired and rich, took his noonday sleep in a garden of roses, under a huge spreading tree; to the branches of which were suspended numerous golden bells, that sounded in exquisite harmony when shaken by the wind.

"He further said that this great king prayed by means of a string of beads, and worshipped a cross of gold and the image of a woman, the queen of heaven, as the Spaniards were wont to do.

This beautiful land of plenty, where their bowls and plates were of wrought silver and gold, he said was the great kingdom of Quivira; and he waited to conduct his white friends thither whenever they should be pleased to accompany him. He talked with so

much assurance, and sustained the rude tests of cross examination so well, that Coronado's oft-shaken faith in a land of golden promise was again established. It is true there were not wanting suspicions of the integrity of this new found friend; who evidently had secret communication with the natives. One soldier, to whom ablution was probably a forgotten luxury, declared that he had seen this native—who was called the Turk—with his face in a wash-basin full of water talking to the devil. Still his disclosures were so specific and plausible, and their truth so desirable that it was determined—after all necessary precautions had been taken that he should not escape—to trust to his guidance.

So, on the 5th day of May, in the year 1541, Coronado and a portion of his army quitted the valleys, crossed the Pecos river, and soon entered upon the treeless and pathless prairies of what is now the Indian territory and the state of Kansas. "Through mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth and wearisome, where they made heaps of stone and dried buffalo dung to guide them on their return; and in spite of all their precautions, were constantly losing stragglers from their camps."

"Each one," says Castaneda, a credulous and pious soldier, "was charged to measure the daily progress, sometimes made by counting his steps." The picture which we can fancy to ourselves of this dusty band plodding its way through the long summer days over the Kansas prairies, grim, silent and arithmetical; has something in it of the ludicrous as well as the pathetic. Still the adventurers were enabled to eliven their

dreary computations by an occasional indulgence in their favorite passtime of robbery. On finding a village with an enormous quantity of skins, they cleaned it out so complete that in a short time there was none to be found. The Indians, we are told, tried in vain to save them; and the women and children wept, for they had believed that the Spaniards would be content with blessing them as Cabeza de Vaca had done when he passed that way in his wanderings from Florida.

The suspicions, which had from the first attached to their guide, had been spreading and increasing in intensity. It was noticed that when they met with the wandering nomads of the plains, if the Turk, as they called him, was the first to converse with them, they confirmed all his stories and pointed to the eastward as the true course; while if communication was prevented, the tribes knew nothing of the splendor and riches of the land of Quivira, and insisted that country lay to the north and not to the east.

Coronado, therefore, seeing that the Turk had deceived him, and that provisions, except the meat of buffalo, began to fail, convoked his captains and lieutenants in a council of war to determine upon their future course.

It was there decided that the general and thirty of his bravest and best mounted men, with six foot soldiers should proceed northward in search of Quivira, while the main army should return to the vicinity of the Pecos river. The soldiers protested with many supplications from being separated from their leader, but Coronado was inflexible, and he started north with guides which he had taken from the roving Indians of

the plains, and the unhappy Turk was securely bound and carried with them.

The main army, after slaughtering great numbers of buffalo for their sustenance, set out on their homeward route; and the little band accompanied by their adventurous general, proceeded northward from the Arkansas river, passing over the Kansas plains.

"July had come, the days were long and hot, and the sultry nights crept over the primeval prairies; seeming to rise like a shadowy spectre out of the grass. But stout hearts and good horses brought them at last to the southern boundary of Nebraska. And here, near the Platte river, they found the long sought kingdom of Quivira; where, "the hoary headed," ruled over the land.

But alas for the vanity of human expectations; the only precious metal they saw was a copper plate hanging to the old chief's breast, by which he set great store. There was no musical bells, no gilded eagle, no silver dishes, no rosary, no image of the virgin, no cross, no crown.

In the midst of this disappointment, Coronado took a melancholly pleasure in hanging the Turk, who misguided him; after that barbarian avowed that he knew of no gold, and had brought the invaders into the wilderness to perish with hunger and hardships, to rid the peaceful dwellers in the Rio Grand and Pecos valleys of their hatred presence; and he met his fate with a stoicism which the Spaniards called despair and remorse.

There, across the southern boundaries of Nebraska, at a point not easily attainable, but doubtless between

Gage county on the east and Furnas on the west, Coronado busied himself with observations and short explorations during a period of twenty five days."

Continuing, Mr. Savage says: "I have adverted to the fact that this location of the northern terminus of Coronado's march has not met with universal acception. The arguments, however, in support of this theory seem to me unanswerable. Let us briefly examine them. The last place visited by Coronado, before he emerged from the mountains (in New Mexico) to the plains, was Cicuye, which is described as a well fortified village, with houses four stories, in a narrow valley between pine clad mountains; and near a stream well stocked with fish. These features point unmistakably to what is now known as old Pecos, on the river of the same name; (General Simpson has an excellent paper on the ruins of this old pueblo, in the Smithsonian report, for 1879) and that no one can visit those desolate and melancholly ruins and remain unconvinced. The four stories may even now (1880) be distinguish by the careful observer; the place being admirably fortified both by nature and art against any assault not aided by artillery.

It is completely hemmed in by the mountain. and among the stone hatchets, hammers, arrow-heads, and bits of pottery, which the curious may still find there, are not unfrequently to be seen the grooved stones which the Indians used as sinkers for their fishing nets.

Some historians have founded an objection, upon the statement of Castaneda that, after leaving that place, the army did not reach the Cicuye, which took its

name from that place until the fourth day; and General Simpson though he thinks that no other place than Pecos; in so many respects suits the problem, is inclined to get over the difficulty by supposing that the river referred to was Gallinas, which might require four days to reach.

“With the utmost deference to the opinion of so learned and skilful an explorer I venture to suggest that it is unnecessary to suppose that four days were occupied in the march to the crossing. Supposing Coronado left Pecos near the close of the first day, and he reached the crossing on the morning of the fourth, then but little more than two days would have been occupied on the way.

Now, although the Pecos river flows near to Pecos village, it is in fact not visible from that place; and by the old Santa Fe trail would be twenty two miles to the ford at San Miguel; and as the evident object of the Turk was to lead the troops as far eastward as possible, he would, if practicable, take them to a lower point than San Miguel on the Santa Fe trail. There seem to be conclusive grounds, therefore, that Cicuye and Pecos are identical.

From Cicuye, the main body of the command marched about seven hundred miles north-easterly to a considerable river; as all narratives of the expedition concur in bearing testimony to this fact. After making all possible allowances for deviatious from a direct line and the shortened steps of tired soldiers; it is impossible to believe that this stream could have been any river south of the Arkansas. This distance from Pecos to Newton, Kansas, is five hundred and ninety-

three miles. That the main body reached a spot as far north as that cannot be a violent presumption.

“From that point, where Coronado left his army, he must have proceeded in a direction west of north. “They had verged too much toward Florida,” says Castaneda (retracing the route, which Caba de Vaca had traveled.) The time occupied in the march by Coronado’s detachment is uncertain; Castaneda gives it forty eight days, while Coranado says in one place it was forty two days. Taking the lowest of these numbers, conceding that it includes the twenty five days mentioned in exploring Quivira, and there would be ample time to reach the Platte river; within the boundaries of Nebraska.”

In the pre-historical and pre-traditional times, which we call high antiquity, and which are to form here the object of ones study, we shall only consider the western hemisphere; closing our researches about the time of the discovery of America by Columbus. Since the memory of the long period, followed by the dark ages, our researches from the earliest navigators is meager and limited:—forcing us to borrow the methods of a geologist, since our mode of proceeding must necessarily present a strong analogy with his.

The materials of geologists are chiefly the remains of animal and vegetable creation; the fossils buried in the strata which form a part of our continents. We stand in precisely the same position, relating to pre-historic man, as the geologist who reconstructs the history of our planet; instead of fossils we have the remains of human labor and industry. They are to us

as a mirror in which is reflected the image of their authors, of their life and of their civilization.

It might be objected that to reconstruct the past by means of industry we ought to have an abundance of material, such as are but rarely found. Yet fossils were formerly considered quite as scarce, though museums throughout the world abound with them now. We must be content to gaze at these pre-historic semi-civilized aboriginal inhabitants as at so many shadows of a former race who have passed over life's stage and disappeared, without any history to identify them save from those productions of primitive art which rise above the surface of the soil; many being monuments formed of stone, strewing the ground with the remains of their industry.

"The ground over which we tread, is the grave of the past," say Marlot, always open, which is to receive us also, with the remains of our industry."

The preservation of antiques is very partial, the fleshy and vegetable substance having generally disappeared, so that it is rare when anything but stone, metal or pottery, has resisted the action of centuries of time. In certain cases the preservation of antique remains are more perfect; when imbedded in peat or in the mud at the bottom of lakes.

Ethnology is for us what physical geography is to the geologist, as Lyell, the reformer of geology, has so well taught.

"The Indian nations of America," says Humbolt, "except those which border on the polar circle, form a single race, characterized by the formation of the

skull, the color of the skin, the extreme thinness of the beard and straight black glossy hair."

Dr. Morton's views and conclusions, which his laboriously accumulated evidence establishes beyond dispute; has underwent considerable modification on some points relating to the singular cranial conformation observable in certain skulls found in ancient American graves. This applies to the arched skulls of the Mandans, Aricaras, Pawnees and a few other tribes including the old Mound-builders, and Aztecs in Mexico.

This cranial distinction is significant, demonstrating a more intelligent ancient American race, that was possibly related to each other. Among the most prized crania in the collection of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia is the celebrated Sciota mound skull, familiarly known to many by means of the views of it introduced among the illustrations of Squier and Davis' in "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi valley." The forehead is fully arched and prominent, and the whole character of the frontal bone is different from the Indian type.

The Sciota mound cranium recognized as characteristic of the crania of the Mound-builders, lay embedded in a compact mass of carbonaceous matter, intermingled with a few detached bones, and skeletons of some fresh water shells. Over this had been heaped a mound of rough stones, on the top of which, inclosed by an outer layer of clay, lay a large plate of Mica; that favorite material of the Mound-builders. It is produced by Dr. Nott, in his "Types of mankind," and is described by Dr. Morton, in which he says: "It

is perhaps the most admirable formed head of this ancient American race hitherto discovered."

Among the numerous interesting illustrations of ancient Peruvian characteristics, observed by Mr. Blake, from ancient cemeteries on the Pacific coast, the most valuable for the purpose now in view are the distinct mound-builder type; well proportioned symmetrical skulls, unaltered by any artificial appliances. Like the ancient Egyptians, the Peruvians employed their ingenious skill in rendering the bodies of their dead invulnerable to the assaults of "decay's effacing fingers."

And, like the old inhabitants of the Nile, this Toltecan race were able to do so under peculiar favorable circumstances of soil and climate.

Dr. Wilson says; "The colors on Egyptian paintings, and the texture of their finer handiwork, which have shown no trace of decay through all the centuries during which they have lain entombed in their native soil or catacombs, fade and perish almost in a single generation when transferred to the humid climates of Paris or London."

The natural impediments to decay probably contributed alike in Egypt and Peru, to the origination of the practice of embalming, where rain seldom falls.

When we pass from the southern continent of America to the pre-historic ancient seats of civilization lying to the north of the Isthmus, a different class of evidence prevail. Here, the artistic ingenuity of the ancient semi-civilized potter has left valuable memorials of native portraiture; and the Mexican picture writing, with sculptures and terracottas of the Aztec

art, in like manner contribute important evidence: illustrating old ancient races from the legendary "land of Anahuac."

Various independent observers have attempted to trace associations between the ancient mound-builders of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri valleys with those of Mexico and Peru, to which tradition of the Mexican plateau points as probable.

No doubt, the population of this semi-civilized race, during the Montezuma era, included descendants from the old mound-builders; whose types of skull-form appear to perpetuate the evidence of a mixed stock from the same race.

The late Dr. Wilson says: "The varied ethnological collections of the Smithsonian Institution, will be found to illustrate many interesting points of comparative ethnic art. The examination of the Indian implements displayed in cabinets has sufficed to recall to mind flint implements as possible relics of older races than the red Indians of this continent. In one of the cabinets two large flint implements are deposited, corresponding to the almond-shape of a more ancient period; made with a fractured cutting edge all around. A label attached to one of them is as follows:

"Thirty of these were found at a depth of eight feet, under a peaty formation near Racine, Wis. Deposited by P. R. Hoy."

Dr. Hoy's name occurs repeatedly in Lapham's "Antiquities of Wisconsin." On page eight of that work the following statement is made on his authority; "Some workmen, in digging a ditch through a peat swamp, near Racine, found a deposit of disc of horn-

stone, about thirty in number. They were immediately on the clay at the bottom of the peat, about three and a half feet below the surface. Some of the discs were quite regular, they vary from half a pound to a pound in weight."

Notwithstanding the discrepancy between the two accounts of the depth at which the implements were found, both statements refer to the same discovery. The researches of Squier and Davis, in the mounds of Ohio, have revealed the fact that large deposits of such discs repeatedly occur in those ancient earthworks; and in a manuscript account of researches carried on in the same locality, the following narrative occurs. "On the south side of the confluence of the Raccoon with the south fork of Licking river, near McMullen's inn, is a square earthwork, with a small circle attached to the west side.

Some workmen digging for clay in a brickyard occupying part of the square, discovered a nest of 198 flint arrow-heads about two feet below the surface; all nicely set up on end, the smaller ones within and the larger ones without. Some (spear points) was as large as a man's hand all neatly made and of the same pattern. All the arrow-heads I have obtained from similar deposits, out of mounds, are of this pattern.

Though great antiquity has been ascribed to the Ohio mounds, in comparison with the works of known races; we dare not assign them to the drift period."

In the ancient monuments of the Mississippi valley, it is stated that no earthwork has ever been found on the first or lowest terrace of any of the large rivers. This indicates great antiquity; and the decayed state

of the skeletons found in the burial mounds indicate an approximate estimate of their remote antiquity; especially when we consider that the earth around them is compact and dry. It is said that in the barrows or mounds of England, entire well preserved skeletons are found, possessing the undoubted antiquity of 1800 years.

Davis and Squier thinks the Mound-builders originally started from Lake Michigan, leading to the Mississippi; owing to the numerous mounds found along the old ancient Indian trail leading from that great lake through Wisconsin to the Mississippi, above Prairie du Chien.

August 27th, 1804, the Lewis and Clarke expedition camped on the banks of the Missouri one and one-half miles above the old mouth of the James river, within the present borders of Yankton county, South Dakota. From the report in their journal, the evidence shows that the location of this camp was on lot 5, section 20, township 93, range 54. A sub-division of lands, lying along the Missouri, opposite the old Saint Helena Island. From this point they could plainly see the country south and west along the Nebraska shore for a distance of four miles to "Bent's Hill," which they vividly describe as follows: "On the south is prairie that rises gradually from the water to the height of a bluff, which at four miles distance, is of a whitish color, eighty feet high."

This old landmark, on the Nebraska shore, was known to the early pioneers as "Bent's Hill." Here, Doctor Bent was found murdered on its summit, by out-laws or Indians, in 1863. The outlines of his old

log cabin could be seen from the military post on the opposite side of the river, a characteristic spot of the perspective. Its closed doors, told the sad tale of death and desolation.

August 28th, the Lewis and Clarke journal says: "We made eight and one half-miles, passing the white chalk-stone bluff, and camped on the south side in a wide bottom in which are large elms and oak trees." This location was on the Nebraska shore, above the upper end of Elk Island, a short distance from Yankton, South Dakota. The explorers remained here until September 1st, treating with the Indians; who visited their camp in large numbers headed by four musicians—who succeeded in making a loud noise with their rude instruments—accompanied by the chant of their war songs. A grand council was held, followed by a big dance—where five of their warriors were made chiefs. And it is presumed that Captains Lewis and Clarke visited their main village, which was then located on a beautiful terrace hill, near the ancient works of old mound builders—overlooking the placid waters of the Saint Jacques. Their journal mentions large numbers of Indians living there, where buffaloes, elk and deer were plentiful; and in speaking of these aboriginal nabobs, the diary remarks:

"Forty lodges are on the Jacques river nine miles from its confluence with the Missouri. They are made of dressed buffalo and elk skins painted red and white and are very handsome." Further mention is also made in their journal of old earth works which they explored; and presumptive evidence induces the author to believe that they examined the remains of

an old burial mound and ancient earthworks on the high summit of a terrace hill, one mile west of the present village of Mission Hill, South Dakota.

When the early pioneers of Yankton county, South Dakota, settled along its southern borders, the Missouri coursed at the foot of the hill below Yankton, running southeast between the heavy timber on Elk Island and Bent's hill on the Nebraska shore. No trace of old earthworks existed along the Dakota side of the river—which was then bordered with heavy timber—except at the old trading post below the mouth of the James river, and more recent excavations opposite Bent's Hill—where Company B, of the Dakota cavalry was stationed during the winter of 1863-64. But the foundations of these old frontier posts have long since been swept away by the mighty currents of the great river.

On the high summit of a terrace hill, facing the Missouri valley at a point where the bluffs turn to the northwest up the James river, distinct traces of old earthworks exist. Here, in the dim vista of the pre-historic past, a semi-civilized people lived in a fortified village of large dimensions. Our first visit to these old earthworks was in the spring of 1865. At that time their outlines were distinctly visible, showing excavations along the summit of the terrace hill covering an area of more than forty acres. On the highest summit, which at that point is seventy-five feet above the level of the Missouri bottom lands below; stands a large circular mound covering more than one acre of ground. It is located at a strategic point fifty yards back from the face of the steep hill side; within other

excavations that were traceable before cultivation obliterated them; extending north and west around the old mound, inclosing two smaller ones, and connecting with a deep gully which runs down from the high prairies to the bottom lands below. These works were evidently the main defensive position, strongly entrenched, and possibly inclosed by a stockade.

From the summit of the hill, in front of the old burial mound, distinct traces of entrenchments extends down the face of the bluff to an old extinct river bed, which was evidently a running stream when the Mound-builders fortified their village, and was probably used as a passageway where water could be secured from the river during attacks from an enemy.

Extending westward beyond the gully, many cistern shaped pits were seen at intervals along the terrace hill; north of which, were found shallow circular depressions and irregular excavations resembling the foundations of dirt lodges, that were scattered over the prairie.

There, many Indian relics were found during the pioneer settlement—consisting of stone mortars for pounding corn, stone mauls, arrow points and bits of pottery.

The old burial mound stands in a cornfield, reduced in height. Near its summit some wild animal has dug down and brought to the surface pieces of old human bones of a dark brownish color, crumbling with age.

The primitive inhabitant long ago disappeared; his mortal remains has turned to dust, his tales of war are forgotten, and the name of his race is lost—but the works of his hands yet remain, enabling us to trans-

port ourselves into the theoretic realms of by-gone days. If the geologist can restore the form of an extinct animal from a single fossil bone, why should not we with a fragment of ancient pottery reconstruct the entire vase—and then rise to the maker?

Nature yields her answers when properly questioned, but the archaeologist must not ask of ancient times, when written language was yet unborn, to furnish proper names in history.

Our studies of high antiquity, can only embrace the works of human labor, without considering speech. Thus establishing the plain and practical distinction of the successive ages. First, that of stone, next that of bronze, and lastly, the iron age. Recalling Werner's division of the geological formations into primitive, secondary, and tertiary. The interval of time from the development of language and tradition to written history is not so very wide. In Asia and southern Europe written history goes back several centuries before the Christian era; but north of the Alps it begins with the Roman invasion.

At the time of the discovery by Columbus there was no written history in America, but its inhabitants were gradually rising toward a rudimentary beginning; through pictographic sign painting, on the rocks of the continent.

Civilization retrograded in Asia and rose in Europe; succeeding the dark ages. May it not have also receded in America, some time in the distant past?

We have evidence of a higher civilization than was found in North America at the time of the discovery by Columbus. Few proofs of letters or trace of

race have yet been discovered. And so far as may be judged from their arms, ornaments, and pottery, this mysterious nation, known as the Mound-builders, closely resembles the early inhabitants of the Old World. The magnitude of their earthworks, in the Mississippi and Ohio river valleys, extending north and west up the winding channel of the Missouri to the place of their extinction, shows that at some early period the valleys of the great rivers of the United States must have been much more densely populated than they were when first discovered by Europeans.

Many writers have suggested theories as to the origin of the Mound-builders; some of whom think the Mandan Indians of the upper Missouri country are a remnant of that lost nation. George Catlin, the great Indian traveler and painter, in speaking of the Mandans, in 1832, says: "Their singular and peculiar customs have raised an irresistible belief in my mind that they have had a different origin, and are of a different character from any other tribe that I have yet seen in North America. In coming to such a conclusion, my mind is filled with a flood of inquiries as to the source from which they have sprung.

"Among the evidence, I suggest that there is incontestible proofs of an amalgam with a civilized race; and that in the absence of any recent proximity of a civilized stock that could in any way have been engrafted upon them.

"These facts which stare a traveler in the face, leads the mind back in search of some more remote and rational cause for such striking singularities, and in this dilemma I have been disposed to inquire whether

there may not be found, yet existing, the remains of a Welsh colony, which sailed under the direction of Prince Madoc, from North Wales in the early part of the fourteenth century in ten ships, (according to numerous and accredited authors) and never returned to their country. The expedition I think, has been pretty clearly traced to the coast of Florida, and their further fate seems sealed in mystery. It is supposed they landed either on the coast or about the mouth of the Mississippi; and, according to the poetry of their country, settled somewhere in the interior of North America.

“I see no harm in suggesting the inquiry whether they did not sail up the Mississippi river in their ten ships, or such of them as might have arrived in its mouth; and, having advanced up the Ohio from its junction, (as they naturally would, it being the widest and most gentle current) to a rich and fertile country. Planting themselves as agriculturists on its rich banks, where they lived and flourished until they were attacked, and at last besieged by the numerous hords of savages who were jealous of their growing and prosperous condition.

“And, as a protection against their assaults, built those numerous civilized fortifications, the ruins of which are now to be seen on the Ohio and Muskingum rivers; in which they were at last all destroyed, except, perhaps, the families of those who intermarried with the Indians, and whose off-springs being half-breed, were spared.

“Forming themselves into a separate community, they took up their residence on the banks of the Mis-

souri, and continuing their course up the river, have in time migrated to the place where they are now living. And, consequently are found with numerous peculiarities inconsistent with the general character of the North American Indians—with complexions of every shade, and hair of all colors in civilized society: and many with hazel, grey and blue eyes.

“Their ancient fortifications, which are very numerous and inclose a great many acres are built on the banks of rivers—with walls in some places 20 or 30 feet in height—with covered ways to the waters, and evince a knowledge of the science of fortification; apparently not a century behind that of the present day. Presenting to us incontestable proof of the former existence of a people very far advanced in the arts of civilization, who have for some cause disappeared, and left these imperishable proofs of their former existence.

“Near the Big Cheyenne river, two hundred miles below their last location, are found old earthworks, and at as many as six other places between there and the mouth of the Ohio, each one, as I visited them, appearing more ancient; convincing me that these people have gradually made their moves up the banks of the Missouri to the place where I visited them.

“The derivation of the word Mandan, is from a Welsh word meaning a species of madder used as a red dye; and these people are noted for their very ingenious mode of giving a beautiful red and other dyes to their porcupine quills with which they garnish their moccasins and dresses. In their own language, the Mandan Indians called themselves See-posh-ka—people

of the pheasants—and are supposed to have come from a country where pheasants existed.

“Their canoes, which are altogether different from those of other tribes, are exactly like the Welsh coracle—made of rawhide, underneath a frame of willows and shaped nearly round like a tub. In which the Indian sits and propels, by dipping the paddle forward and drawing it back, instead of paddling by the side.

“The moment I saw this strange people I was convinced that they were an amalgam with some civilized race: and, from what I have seen of them, and of their ancient earthworks on the Missouri and Ohio rivers, I feel fully convinced that they emigrated from the latter stream, and have been preserved from the almost total destruction of the bold Welsh colonists who are presumed to have occupied for a century or more, the fertile lands in the valley of the Ohio.”

The Mound-builder's ancient earthworks, in America, are classified by archaeologists into three separate divisions.

First; that known as the Northern—the supposed old legendary Anahuac, of the pueblo builders—extending from lake Michigan across the state of Wisconsin to the Mississippi river.

Second; the central division, embracing the fertile valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

Third; the southern, covering the territory of the pueblo builders in New Mexico; extending southward along the gulf border into Old Mexico, to the Pacific coast line in Central America.

The earthworks in the first division, are gigantic unique productions, the like of which, are found at no other place in the world. They were first mentioned by Father Hennepin, and consist of the forms of enormous animal effigies, in raised earthen outline, (sometimes stone bordered) upon the level surface of the prairies and flat river borders in Wisconsin. They extend along the old Indian war trail from Green bay to the Mississippi, ascending the Fox river to its source, following down the general course of the Rock and Wisconsin to the Mississippi valley.

The height of these effigies are from two to four feet above the surrounding prairie, and are beautifully outlined; usually being about two hundred feet in length. Two similar raised earthen images are found in Ohio, the "great serpent" in Adams Co., with a length of seven hundred feet and "the aligator" of Licking county, two hundred and fifty feet long.

In the Ohio valley are also innumerable mounds of large dimensions; located in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois: known as sacred enclosures, and fortified hills. There was found in Ohio two great earthworks; one at Newark covering an area of nearly two square miles, and the other at Marietta, three-fourths of a mile in length, by one half mile in width.

We are told that it is almost impossible to adequately describe these gigantic works, owing to the granduer of the scale upon which they were constructed and the intricacy of their plan; and, that upon first seeing them, "the traveler experiences a feeling of awe similar to that which is felt in passing the portals of the ruins of some vast ancient Egyptain temple."

- The Grave Creek Mound, twelve miles below Wheeling, Virginia, is seventy five feet in height by nine hundred in circumference. And the large pyramidal mound at Cahokia, in Illinois, is in extent twelve hundred feet in circumference, and rising one hundred feet from the base.

This great truncated, pyramidal, platform mound near Cahokia, Ill., seven hundred by five hundred feet at the base, must have required a subordination of the masses, in an advanced state of civilized society, with cheap labor to enable a large force of men to work upon its construction and be provided with food while they were building it; for the history of the wild Indians afford no evidence that they ever undertook to build any works of such vast dimensions. As their race has ever shown them to have been nomadic, restless, migratory hunters; who detested servile work.

Bancroft, in his history of the United States, (Vol. 3, page 265,) says: "It has been asked if our Indians were not the wrecks of more civilized nations. Their language refutes the hypothesis. Every one of its forms is a witness that their ancestors were, like themselves not yet disinthralled from nature."

Professor Henry D. Northrop, author of "Earth, Sea and Sky," in speaking of the old Mound-builder race says: "Where, indeed, should we look for the source of such a people, if not to those tropical lands whose gorgeous and magnificent forest-buried cities speak of the seats of vast and varied indigenous civilization, equal to the Etruscans and ancient Egyptians? The tropics are the birth land of all the civilizations of the globe. It was only in these regions where nature

offered delicious fruits and other foods in unstinted abundance, that men could at first gain leisure to turn their attention to the arts and the higher intellectual processes; and from these climes sprung the venerable civilizations of the Nile and Ganges. So in the New world, the cities of Palenque, Uxmal and Copan, were in tropical luxuriance of flower fruit and flesh. The Chichimecs seem to have been the barbarous aborigines of Central America.

Then came in succession the splendid Colhaun, Toltec and Aztec civilizations, each supplanting, or rather incorporating its predecessor. The Aztecs appeared last, and tradition says they came from the North. This seems worthy of credence, since we know that the date of this race into Mexico and Central America was only about three hundred years before the appearance of the Spaniards in the New World. Further, it has been recently ascertained that the antiquity of the mounds and other works of North America is not so great as was supposed.

The hastily made assertion of Squiers and Davis in their report that no earthworks occur on any of the recent river terraces, but only on the ancient geological ones, has now been proven to be erroneous. Then, the pyramidal character of many of the ancient works of the Mississippi valley is like that of the Central American Teocallis; and there are many more indications that point to the conclusion that the Aztecs were the people who developed in the north the germs of that civilization which they carried to so high a degree of splendor and magnificence in the warm lands of the south; engrafting their own some-

what rude arts upon the richer civilization of the Toltecs, whom they subdued. Furthermore, it seems just to conclude that the traditions are true which ascribe the cause of their dislodgement from their cities, temples, grain fields and ancestral sepulchres in the Mississippi valley, to a long and bitterly-waged war with a horde of northern savages; and that the barbarian victors are the Indians known to us, whose origin is traced to the Asiatic country in Siberia.

How did they get here? Many volumes have been written on the subject, and numerous theories and speculations indulged in. Some have said that the race is Jewish in descent; others Phoenician; and some Mongolian. But it seems that all points of evidence converge to show that they are Asiatic in origin; descended from some Tarter, Mongolian, Siberian or Scythian race, that entered America by way of Behring straits which, it is quite certain, were at one time, a neck of land; as good geologists assert the Behring straits and Aleutian Islands are of comparatively recent origin; possibly after the peopling of America began.

The Aleutian Islands form an almost continuous chain, extending from Kamchatka to Alaska; and it is possible to pass in their rude boats from the eastern extremity of Asia to the American shore.

And again, it must be remembered that the straits are situated in the sixtieth degree, north latitude, and in winter are frozen solid, so that both man and animals can cross on the ice in safety; the entire distance being only thirty nine miles."

In proof of Professor Northrup's theory, perhaps

the strongest is afforded from the fact that a nomadic tribe has been found in Alaska who speaks the same language as that of Kamchatka; that pass and repass Behring straits.

And in further proof, Cabolski, who was seven years in Siberia inquiring into the origin of nations; in speaking of Scythian sources of the northern Siberian tribes, says: "After Magog came Gomer, the father of the Scythians in the north, from whom are sprung the Red-men of America."

In the appendix to "Bonneville's Adventures," written by Washington Irving, we find the following extract of a letter from Nathaniel J. Wyeth, an early fur-trader; which may be interesting as throwing some light upon the question, as to the manner in which America has been peopled.

"In the year 1833, a Japanese junk was wrecked on the northwest coast, in the neighborhood of Queen Charlotte's Island, and that all but two of the crew, reduced by starvation and exposure during a long drift across the Pacific, were killed by the native Indians. The two fell into the hands of the Hudson Bay company, and were sent to England. I saw them on my arrival at Van Couver, in 1834."

And again, we have the following evidence of early settlement in America, from Asia. During the recent uprising of the Boxer rebellion, which was finally quelled by the entrance of the armies of the Christian nations of the world into China, an old Chinese manuscript was found in the archives at Peking; that told of the discovery of a new land beyond the sea, in the 6th century of the Christian era.

This old Chinese narrative, relates the voyage of an expedition to a new land on our Pacific coast; where they traveled southward to a fertile tropical country;—somewhere in Central America—and they established a colony, which flourished and grew in population for many years; that was finally subdued by invaders from the north.

This ray of information, coming from the old Chinese empire, induces the belief that the ancient inhabitants of Asia discovered America and landed along the southern borders of the Pacific coast, in the early days of the Christian era.

Some writers believe the Norwegians were the first white race who discovered North America.

Authentic history informs us that Iceland was discovered in the 8th century of the Christian era by Normans, who settled there. The old Norwegian vikings were good sailors, and they discovered Greenland about the year 932. In the summer of 986, A. D., when making a voyage from Iceland to Greenland, Bjarne Herjulfson was driven by a storm to the Atlantic coast, as far south as is now represented by the state of Rhode Island. But Bjarne is said to have only coasted along the shore and did not touch the land he discovered, as he was anxious to reach his father's home in Iceland, who was one of the colonists there. About the year 1000, "Lief the Lucky," a son of "Eric the Red," visited the American coast and built a number of houses which were called "Lief's bothies." A Goth from Germany accompanied him, named Tyrken, who saw grapes growing in abundance, as in his native land, and so they named that region Vine-

land. In the summer of 1003, Thorstien a brother of Lief's, led an expedition to Vineland, but being separated from the colony was killed by the Indians; and most of his men returned to Iceland the following year.

In 1007, Thorfinn Karlefne, an Icelander who had married Thorstein's widow, led a colony of one hundred and sixty men to the Atlantic coast; where he was known to have remained for more than three years, before he returned to Iceland; after which, there is but brief record of further colonization on the Atlantic coast by Norwegians, until after Columbus discovered America further southward.

It is believed that Columbus first learned of the American coast from the Norwegians; for history has established the fact that he visited Iceland in 1477, about fifteen years before he made his first voyage to America.

From the Old Danish Catholic church history, comes a witness that there were more than one thousand American colonists in the 12th century, who paid their "Peter-pence" or church taxes in the form of peltries and fish; which was sent by the way of Iceland to Denmark. And it is presumed these hardy Normans explored the interior of the North American continent as far as Hudson Bay and the Red river valley in North Dakota.

Lars J. Hauge, a Dane minister living in Stanley county, South Dakota, has a published article in volume IV. of the South Dakota Historical collections, in which he says:

"More than twelve years ago, (1898) a runic stone, carved with old ancient runic writing was found

partly exposed (on a timbered hillside;) near the town of Kensington, Douglas county, Minnesota; from which was translated in English the following story:

"Eight Goths and twenty-two Normen on an expedition from Vineland to the west in the year 1362. Our ship left fourteen days trip from this stone. We had two boats, went fishing one day's trip to the north, came home, found our home party of ten men bloody and dead. A. V. M. Lord save us from evil."

"This seems a very full story of at least one viking crew, and the first massacre of white men in Dakota land. Further discription of the sea rovers or vickings is not necessary. Their ships, their trips, their kingdoms and memorial stones are found from their native shores, over England, Germany, France, even to Russia and the Black sea; and in the west in Greenland, Vinland, (Massachusetts) and in Minnesota and Dakota. * * * That the Vikings did explore Hudson Bay and establish trading houses at the southern point of it is a matter of history; evidenced by a map made and published by Captain Monk, in 1619. He called Hudson's Bay Mare Kristian, in honor of the king of Denmark; a copy of which map is printed herewith. Captain Munk took the adjoining land in possession for the King of Denmark and Norway, in 1619, before the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock. * * * In 1413, the Scandinavian settlements in North America were almost destroyed by the Indians and Eskimos; many people were murdered and their churches burned except in nine places; and those who escaped were carried away as prisoners, but were well treated, and some came back after thirty years of

captivity. Then came the black death, as the plague was known, so that the progress in rebuilding was slow. In 1488, the colonists begged the Pope for a bishop and priest, and he ordained and sent a new apostle by the name of Mathias; and there ends the record of the Catholic "Nordske" Missions, and we learn nothing further until Captain Jens Munk brought over the first Protestant Lutheran Priest Kristian Jensen, in the government expedition of 1619-20; and this Danish admiral took lawful possession of the land west of Hudson's Bay for his majesty, King Kristian the IV, of Denmark and Norway, who sent him out with ships and crews for that purpose. When he built the fort, he made a map and named the great inland water Mare Kristian; where most of his men died, and he returned home in 1620."

Mr. Hauge, in his further mention of the Old Scandinavian colonists says: "They also came here to the Dakota land, in the very center of the continent; as I now firmly believe, especially as we have found in the Red River valley an anchor, which, without doubt belonged to a northern viking ship; and a piece of a petrified viking mast, from the moraines at Elbow lake.

All the western American tribes have traditions or legends that they came from the east across the great waters. This is particularly true of the Mandans found on the upper Missouri; and they possessed a higher degree of culture than any other tribe except the Crogo or Crops, found in Newfoundland and Acadia by the French people when they came over there."

During the session of the South Dakota Legislature, in 1907, we often-times visited the literary department, in the Historical Society rooms at Pierre, the Capitol City of South Dakota. In our researches among the old records, we discovered in the October (1904) number of the Ohio Archaeological and historic quarterly; the following interesting story of "The Black Hand;"—pointing to a prehistoric burial mound.

"The Licking river, the Pataskala of the Indians, courses near the eastern boundary of Licking county, Ohio; flowing in a winding course for a distance of about two miles, through a narrow and picturesque sandstone gorge;—known as the Licking narrows.

High hills border upon both banks, their rocky sides exposed in many places to a height of fifty feet, principally on the north bank; often rising out of the bed of the stream. At the eastern end of the gorge the river flows in a narrow channel between two cliffs. The one on the south side has been quarried and the stone boated away, so that it no longer shows the extent of face originally presented to the stream; though enough remains to give an idea of its former height. That on the north side is isolated, with a surface area covered with pines, laurel and moss.

It is circular in form, except on the south; where it presents to the river a face about two hundred feet in length, which rises to a height of fifty feet; and arching from a point some distance above its base, overhangs the stream. This is known as the "Black Hand Rock."

At some period in the distant past, these cliffs were united and formed an impassable barrier to the

Licking river; for an old channel turns abruptly to the north, on the west side of the black hand rock; makes a circuit, and returning, cuts straight across to the present channel at a distance from its point of departure of only the width of the rock itself, and bears away southward in a rock-bound course. This old channel resembles in shape, a horseshoe; bounded continually on its outer side by a rocky ledge; and holding between its points the black hand rock.

This outer rim of rock reaches the present channel of the river with a face of about two hundred feet and with a height slightly greater than the black hand rock; and forms the final barrier to the entrance of the stream in its present course to the valley beyond. It has been named "The Red Rock."

At some ancient date the stream must have been diverted from its old channel into its present course; and its peculiar formation adds greatly to the interest of the place. When the Ohio Central railroad was built, it followed a natural grade along the south bank of the Licking river, and when the twin cliff was reached a cut was made through it;—giving a peculiar rugged and picturesque view at the black hand rock.

On the face of this isolated cliff the earliest pioneer settlers in Ohio found engraved the figure of a large human hand.

The weight of evidence supports the statement that it was twice the normal size, with thumb and finger distended and pointing to the east. It appeared to have been cut into the face of the rock with some sharp tool and it is probable that the form became dark in time through natural agencies.

In 1828, when the Ohio canal was under construction, the Licking river throughout the narrows was converted into slack water and made a part of the canal by constructing a dam a few hundred yards east of the black hand. It was necessary to blast away part of the black hand rock in order to make the towing path. In doing so, the black hand was removed; and its origin and purpose became a subject of conjecture, giving rise to an interesting article written by Col. Charles Whittlesey, relating to finding buried in the bottom of an artificial mound near the black hand rock, a tomb, which contained a Moses commandment stone, taken by David Wyrick; in which is said:

“Residents of Newark, who knew David Wyrick personally, and are familiar with the facts assure me this is correct.

“In the valley east of the black hand rock, a few hundred yards distant; is a raised circular embankment about two hundred feet in diameter, with an opening to the northeast; in the center of which was a small mound. Southwest from the circle, near the river, was found evidence of a firepit.

“Old residents tell me that arrow heads and flint chips were formerly abundant in and about this circle. These, aside from the figure of the hand, are the only evidence of Indian mounds or other pre-historic relics in the immediate neighborhood.”

The statement of these facts will not lessen the interest of the reader in Dr. R. E. Chamber's effort to account for the black hand; which reads as follows:

“From time to time, during the early days of the fifties, articles appeared, devoted to a history of 1826,

under the Nom de plume of "Black Hand." They were pleasing and readable, adorned with attractive traits of characters during that period; and at the conclusion of each article the writer asked the question; "Who put that hand on the rock in the narrows of Licking river?" To give what I thought was the best solution to a question of so much interest, I was disposed to inquire of David Wyrick; who witnessed the excavation and removal of a large mound of dirt and stone, which it contained; for grading the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

"David Wyrick and a friend who had been deeply interested in the mound in the years past, and as to what it might contain; determined to explore to a greater depth than the removal of the accumulations by the railroad graders. They were not long in striking a rock in their descent. and finding it was single and elongated, continued their work until they uncovered it. They found the top was of the character of a large stone slab, which upon removal revealed the skeleton of what was once a human being.

"While decomposition was perfect, the mould of the covering over the remains gave evidence of fibers, as if the body had been clothed with a woolen garment. They removed the stone enclosing the crumbling dust of the skeleton, and found beneath them a stone of a foot and a half in length, that gave evidence of having been shaped into its present form, and upon handling it they found it hollow and that it contained something in its interior. They with some trouble, opened it, finding inside a thin smooth stone twelve inches long and four inches wide, and about one inch in thickness,

tapering at one end. The neck was broken off, in the end of which was a hole. This gave evidence of having been worn as if a strap had been inserted; and was carried in this way. They were much astonished to find engraved on one side, characters which they could not understand.

“Living in Newark, and having knowledge of a minister there as a man of fine education, they went with it to him; and he took the stone and was greatly astonished to find that the characters were Hebrew.

And calling to his aid his Hebrew works, was able to translate nine commandments; one being left off. Fearing that his translation might possibly not be correct and having knowledge of Rev. Mathew Miller of Monroe township, who was at that time at his home from New York, where he had been laboring in his efforts to convert the Jews. And knowing that he was greatly distinguished as a Hebrew scholar, he wrote to him of the find; asking his assistance. His deep interest in that people caused him to make a trip to Newark.

And, in translating the inscription discovered that one of the Hebrew characters was not closed up at the top, and for fear that he should be mistaken, he visited a Hebrew Rabbi and presented to him the tablet for inspection. His translation was the same as the two ministers; and in explaining the variation in the letters, one being open, he said:

“This is ancient Hebrew that you know nothing about;” and he further informed them that the inscription on the stone tablet anti-dated the birth of Christ many centuries; perhaps a thousand years. And his

conjecture was, that the black hand pointed to the mound that contained the last Rabbi or Priest, who ministered at the altar there. And that when his work was done, his followers gave a burial; raised a mound over his remains, and left the tablet he carried, buried there as a guide to their faith. Then they put the hand on the rock; pointing to the place of his burial."

The most remarkable group of pre-historic works in North America; is in the Sciota valley, near Newark; which covers an area of four square miles. A plan of these gigantic works is given by Squier and Davis; and another from a later survey by Dr. Wilson. They consist of a large octagon, with an area of fifty acres; a square occupying twenty acres and two large circles enclosing twenty and thirty acres. Wilson says:

"From the octagon, an avenue formed by parallel walls extends southward for two miles and a half; and there are various other embankments and small circles, the greater number being about eighty feet in diameter, but a few much larger. The walls of these small circles, as well as those of the avenues and of the irregular portions of the works generally, are very slight, the most being about four feet in height. The other embankments are much more considerable, the walls of the large circles being twelve feet high; with a base of fifty feet, and an interior ditch seven feet deep and thirty five in width. At the gateways the walls are still more imposing." During the pioneer settlement these old works were distinctly traced; the whole area being covered with gigantic trees of a

primitive forest, scattered over the ground. In entering the ancient avenues for the first time, the visitor does not fail to experience a sensation of awe and wonder; such as he might feel in gazing upon the silent ruins of Petra, in the desert."

The city of Circleville takes its name from one of these pre-historic embankments, which, however, is said to be no more remarkable than many others in that extraordinary group. It is said to consist of a square within a circle, the corners touching the outer work; being a little more than one thousand feet in diameter. The square had eight gateways; one at each angle and one in the middle of each side; each gateway being covered by a mound; beneath which was a roadway, in ancient times. This circle was peculiar in having a double embankment; the greater portion of which has long since been obliterated by cultivation, as has also many other works in that remarkable group. We are told, that when the Ohio land company purchased a section of country near the mouth of the Muskingum river, in 1788, they adopted measures for the preservation of two truncated pyramids; with a few acres attached to each which has been used as a public square in the city. Is it probable that this great group of earthworks, in Ohio, represents the ancient settlement of some tribe of Israel? And, later the old site of some other semi-civilized race? Squier and Davis says:

"One of the twenty six tumuli forming the ancient Mound City on the Sciota river, contained a quantity of pottery and many impliments of stone and copper, all of which had been subjected to strong heat; lying

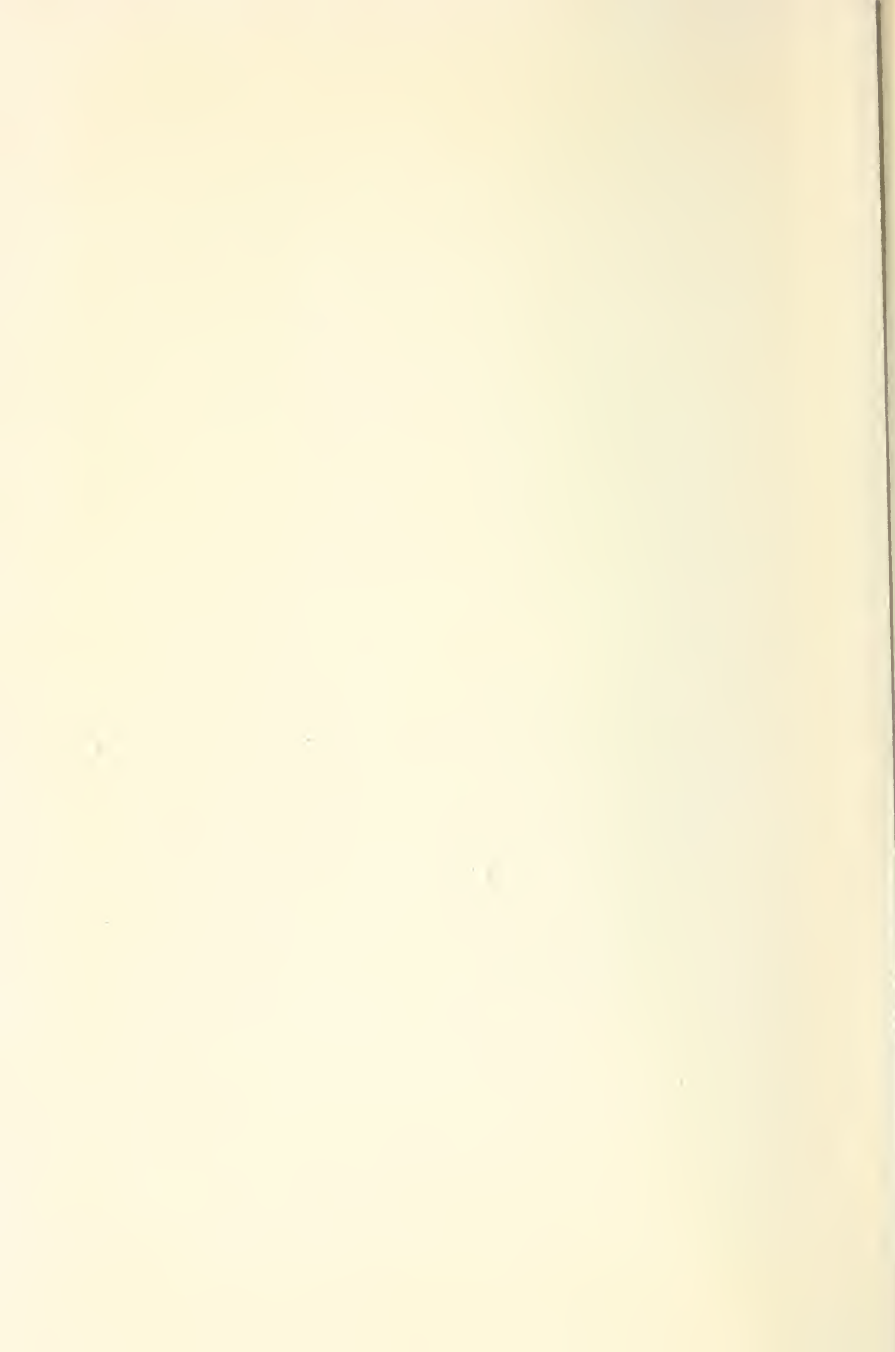
beneath a deposit of sand and small stones; resembling an old ancient Danish hearth. Generally speaking the deposits are homogeneous. That is to say, instead of finding a large variety of relics or ornaments, or weapons and other articles near the summit of the artificial mounds, we find upon one altar pipes, and on another, a mass of galena, while the next has a quantity of pottery or a collection of spear heads."

From meager information received, relating to the prehistoric races in America, who have left imperishable works of a semi-civilization—coeval with those in Europe—our theory is, the most ancient inhabitants in the new world came from Asia; building up those old primeval forest-buried cities in Central South America. Later, perhaps, came the Savage Tartar tribes across Behring straits; followed by the Normans from Iceland and Greenland.

Each era, and race, leaving distinct traces of their civilization in our new world, in the western hemisphere. Old mounds and barrows are found in Europe, showing relics from that known as the stone and bronze ages in prehistoric times; and it is our belief that the old races peopled the new world, in America, in successive eras; as evidenced from the old relics found here. The discovery of the Hebrew tablet found buried beneath the mound near the Black Hand totem, possibly comes from the oldest inhabitants—perhaps followed by invaders from China and Siberia. Then came the Normans;—each race passing over life's stage to their extinction.



LIEUT. COL. HENRY LEAVENWORTH.



CHAPTER XI

Speculations on North American Indians--Leavenworth's Expedition to the Yellowstone River, in 1825--Upper Missouri Fur-traders--Hunting on the Platte River--Indian Tribes on Southern Plains--Free Trappers Fighting their way to the Pacific.

Nearly two centuries has elapsed since the French court sent Charlevoix, a gentleman of learning and benevolence, to the New World; to observe and report on state of the wild Indian tribes in the French possessions of America. He personally visited all the leading nations occupying the wild regions between Quebec and New Orleans; and after his return to France he devoted considerable time in trying to solve the problem of the origin of this race so dissimilar in physical and mental traits from the other known races of the world. After reading almost everything bearing upon the subject, which was then published, he declared his inability to subscribe to any theory relating to the migration of the race from other parts of the world; believing however, that such migrations were made.

Schoolcraft says: "Indian history has ever been an anomaly. At the period of the discovery, the Indian was a mere hunter, armed only with spear, bow and arrows.

The bold mariners who first visited the coasts, had some knowledge of the Hindoo and Tartar types, and consequently called them Indians; under the supposition that the newly discovered land formed part of the

continent of Asia. Red-skinned, black-eyed, black-haired and subtle, there was a striking co-incidence in the external characteristics and features of the two races. Whenever examined, this physical resemblance has been found to hold good, however unsatisfactory the theory of the origin. And so little has it varied in its wild state, that a single tribe will serve very well as the type of all."

It has been observed by this comprehensive and learned writer, who has studied the history and character of the wild Indian tribes; that from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, the country was possessed by numerous nations, resembling each other in their general features, separated into independent bands and communities, always in a state of alarm and suspicion, and generally on terms of open hostility.

"Of the external habits of the wild Indian," remarks the Hon. Lewis Cass, (in 1826.) "We have the most ample details. Their wars, their amusements, their hunting, and the more prominent facts connected with their occupations and conditions have been described with great prolixity and, doubtless with much fidelity; by a host of persons whose observations and description have been as different as the places and eras in which they have written. Eyes have not been wanting to see, tongues to relate, nor pens to record the incidents which from time to time have occurred among our aboriginal neighbors.

The constitution of Indian society, and the ties by which they are kept together, furnishes a paradox which has never received the explanation it requires.

We say they have no government, and they have none whose operation is felt, either in reward or punishment, in their wild tribal habits, and yet their lives and property are honored, and their social and political relations among themselves and with other tribes are duly preserved. Have they discovered and reduced to practice some unknown principle of action in human nature, equally as efficacious as the two great principles of hope and fear; upon which all other governments have heretofore rested? Why does an Indian who has been guilty of murder, tranquilly fold his blanket about his head, and seating himself upon the ground await the retributive stroke from the relation of the deceased?

A white man, under similar circumstances, would flee or resist; and we can conceive no motive which would induce him to such sacrifice. Of the mental discipline, with the peculiar mythological and religious opinions of the Indian, which is most valuable to man, requires much study to faithfully portray. The juggling incantations and ceremonies of an Indian Wabeno, or medicine man, impels the mind of the savage warrior to extraordinary acts; not greater, however, than his firm adherence and belief in the ancient state of nomadic society; which has long ceased to exist in civilized communities."

We shall, in a future chapter, portray their mode of procedure in many of their dances, and ceremonies, veiled in allegories and imaginative figures; with totems representing primary conceptions of earthly and atmospheric symbols.

The globe has presented few races of men who

afford stronger evidence of original unity with the Adamaic family than the American Indian; whose tribes are links in the chain of primitive days, representing the old stone and bronze ages;—the remains of the eighth class, in the indicia from the ancients.

The Spaniards introduced horses, hogs and sheep into Mexico in the sixteenth century. We are told that Coronado drove a flock of sheep into New Mexico for the protection of his army, as a food supply. Many of which were taken by the celebrated seven tribes of Cibola together with some of his horses. These grew into flocks and herds; the wild horses multiplying so rapidly on the southern plains that all the western tribes soon supplied themselves with this efficient auxiliary of labor and the chase; during their migratory travels. The predatory tribes west of the Missouri, carried them in excursions to the north and they were introduced among the Sioux, and Shoshone branch of the Snake tribe; extending from the plains of Dakota to the rocky mountains.

The introduction of the horse among the western prairie tribes produced a marked effect upon their customs; from their groveling habits as footmen, to the high spirited red Ismaelites of the plains;—following the buffalo in their migrations.

During the year 1825, Atkinson and Leavenworth's expedition marched up the Missouri river, and treaties of peace were made with the Indians at old Fort Pierre, and near the Yellowstone. Jas. Kipp moved the old Columbia Fur-trading post one hundred and thirty miles above the Mandans, to the mouth of White river, to get trade from the Assinaboine Sioux;—

which fell into the hands of the American Fur Company, two years later, leaving the American and Rocky Mountain Fur Companies the two rival associations on the Missouri and the mountain streams in the west. They kept no established post in the mountains, everything being regulated by resident partners, who moved their rendezvous, from place to place, usually near some friendly Indian tribe whose traffic they wished to monopolize; meanwhile they would detach and send out small bands of trappers, termed "brigades," in various directions to seek the haunts of fur-bearing animals. In the months of June and July, when there was an interval between the hunting seasons; they would all meet at the general rendezvous and form their plans for the following year;—after the affairs of the past one was settled. Such was the mode of life among the hardy mountain trappers, the wild chivalry of the plains; lithe, vigorous and active; extravagant in word, thought and deed, daring of danger, prodigal of the present and thoughtless of the future.

Such men composed the band of free trappers, who again launched out from the old American fur-trading post on the Yellowstone, in the spring of 1826; upon their perilous journey, across the great plains of the far west. The little expedition of free trappers, headed by Wm. Gordon, Wm. Sublette and J. S. Smith, started out from the Yellowstone to trap and hunt on the headwaters of the north fork of the Platte river. After trapping along the mountain streams, tributary to the Platte, they moved down to the plains to hunt buffalo. There, Peg-leg Smith and a companion made a trip by themselves, far

out on the plains into the country of the hostile Sioux. On their return, they camped for the night, and in the early dawn of morning were attacked by a small band of Indian hunters, who fired at them in their bivouac, slightly wounding both of them. Luckily, they lay near the edge of a ravine into which both hastened as rapidly as possible. The Indians, twenty in number, attempted to charge into the deep recesses of the gorge; but their chief "Big Shield" and one of his leading warriors were both killed by Smith; whose deadly aim checked the advance of the remaining savages, who hastily withdrew to the open plain. The day passed, with several attacks by the Indians, who were driven back by the deadly aim of the two hunters; and they finally withdrew beyond the range of their guns, apparently determined to hold them in the deep ravine until hunger should force them out.

As the day wore on, Smith conceived a plan of escape; and as twilight thickened into darkness, he fashioned two figures as dummies with long sticks on their arms representing guns. They then stealthily crept up the ravine, firing off their guns in the direction of the Indians, whooping and yelling as if they intended to force their way through the line of warriors who were opposing them there. Then they quietly withdrew down past the two dummies they had set up. And when the savages at the lower end of the ravine deserted their post and came swiftly up to the assistance of those at the upper end, where the attack was made, the two hunters wisely passed out under the cover of night and made their escape. Their ruse was successful; the Indians believing they had prevented

them from making their escape watched the outlines of the two dummies until the dawn of day revealed to them their mistake. The free trappers moved farther down the North Platte, where buffalo were more plentiful; coming from the south in their migrations to the northern feeding grounds. There, Peg-leg Smith was cut off from the main party while out hunting alone, by a band of Indian warriors led by the famous young chief, Tah-tonka-ha. He succeeded in keeping beyond the range of their bows and arrows for two days, owing to the fleetness of his Nez-Perce hunting horse, Jim Crow; and in consequence of his continued watchfulness, to preserve his life, he became desperate for want of sleep. While resting his horse on the third day the Indians again overtook him and sent a shower of arrows at him, one of which slightly wounded him in the shoulder.

Hastily grabbing his gun, he shot one of the retreating Indians, and knowing he would not have time to reload it, he mounted his faithful horse and dashed out in pursuit of the savages. Tah-tanka-ha—The Big Robe—was a fine looking young chief; and when Smith came toward them he waved back his warriors, stuck his lance into the ground and rode forward to meet him; fixing an arrow to the string of his bow as he moved along.

As they neared each other Smith threw down his empty gun and drew his pistol, and each fired. Smith's bullet passed through the outer edge of the young chief's breast inflicting a flesh wound and the Indian's arrow cut an ugly gash across Smith's cheek. They drew their tomahawks and galloped past each other

several times before either could get near, for a good opportunity to strike; but at last the trapper struck the Indian's horse between the eyes as they again met and as it stumbled and fell he caught the weapon of the Sioux upon his arm, and with a circling sweep knocked the young chief to the ground. It is said, a yell of rage rose from the savages as their chief fell to earth, followed by the trapper, whose horse stumbled in a prairie-dog hole and threw its rider; Smith fell across the body of his prostrate foe; who was still living. In striking the Indian's horse, his tomahawk had become turned in his hand, and the next blow, upon the rider, had been struck with the flat side of the weapon.

We have been told, "the surprised trapper hastily disarmed the wounded chief and assisted him to his feet, as his advancing warriors rapidly rode toward them. Smith raised his tomahawk and by his motions showed them that if they came any closer he would brain their chief. The latter had now recovered and putting his hand to his heart, he threw it straight out offering it to Smith, saying; "How colo, li hache too a lo"—Hello! friend, I am obliged to you." Having taken Smith's hand he called to his warriors to dismount, lay down their arms and approach.

"Smith knew the Indian character, and having confidence in his honor, replaced his tomahawk in his belt, and seating himself in the circle they had formed, was soon upon the most friendly terms: accepting a Wa-kah-pah-me-ne smoke—of peace and friendship."

He remained with the Indians more than a week, who escorted him through the most dangerous

part of the Arapahoe country; and when they at last separated, the young chief seemed overcome with grief and gratitude. Two years later the gallant Tah-tonka-ha was killed while fighting desperately against an overpowering force of Blackfeet and Cheyennes.

During the year 1854, an unpublished Spanish manuscript, dated 1799, was found in the historical library of the late Peter Force at Washington, D. C. giving what appears to be a truthful description of the Indian tribes then inhabiting "The Northern Provinces of New Spain." It was written in the form of a report, by Don Jose Cortez, an officer of the Spanish engineers, when stationed in that region; and was translated by the late Buckingham Smith; secretary to the American legation at Madrid; whose name is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy. The abbreviated report says:—

"The tribes of wild Indians, who inhabit the territory beyond the frontier of the internal provinces of New Spain, may be understood with all possible accuracy; and likewise the localities they occupy, but it is necessary to define the lines that separate them. Those that are known as the Apaches will be treated of in an article apart; the others, commonly called those of the north, will be spoken of as eastern tribes; and afterward, others as western tribes. In every particular the clearest statements will be given, from the most authentic sources, with the knowledge that exists; omitting nothing that can be of any value in this curious and interesting history. I proceed to treat of the tribes of wild Indians who inhabit the

northern countries of the Spanish empire in this quarter of the world; unfolding thereby not a little that should excite admiration. * * * * *

“The Spaniards understand by Apache Nation, the Tonto Indians, the Chiricaguis, Gilenos, Mimbrenos, Tاراcones, Mescaleros, Llaneros, Lipanes and Navajos. All these bands are called by the generic name Apache, and each of them governs itself independently of the rest. There are other tribes, to whom it is usual to give the same generic name, seen to the northward of New Mexico, of which we will speak in the second part.

“The Tonto Indians, (or Coyotereros, which name they equally bear,) are the westernmost nations of the Apaches and the least known to the Spaniards. On the west they are bounded by the Papagoes, Cocos, Maricopas and Yavipais; on the north by the Moquinos; on the south by Chiricaguis and Gilenos; and on the east by a country between the Mimbrenos and Navajos.

“The Chiracagui nation takes its name from the principal mountain it inhabits. On the north it adjoins the Tontos and Moquinos; on the east the Gilenos; and on the south and west the province of Sonora.

“The Gilenos inhabit the mountains immediately along the river Gila; from which they take their name. They are bounded on the west by the Chiricaguis; on the north by the province of New Mexico and on the west by the Mimbreno tribe, and on the south by the Spanish frontier. The Mimbrenos are a very numerous tribe, and take their name from the river Mim-

bres;—a Spanish word, signifying willows. * * *

“The Taracone Indians compose also a large tribe. They inhabit the mountains between the river Del Norte and Pecos; and are bounded on the west by the province of New Mexico, on the north by the same; on the east by the Mescaleros, and on the south by part of the frontier of Nueva Vizcaya.

“The Mescalero nation (drinkers of Mescal, a liquor distilled from the American aloe,) inhabits the mountains on both banks of the river Pecos, as far as the mountains that form the head of the Bolson De Mapirui.

“The Llanero tribe (people of the plain) is very numerous, and has a great many warriors. This tribe occupies the great plains and sands that lie between the Pecos and the left bank of the Grande Del Norte; and consists of three divisions:—the Natajas, Lipiyanas, and Llaneros. They are bounded on the west by the Mescaleros; on the north by the Comanches; on the east by the Lipanes; and on the south by the Spanish frontier of Cohaguila. * * * *

“The tribe of Navajo Indians is the most northern of the Apaches. They inhabit the high arid tablelands and mountains of the territory called Navajo—a name given to a mountain of volcanic glass, which the inhabitants work into instruments for cutting. They have formed into that country fixed habitations, known by the names of Sevolleta, Chicola, Gaudalupe, Cerro Cavezon, Agna Saloda, Cerro Chato, Chusca, Tunicha, Chelle and Carrizo. They are all governed by a captain, whom they respect, and whose appointment is subject to the approval of the

governor of the province of New Mexico. They are bounded on the north by the Yutahs on the east by the Pueblos of New Mexico and on the south by the Gilenos.

The Apaches anciently inhabited the forests in the far territory to the north of New Mexico, and now live on the limits of the province, some of them having gone into the chasms and mountains between Pecuries and Taos, the last towns of the province. * * *

“The Yutah nation is very numerous and is also made up of many bands, which are to be distinguished by their names, who live in perfect agreement and harmony.

Four of these bands, called Noaches, Payuches, Tabiachis and Sogups, are accustomed to occupy lands within the province of New Mexico, or near it, to the north and northwest.”

In speaking of the language and physical characteristics of the Apache Indians; with their state of agriculture, arts and commerce, Don Jose Cortez says:

“The language which all tribes of the Apache nation speaks, is one and the same. Some differ from the rest in their accent, or in having here and there a peculiar local word; but without this difference ever being sufficient to prevent them from understanding each other; even though the territory in which they may have been born should be far apart. The utterance of the language is not so difficult to speak as the first impression of it would lead one to suppose; for the ear, becoming accustomed to the sound discovers a cadence in the words. It is to be remarked that it has great poverty, both of expression and words; the cause

of that burdensome repetition which makes conversation very diffuse, abounding with gesture. The genius of the Apache is little agricultural; and his gathering the wild fruit and seed satisfies his present wants; though some tribes, aware that with very little labor they may subsist with comparative ease, plant grain obtained from us, of which they are becoming fond. But among the hordes that have inclined most to this species of industry, it is not the men who are engaged in it; the women, besides their duties of carrying wood and water, plant and rear the cereals, protecting them until ripe; and then seek other food that grows wild.

The Navajos plant in their season, maize, pumpkins, and other fruits and vegetables, all of which they raise in great plenty and have in store the year round. Except the Navajos none of the nations have turned their attention so much to the breeding of animals, notwithstanding their wonderful facilities for doing so. They raise sheep and cattle in considerable numbers, with a few droves of horses; and have manufactures for coarse serge cloths and blankets which more than suffice for the consumption of their own people; and they go to the province of Mexico with the surplus, and there exchange their goods for such others as they have not, and for implements they need.

“The Comanche nation is doubtless the most numerous of the many people that are known to exist in the vicinity of our provinces in North America. They occupy a beautiful and extensive country to the eastward of the province of New Mexico, and consist of four hordes, known by the names of Cuchanticas,

Tupes, Yampaxicas, and the eastern Comanches, known as Orientales. They are commanded by a general chosen from among themselves, with the consent of the governor of New Mexico and the approval of the commandante of the internal provinces. Those Chieftains are acknowledged and respected by the heads of every settlement and rancheria; and every Comanche renders obedience to their chiefs. These people keep faith in treaties, observe truth and hospitality, and their customs, in general, are not so barbarous as those of the Apaches. They are intrepid in war, bold in enterprise, and impetuous in action. They are at peace with no other nation than the Spanish, and maintain a constant war with all the other neighboring tribes; their interests are common and they share in them in equal fortune.

“The province, or territory of the Moqui Indians lies to the westward of the capitol of New Mexico. This nation revolted toward the close of the seventeenth century, driving out the Spaniards from their towns; and from that time no formal attempts has been made to reduce them to submission by force of arms; nor does a hope exist of its being accomplished by means of kindness, which, on several occasions, has already been unavailingly practiced. The towns in which they reside and are established are seven in number—Oraibe, Taucus, Mozasnave, Guipaulavi, Xougopavi, Gualpi; and there is also a village which has no name, situated between the last town and Taos, the inhabitants of which are subordinate colonists to the people of Gualpi. (The translator has preserved the original spelling of the names of tribes and

villages; in which there are some inconsistencies and, a considerable difference from more modern usage.)

“The Moquinos are the most industrious of the many Indian nations that inhabit and have been discovered in this part of America. They till the earth with great care; and apply to their fields the manures proper for each crop.

The same cereals and pulse (*Semillas*) are raised by them, that are produced by the civilized population in our provinces. They are attentive to their kitchen gardens, and have all the varieties of fruit-bearing trees it has been in their power to procure.

“Their peach trees yields abundantly. The coarse clothing, worn by them, they make in their looms. They are people jealous of their freedom; but they do no injury to the Spaniards who travel to their towns; although they are ever careful that they soon pass out from them. Their towns are built with great regularity, the streets are wide, and the dwellings one or two stories high. In the construction of them they raise the stone wall about a yard and a half above the pave of the street, on a level with the top of which is the terrace and floor of the lower story, to which the owners ascend by a wooden ladder, which they rest thereon as often as they desire to go up or down.

“On the terrace, upon which all the doors of the lower story open, is a ladder, whereby to ascend to the upper story, which is divided into a hall and two or three rooms; and on this terrace is another ladder, with which to ascend to the roof, or to another story, should there be one.

The town is governed by a Caique; and for the defense of it, the inhabitants make common cause.

“The people are of a lighter complexion than other Indians; their dress differs but little from that worn by the Spanish-Americans of remote provinces, and the fashion of their house trappings are the same. For weapons, they use the lance and the bow and arrows.

The women dress in a woven tunic without sleeves; wearing a black, white or colored shawl, formed like a mantilla. The tunic is confined by a sash, that is usually of many tints; and they make no use of beads or ear-rings. The aged women wear the hair divided in two braids, and the young in a knot over each ear. They are fond of dancing, which is their frequent diversion; and for it, there is no other music than that produced by striking with two little sticks on a hollow block, made into a rude drum, and from a kind of small pastoral flute. At the assemblages, which are the occasion of the greatest display, there is not a Moqui, of either sex, whose head is not ornamented with beautiful feathers.”

This old Spanish report mentions the Seri Indians, who lived toward the coast of Sonora, on the famous Cerro Prieto, and in its immediate neighborhood. They are reported as being cruel and sanguinary in their habits; who at one time formed a numerous band that committed many outrages in that fertile province. They were bold in battle, and are said to have used poisoned arrows that took the lives of many thousands of Spaniards; rendering the expeditions sent out from Mexico unavailing before “Presidios, (posts) were estab-

lished for that purpose." None of their customs, nor that of another tribe who lived on the adjacent Island of Tiburon, which was connected with the coast of Sonora by a small inundated isthmus, approached the habits of civilization. These Tiburons (sharks) are said to have passed to their island home by swimming when the tide was up and by wading when it was down; after committing their robberies in the Spanish provinces; on which account no punishment followed their bold outrages, for twenty three years, when an expedition of land and marine forces were sent against them, almost exterminating them.

New Mexico is a mountainous country, with a large valley in the middle, running from north to south; formed by the Rio del Norte, the largest and longest river. It's headwaters were explored in 1807, by Captain Pike, between 37 and 38 degrees north latitude; and its highest source is in the mountains of Colorado; coursing southward to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is the main artery of New Mexico, with a valley ranging from ten to twenty miles wide, bordered on the east and west by mountain chains—the Sierra ranges of the Rocky mountains, that extend toward the southwest. The height of these Sierras, south of Santa Fe, average between six and eight thousand feet; while in more northern regions, some snow-covered peaks rise from ten to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. The whole course of the Rio del Norte, in a straight line, is near twelve hundred miles; but its meandering course runs at least eighteen hundred miles; from the region of winter snows to the tropical climate of the Gulf. It's tributaries

are the Pecos from the north; the Conchos, Salado, Alamo, and San Juan in the south. The fertile valley of the Rio del Norte begins below Santa Fe, and was called in the early Spanish days, "The Rio Abajo,"—country down the river. There, in that fertile valley, large crops was raised by Spanish invaders, effected by the damming of streams and throwing the water into ditches called acequias, surrounding and intersecting the whole cultivated valley lands.

The inhabitants lived in towns and villages, and located their cultivated lands together; allotting to each one the use of part of the water at certain periods. But the finest fields were generally seen on the haciendas, the landed estates belonging to a few rich property holders in New Mexico—remnants of the old Spanish feudal system, where large grants of land, with the Indian population as serfs, was granted by the Spanish crown to their vassals. There, in time, large numbers of human beings, of a mixed and motley character, became attached to these haciendas; who were kept in debt and dependence to their landlords, from generation to generation, raising horses, mules, cattle, sheep and goats. Such was the Mexican population and conditions in the Del Norte valley, near Santa Fe, in 1826; toward which a band of free American trappers, headed by J. S. Smith, coursed their way from their hunting grounds on the North Platte. Smith was an educated trapper, who had served under Genl. Ashley on the Upper Missouri, in 1822-3 and fought in his defense when attacked by the Aricaras at their villages on the Missouri. He is mentioned by John Glass as the Christian trapper who

prayed for the wounded and dying men there. Later, he was sent up the Missouri by Ashley to warn Major Andrew Henry of the treachery of the Aricara Indians, and fought against them in Leavenworth's battle on Grand river. J. S. Smith was a brave and experienced trapper who had crossed the mountains in 1824 to the Great Salt Lake, reaching a point in his exploration as far west as the present borders of the state of California.

While the American free trappers were hunting on the north Platte, in 1826. they sent out J. S. Smith with six men to Santa Fe; to purchase ammunition for their use, and trinkets to trade with the Indians. But Smith and his men were unable to reach the Spanish settlements; being attacked by the Indians and driven southwest to the Pacific coast.

After waiting in vain for the return of their comrades, the free trappers on the Platte river, headed by Bill Gordon, Bill Williams and Peg-leg Smith, returned to the Crow country, on the Yellowstone.

The early history of New Mexico lies very much in the dark. The Spaniards, it seems, received information relating to the rich country in the valley of the Rio del Norte, the old Pueblo settlements of the ancient Aztecs, in 1574; and sent the gallant Juan de Onate, of Cacatecas, to take formal possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain; where he established colonies, missions, and presidios, (forts.) The report says, they found a great many Indian tribes and settlements, which they succeeded in christianizing in the Spanish way, with sword in hand, and made them their slaves, as they had done elsewhere. The villages

of the christianized Indians were called Pueblos, in opposition to the wild and roving tribes that refused such favors.

There, in that valley, they established a Spanish village on the ruins of the fabulous La Gran Quivira; where it is reported a large and wealthy ancient city was once situated, with rich mines; the produce of which was sent to Spain once or twice a year. As the years rolled on, the Spaniards became exacting and cruel toward their Indian slaves; and when they were making extraordinary preparation for transporting their yearly output of precious metals to Old Mexico and Spain, the Indians along the Mexican frontier rose in arms and attacked the Spanish invaders.

The miners at La Gran Quivira buried their treasure, worth many millions, and left the city together. But they were all killed except two, in the general insurrection, who retreated as far south as Paso del Norte, where they met with other Spaniards and friendly Indians; and laid the foundation of the Spanish town of that name. The insurrection (in 1680) lasted for more than ten years, before Spain recovered the province of New Mexico again. However, the deep rancor of the Indian race against the whites continued for more than sixty years, in the bloody wars of the Pueblo tribes; who were ever after jealous of the encroachments of the white man. One of the two Spaniards who escaped from La Gran Quivira, went to Mexico, giving the particulars of the burial of the treasure during the massacre in the valley of the Rio del Norte, soliciting aid to return for it. But the distance was so great and the hostile Indians so numerous,

nobody would undertake the hazardous adventure, and the scheme was dropped. It is reported that the other escaped Spanish miner went to New Orleans several years later, which was then under the dominion of Spain; where five hundred men were raised and started for the gold mine, but was never heard of afterwards.

Dr. Samuel G. Morton, in a pamphlet published in the early fifties, suggests the probability that La Gran Quivira was evidently an original old Aztec Indian city, into which the Spaniards had intruded themselves and subsequently were forced to abandon it.

It is presumed that J. S. Smith and his six men discovered the ruins of the old Spanish mining town of La Gran Quivira, in the valley of the Rio del Norte river, while traveling from the free-trappers camp on the North Platte, to Santa Fe, in 1826.

They traveled southward to where the Rio del Norte commenced to widen, forming a valley, on the borders of which was the ruins of an old Pueblo;—indicating that mines had been worked and a Spanish mission established there; in which was exhibited considerable architectural effect; all in the last stages of decay. While examining the old ruins, which bore evidence of a former civilization, Smith and his men were attacked by a band of Navajo Indians who drove them southwest from the course they were pursuing.

In "Conquering the Wilderness," Col. Frank Triplett mentions the attack on J. S. Smith and his men by the Indians, in which he says:

"From this time on, they were harrassed day and night by the savages. * * Worn out with their continual skirmishes, they were surrounded at the

Mojave villages, on the Colorado river, where a desperate battle began. The swarming savages attacked, charge after charge, but the handful of white trappers, lying behind the rocks they had thrown up around them as a breast-work, drove them back with terrific slaughter. Man after man fell within their slight fortification, and, when night came, Smith determined to cut his way through the enemy and attempt escape to California by flight.

“As soon as it was dark, Smith told his comrades of his determination, showing them the folly of lying behind their insufficient protection, where eventually all would be killed, and they agreed to his desperate suggestion.

“Looking closely to the charges in their rifles they secured the ammunition of their dead companions, and charged furiously upon one side of the savage line. This gave away after a brief but stubborn contest and the white men broke through, having lost four of their number at this point.”

We are told, that Smith, Turner and Gilbraith, entered California near the Mexican line after untold perils and hardships in crossing the southern desert lands. There, the three men were arrested by the Spaniards under the suspicion that they intended mischief as spies upon the Government.

They were taken to San Diego, and questioned by the Spanish General Echanadia, as to their aims and business. Their truthful answers failed to convince him of their intentions and they were imprisoned in an old Spanish Bastile.

Luckily, three American whaling ships—the Courier, Waverly and Olive Branch—were on the Pacific coast, and Smith and his two comrades were released through the intervention of the officers on those vessels; after it was shown that they were forced to enter that territory to escape starvation on the barren and desolate plains, adjacent to that section.

Their passport from Gen. Clarke, who was then Superintendent of Indian affairs in the United States, was found correct; and they were permitted to make their way through the Spanish province of California to Oregon and the Columbia river.

J. S. Smith availed himself of this permission; but it is said that his two companions had enough of trapping and Indian fighting in the mountains, and they joined a seal and whale ship crew, who had come from the north sea to winter there.

Smith started out on his way through California toward the Columbia valley; and in his travels stopped at his old camp on the American river, west from Great Salt Lake, where he had been the preceding year.

There, he found some of his former trapping comrades who had come down from the north, and as winter was now upon them they started for the Columbia trading post. In their attempts to cross the snow-clad mountains to the north of them they were forced to retreat to the valley again, owing to the fury of a snow storm. Reduced to desperate extremities, being almost destitute of clothing and provisions; Smith sent the following letter to Father Duran, who was then in charge of a Catholic mission at San Jose.

“Reverend Father: I understand, through one

of your Christian Indians, that you are anxious to know who we are, as some of the Indians have been at the mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans on our journey to the River Columbia. We were in at the Mission San Gabriel, in January last. I went to San Diego and saw the General, and got a passport to pass on to that place. I have made an attempt to cross the mountains; but the snow being so deep I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place it being the only point to kill meat, and wait a few weeks until the snow melts so I can go on. The Indians here being also friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain until such time as I can cross the mountains with our horses; having lost many in attempting to cross ten to fifteen days since.

I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being almost destitute of clothing and most of the necessities of life; wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange but real friend and Christian brother.

J. S. SMITH.

With the opening of spring the trappers continued their way toward the north. On the Umpqua river, in Oregon, they were attacked by a large force of savages, where a battle was fought and but three of the white men escaped, among whom was Smith. With David Fryer and Richard Laughlin, they hastily continued their journey to the north and after many miraculous escapes, eventually succeeded in reaching Fort Van Couver on the Columbia river.

CHAPTER XII

Wild Indian Tribes--Removal of Indians to New Territory West of the Mississippi--Black Hawk War--Re-organization of Rocky Mountain Fur Co.--Hunting lost Spanish Gold Mines--Death of J. S. Smith--Kit Carson--New Forts on the Missouri.

The Indian tribes west of the Mississippi river constitute an anomalous feature in our history. Compared to the southern tribes which occupied Mexico and Central America; the vesperic family of Indian nations on the western plains were characterized by greater personal energy in their wild state; evidencing all the pristine traits and nomadic habits, in war and the chase. They were bold and free. No imperial Cazique or Inca had arisen to place on their necks the yoke of civil despotism. They roved over a wild unsettled domain, which a king would be proud to own; hunting the buffalo in their migrations. Such were the Indians on the great plains of the west at the opening of the last century; whose conquests in war left to each band and clan the choice of its own totemic banner or device; represented by the decorated skin of an animal, or the feathers of a bird; oftentimes notched and tipped in blood.

Power was wielded by them upon the model of the ancient patriarchal system; and their wild hunting state, unmolested by the encroachments of the white man, was symbolically their golden age. They deemed it essential to guard against the advance of pioneer settlements with jealous vigilance; and the details of

their wars, customs, and habits, constitute material for a voluminous and interesting history. In narrating it, there is a perpetual conflict between barbarism and civilization, where savage sombre traits are sometimes relieved by bright ones, a gleam of a noble spirit that at times burst out in ennobling words and acts, from the ruins of wild humanity. From early times a close connection has existed between the military and civil departments of Indian affairs in the United States; and while the tribes stood in their hunter state, it was difficult to manage the one without the other.

Among the men who rendered long and valuable service in the Indian department, General Harrison and General William Clarke deserve especial mention. As ex-officio Superintendent of Indian affairs General Clarke negotiated important treaties from the time of his return from the Lewis and Clarke exploration up the Missouri to the Columbia river, in 1804-5-6 until his death in 1838. The Indians located on the Missouri, Platte, Osage, and Arkansas rivers, were frequent visitors at the government council house in St. Louis, and a mass of official records contain much information relating to the western tribes. The Indians, in their tribal character did not respect the principles of labor and civilization; regarding them as being averse to their interest. They maintained that the Great Spirit had created them as hunters and had bestowed the wild game as sustenance; with customs adapted to their condition.

A plan of colonization of the tribes, west of the Missouri, was recommended by President Monroe in his message to Congress, in January 1825; and he invited

the attention of that body to the subject, saying:

“Being deeply impressed with the opinion, that the removal of the Indian tribes from the lands which they now occupy, within the limits of the several states and Territories, to the country lying westward and northward thereof within our acknowledged boundaries, is of very high importance to our Union, and may be accomplished on conditions and in a manner to promote the interest and happiness of those tribes; the attention of the government has been long drawn, with great solicitude, to this object. For the removal of the tribes, within the limits of Georgia, the motive has been particularly strong, arising from a compact with that state, whereby the United States are bound to extinguish the Indian title to the lands within it, whenever it may be done peaceably and on reasonable conditions. In the fulfillment of this compact I have thought that the United States should act with a generous spirit, that they should omit nothing which would comport with a liberal construction of that instrument, and likewise be in accordance with the first rights of those tribes.”

With a view to the object of colonizing the Choc-taws, Cherokees, Creeks, Shawnees and other tribes west of the Mississippi, President Monroe further recommended Congress to adopt by declaration certain fundamental principles in accord with his recommendations, as the basis of such arrangements as could be made with the several tribes, to the strict observance of which the faith of the government should be pledged. Following the President's message to congress Mr. Calhoun, who was then Secretary of war, presented

a report, with the subjoined official information, from the newly organized Bureau of Indian Affairs; expressing his views of the feasibility of the plan; in which he says:

“It appears, from the report enclosed, that there are in the several states and territories, not including a portion of Michigan Territory, west of Lake Michigan and north of Illinois, about 70,000 Indians, and that they occupy about 77,000,000 acres of land.

The arrangement for this removal, it is presumed, is not intended to comprehend the small remnants of tribes in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia and South Carolina; amounting to 3023. * * The next subject for consideration will be, to acquire a sufficient tract of country west of the state of Missouri and Territory of Arkansas, in order to establish permanent settlements, in that quarter, of the tribes which are proposed to be removed. The country between the Red River (of the south) and the Arkansas has already been allotted to the Choctaws, under a treaty of the 18th of October, 1820. The country north of the Arkansas, and immediatly west of the state of Missouri, is held almost entirely by the Osages and Kansas, the principal settlement of the former being on the Osage river, not far west from the boundary of Missouri, near Cow island. There is a band of Osages situated on the Verdigris, a branch of the Arkansas.

“Governor Clarke has been already instructed to take measures to remove them from the Verdigris, to join the other bands on the Osage river. To carry this object into effect, and to extinguish the title of

the Osages upon the Arkansas, and in the state of Missouri; and also to extinguish the title of the Kansas to whatever tract of country may be necessary to effect the views of the government will be the first object of expenditure; and would require an appropriation, it is believed, of not less than \$30,000.

After this is effected, the next will be, to allot a portion of the country to each of the tribes, and to commence the work of removal."

The congress of the United States passed an act making provisions for the removal of the Indian tribes from the states designated; in accordance with the recommendations and suggestions of the President and Secretary of War.

Treaties were effected with many of the Indian tribes and preparations made for their removal to the new territory west of the Mississippi.

Schoolcraft says, the people of Georgia clamored for the Creek lands; the Indian title to which the United States had promised to give them, as soon as it could be obtained. But the Creeks, when they began to appreciate the benefits of civilization, resisted all offers to cede their territory in Georgia; and a law was passed at their general council, that if any of their chiefs or rulers should sign a treaty ceding their lands, he should incur the penalty of death. General William McIntosh, the presiding chief of the Coweta band of the lower Creeks subjected himself to the penalty by signing the treaty, February 12th, 1825. For this offense Chief McIntosh was shot by the Indians, and further treaties was deferred until John Quincy Adams succeeded to the Presidency; when a

new treaty was made on Jan. 24th, 1826, and the Creeks were removed to their new home west of the Mississippi.

During the removal of the tribes to the Indian Territory, in the southwest, a sudden and unexpected difficulty arose with the Fox and Sac Indians on the upper Mississippi river, which brought on the Black Hawk war.

In the early days of the last century, Pyesa, a chief of the Wyandotts, immigrated with his tribe from the borders of Canada to the attractive hunting grounds on Rock river, within the present borders of Wisconsin. During the war of 1812, his band joined the Fox and Sac tribes and fought with the British troops in Wisconsin and Michigan. After the death of Tecumseh, the prophet Elksatta, the great Shawnee and Wyandotte medicine chief, fled to the British possessions, in Canada, and the Sacs and Foxes returned to their hunting grounds on the Rock river. In a treaty with Gen. Harrison, these tribes agreed to remove to the west side of the Mississippi; the Foxes complying with the agreement in the treaty stipulations. The Sac tribe, however, was permitted to remain in the Rock river valley until another treaty was made with Gen. Scott, when this tribe with their new chief, Ma-ki-taine-she-kai-kaik—The Black Hawk, reluctantly removed to the west side of the Mississippi, in accordance with the treaty made by General Harrison thirty-two years before, with Black Hawk's father Pyesa;—with a proviso permitting him to remain and hunt there until the lands were opened for settlement. Black Hawk was a great chief, whose influence extended to the surround-

ing tribes. He had spent his boyhood days in the Rock river valley, and affected to believe that the old chiefs (now dead) who had ceded their lands, which he had occupied undisturbed for so many years, was not duly authorized to do so.

Schoolcraft says; "No theme is so popular with an Indian reformer as complaints of the existing state of things, compared with the years that are past, when, it was imagined the people were wiser and better; and spoke their language in greater purity. The past was referred to by the Indians as their golden age, and, while indulging in reminiscences of bygone prosperity, they are prone to overlook the future and neglect the means of providing for it. This was the argument used by the Algie leader Pontiac, when he counselled resistance to the British, at the period of their conquest of the west from the French, in 1760. The same grounds were assumed by the Wyandotte, Shawnee and Delaware Seers in their pow wows, when the Americans extended their sovereignty over the territory in 1773; and it constituted the theme of the harangues which Tukumseh and his wily brother preached in the war of 1812.

The olden time has ever been hallowed in Indian reminiscences. The evils of the present hour are magnified, and the future disregarded. Such were Black Hawk's teachings; and in an evil hour, the chief determined to renew the experiment of keeping the intrusive feet of immigrants from his native valley, near to the flowing line of the Mississippi."

In the "Life of Black Hawk," we are told that the Sac Chief was past sixty, and that his wisdom had

acquired him great respect among the united tribes of the Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Iowas and Chipewas; and they harkened to his messengers, who presented them with a small tomahawk painted red;—a token of war.

Black Hawk having received promises of assistance from the surrounding tribes, crossed the Mississippi to the eastern side, and announced his intention to plant corn in the Rock river valley. A military force was ordered up the Mississippi to preserve peace along the frontier settlements in Illinois and drive the Sac Indians back to the west side of the great river. As soon as the Indians learned that troops were on their way up the Mississippi, a band of Black Hawk's warriors proceeded to Rock Island and murdered the Indian agent, a man named St. Vrain, believing he had sent word to St. Louis for soldiers to protect the settlers near the agency; who were also massacred. In the meantime, a battle was fought in the Rock river valley, in which Black Hawk and his Indian warriors were victorious; defeating a small force of Illinois militia under Major Stillman, who withdrew his men; the ordinary militia not being adequate to the task of repelling the advance of a superior force of Indian warriors. Black Hawk's warriors drove back the militia up the valley as far as the present city of Madison; the volunteers and state militia being unable to do more than hold them in check until a large force from the regular army could be drawn at other points to assist them. It is said, the most singular and appalling incident in the Black Hawk war, was the fact that Asiatic Cholera made its appearance among the

forces of the United States troops while on their march to the scene of conflict. This dreadful scourge spread rapidly among the soldiers at all the seaport towns; and a characteristic feature of the fatal disease was the rapidity with which it terminated in death; the patients dying within a few hours after being attacked. Owing to a frightful mortality, in the ranks of the regular army, Black Hawk and his Indian forces were allowed to sweep the settlers from the Rock river valley and hold their positions until Gen. Scott was enabled to land an army at Chicago, and try to force Black Hawk to give battle. But the wily old chief and his warriors hastily retreated to the Bad Axe, where they were overtaken and a battle fought near its junction with the Mississippi, in which the Indians were defeated. Black Hawk with a few of his warriors and their women and children succeeded in crossing the Mississippi and escaped. But the chief with his remnant of illclad and starving Indians soon surrendered to the Indian Agent at Prairie du Chien. Black Hawk was carried to Washington a prisoner of war, and after being taken to Fortress Monroe and other seaboard cities, he was escorted back to his tribe on the western banks of the Mississippi, a wiser and better chief.

At his death, Black Hawk's body was buried on a high hill by the Indians, in a sitting posture, with all the pomp of an Indian Sagamore.

In 1830, Gen. Wm. Ashley and Major Andrew Henry sold their interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. to Jackson, Sublette and Smith, and they retired from the fur trade. Gen. Ashley was elected Lieuten-

ant Governor of Missouri, and Major Henry represented that State in Congress. Soon after Jackson and Smith became partners in the fur company, they voyaged down the Missouri to Saint Louis for supplies, and while there, they sold out their interest to Robert and Hugh Campbell. This proved to be a remunerative venture for the new firm of Sublette and Campbell; who re-organized the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, taking in James Bridger and several other old trappers as partners. William Sublette commanded the trappers in the mountains and the Campbells managed the affairs of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company at Saint Louis;—it being tacitly agreed that the American Fur Company would confine their operations to the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers.

Having closed out his interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, J. S. Smith started out from Saint Louis in 1831, to join James Pattie and his company of trappers who had left the Mississippi valley two years before; and were supposed to be somewhere in the mountains of New Mexico, looking for an old lost Spanish gold mine. Believing that he could reach these American explorers, and guide them to the old Spanish mine, which he discovered in 1826; he started out with an immigrant train along the southern route, leading from St. Louis to Santa Fe.

When they passed the outer border settlements, on the western plains, they learned that the Comanche Indians were on the war path, having attacked a party of hunters from the Texas frontier; and they were warned of their hostility to the Americans.

Two years previous, Chas Bent, William Waldo

and a party of Texas hunters, while making their way toward the mountains, were attacked by the Commanche and Kiowa Indians, who fought them for more than thirty days in the wilderness until they were rescued by forty trappers from Taos, under the the command of Ewing Young; among whom was young Kit Carson. Other battles had been fought with the Commanches along the old Santa Fe trail, owing to the following circumstance.

These Indians had been friendly to the American trappers and traders, and fearing no trouble, a company of white men who were crossing the plains to the mountains of New Mexico, one day detached two of their number, named McNeice and Monroe, to ride on ahead and select a camping place for the night.

Having selected a beautiful site on the banks of a small stream, the two men picketed out their horses and carelessly laid down and went to sleep under the shade of a tree. There, they were found by a roving band of Commanches who supposed they were alone, and were tempted to kill them for their guns and horses. The stream near which this murder was perpetrated, has since been known as McNeice creek.

The white men finding that their comrades had been murdered followed the Indian trail and killed the greater part of the band the following day, only a few escaping from the unexpected attack, which brought on a bloody Indian war with the wild southern tribes; that lasted more than twenty years.

The situation demanded the utmost vigilance, and experienced men were sought to lead the trains to New Mexico. J. S. Smith was a man who knew no

fear, and as the train he was leading reached the dry bed of the Cimmaron river, he started out to find a water hole, near which they could camp; not daring to send one of the other men for fear he might be ambushed and killed. He made a wide circuit, riding up to inspect a camping place where water was found, when a war party of ten or twelve secreted Commanche Indians fired upon him, mortally wounding him. As Smith fell from his horse the savages rushed up, and before they could retreat back to the cover of the river bank, he raised himself upon his knees and killed one of them with his gun, falling upon the ground again. Supposing he was dead, the warriors again advanced, and when near they halted to inspect their victim. Smith attempted to rise, having sufficient strength to fire his two pistols into them as they stood huddled in a mass,—bringing down two more warriors. As he struggled in agony, another flight of arrows was directed against him and he fell back and expired. The Indians hastily retreated without scalping their victim, not daring to approach the dead body of Smith, owing to the fierce glare of his wide open eyes, which dismayed them. So said Yellow Bear, an Arapaho chief, to whom the Commanches told the tale of his death. The white men buried the body of Smith on a lonely sand hill near the Cimmaron river; overlooking the Santa Fe trail.

James Pattie and his men roamed over the plains and mountains of New Mexico, more than three years, hunting and looking for gold mines. They finally made their way down the Colorado river, and were robbed and plundered by the Zuma Indians near the

mouth of the Gila; from whom they escaped and reached the Spanish settlements in California. President Jackson mentions these bold explorers, in his message to congress, in 1836.

Kit Carson was twenty years old when he accompanied Ewing Young and his band of trappers, from Taos, New Mexico, to the relief of the Bent brothers and Wm. Waldo—with Jacob Coates and other trappers, who were surrounded in the mountains by Comanches and Kiowa Indians—and he proved himself worthy to stand beside the old veteran trappers who had fought in many Indian battles. Young, and his men fought their way to the rescue after a desperate engagement, and succeeded in bringing back to Taos, the little trading expedition of the Bent brothers in safety. The bravery of Kit Carson, and his wonderful surgical operation, in amputating the arm of a wounded teamster, to save his life, attracted the attention of the Bent brothers and Ewing Young; celebrated traders and Indian fighters. Young was outfitting a party of trappers at Taos, and he sought and secured the service of Kit Carson as a member of his company. They started out on a trapping and trading expedition toward the Colorado of the west; and being attacked by the Apaches fought their way to the great river, near the Grand Canyon; where the stream pours its waters along for more than one hundred miles in a deep bed hundreds of feet below its high canyon walls. From there they went to the Sacramento valley, where they trapped in a delightful country. Securing a large supply of valuable furs Young traded these to the Spaniards for a drove of horses, which were sold at Los Angeles.

He then prepared to return to New Mexico, but was detained at Los Angeles, where some of his men became intoxicated and engaged in a drunken quarrel with the natives; and three of them were killed.

Kit Carson was started on ahead with the pack mules and what men were sober; Young staying behind to collect his remaining force and hurry them out beyond the Spanish settlements; fearing greater trouble.

When Carson reached the Colorado river, he encamped and waited for Young and his men to join him, before they proceeded any farther. There, his camp was surrounded by Indians, into which some intruded themselves, demanding horses and presents in an insolent manner.

Kit Carson had selected a strategic position, which was protected by a small embankment of earth and stones; and he ordered the the Indians out, saying in the Spanish language that he would fire upon them if they did not leave; that he would not be robbed, as long as he could defend himself.

Seeing Carson's determination, the savages departed sullenly, taking four of his pack mules with them. As they moved away, one on them boasted that they were going to join another war party, who were coming with a large drove of horses from the Spanish settlements; and that they would visit him again. In a few days, Young and his men rejoined Carson's force on the Colorado, and while they were at that camp a large marauding band of Indians passed by, on the great trail, with more than one hundred horses they had stolen from the Spaniards; among

which were their four pack mules loaded with plunder.

Carson determined to attack them, as they were in need of horses and their lost pack mules; though the Indians were in heavy force and good fighters.

Selecting thirty men, Carson and his followers slowly moved along in the direction the Indians had taken; and they charged upon them in the night, while the savages were dancing and eating horse meat which was being cooked at their campfires. They succeeded in killing ten of the Indians, and captured the entire herd of horses and mules; which were taken back to their camp, from which the finest ones were selected and the others turned loose to make their way back to the ranches from where they were taken or become wild roamers on the plains. After a week spent on the Colorado Young and his men moved down the river and up the Gila to an old Spanish copper mine.

There, Young left his men and traveled to Santa Fe with four Indian guides. He made this trip to obtain a license to trade with the Indians, as the Mexican government then allowed no Americans to trap in its waters or work in the mines. Having obtained the license Young returned to the copper mine on the Gila, where Kit Carson and his men loaded up their pack horses and mules with copper and peltries; much of which was brought from California. These were sold in Santa Fe at enormous profits, the officials supposing they had been purchased from the Indians.

There, it is said, Carson and his comrades drank freely and spent their money lavishly, a moral lesson in the trapper's life; for he became disgusted with such

debasing habits, and unlike the generality of repentant drunkards, he reformed, living a long and useful life; ever remembering that as his last drunken spree.

In the fall of 1830, Kit Carson joined a party of northern trappers under Fitzpatrick, who had journeyed to Santa Fe for supplies. He accompanied them on their return to the north fork of Platte river, where they trapped for a while along its upper tributary streams. From there, they pushed on to Salmon river, wintering at a friendly Nez Perce village—a band of the Snake tribe. When spring opened they moved over on Bear river, a good trapping country.

There, Carson fell in with a party of trappers from the Arkansas river, led by a man named Gaunt. He returned with them to their rendezvous, on the headwaters of that stream; at a place called New Park. While traveling through the mountains a band of sixty Crow Indians followed them and stole their horses during a dark and dreary night. At the dawn of day Gaunt selected Carson and twelve of his best men and started in pursuit of the savages; overtaking them the following night, bivouaced within a rude log fortification they had built. The horses were picketed near their rude breastwork, and all was quiet within its dark enclosure. The white trappers cautiously moved up near the sleeping Indians, posting themselves to good advantage; then Kit Carson and Gaunt boldly dashed up to the horses and cut them loose. The awakened Indians rose up, and as they commenced to climb over their breastworks, to go in pursuit of the horses, the white men poured into them a deadly fire from their rifles, killing five of their number, driving



BOULDER CANON.

them back into the log fort. Encouraged by the trappers example, during the fierce attack, a friendly Indian who was guiding them through the mountains rushed up to the fort and boldly dragged a wounded Crow warrior from where he clung to the logs, and secured his scalp. When Gaunt and his men reached their rendezvous at New Park, near the present site of Leadville, Colorado, they found their camp deserted. The two men who was left there, had robbed it of a portion of the most valuable furs and started toward the east. They were killed by the Indians, before Carson with a pursuing party could overtake them.

Time was flowing on. It was now the spring of 1832, and as Gaunt had been unsuccessful, Carson and two of his men left the main party and moved up into the mountains as free trappers. They were successful, carrying their furs to Taos, where they sold them at a good profit.

There, at that old Mexican town, Kit Carson joined Captain Lee, who was fitting out an expedition for Green river in the interest of William Bent and a man by the name of St. Vrain; who had a trading post on the upper waters of the Arkansas river. With Lee's party, Kit Carson again started out toward the north trapping grounds; guiding them to the Green river rendezvous, a fortified encampment, known as the great Cantonment of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. There, they joined in with other mountain trappers, in a mutual agreement to apportion the trapping grounds in that fur-bearing section; all meeting together at the great summer rendezvous—protecting one another in their battles with the Blackfeet Sioux Indians.

The Missouri river, whose headwaters and upper tributaries drain the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, has its source in three large tributary streams; the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson forks. Below the junction of these rivers, between the 44th and 45th parallels, the general course of the Missouri runs northward, ranging within twenty to sixty miles of the Continental Divide, to where it breaks through a projecting spur of an outlying range at a point known as the "Gate of the Mountains;" thence varying toward the east to the Great Falls.

The falls of the Missouri consist of five Cascades; commencing three miles below the mouth of Sun river, extending with their intervening rapids a distance of about twelve miles. The entire falls, as measured by the government, in 1853, is 160 feet, varying from five feet to seventy-six, in the last great Cascade.

The banks of the river are high abrupt and intersected, by precipitous chasms and ravines, until the last fall is reached; opposite which, on the north side, is a rolling prairie that breaks off in terraces to a narrow bottom below the falls; extending with sufficient width for traveling to Fort Benton, thirty miles below.

From Great Falls, to the mouth of the Yellowstone, the course of the Missouri is nearly east; below which is the north bend, turning the course of the river southeast. The Missouri river has numerous tributaries from the north; all of which have a history, from the early fur-trade.

The mouth of the Yellowstone is a great historic landmark, whose geographical position and importance was considered of special interest to the Amer-

ican Fur Company; a strategic point, the most important above the friendly Mandans, for the fur-trade. Ashley and Henry's trading house was the first post built there, in 1822, and was located on a tongue of land in the point between the Yellowstone and the Missouri, about two miles above the junction; but was abandoned, owing to the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, and attacks from the Aricaras. No other attempt was made to build a fur-trading post there, until 1828, when Kenneth McKenzie took a party of men to the mouth of the Yellowstone, to build Fort Floyd. Some historians say there is a confusion regarding the exact date when this post was built.

However, a letter written from McKenzie to Pierre Choteau is found in the old records of the American Fur Company, which establishes the fact, that the post was built during the year 1828. The letter was from Fort Tecumseh, near the present city of Pierre, South Dakota—dated December 26th, 1828, in which he says:

“Your favor reached me here on the 25th ult, the date of my arrival from Fort Floyd. The keel boat Otter arrived at the mouth of the Yellowstone in sufficient time to build a fort there; and we have made all necessary preparation for security of men and property.” McKenzie subsequently changed the name to Fort Union; signifying by letter, that name would be more appropriate; on account of its being central among a Union of important trading posts ordered built.

In 1827, the American Fur Company purchased all the rights and property of the Columbia Fur Company

including their trading posts. The American Fur Company was re-organized, with Pierre Choteau of Saint Louis, manager; taking in Kenneth McKenzie, Wm. Laidlaw, and other leaders in the old Columbia Fur Company as partners.

Fort Union was rebuilt, being the best trading post on the Missouri river, and with the exception of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, the best in the entire northwest territory. It is said to have been 220 by 240 feet, surrounded by a heavy palisade of squared posts 20 feet high; with thick square stone block houses at the southwest and northeast corners 24x30 feet, surmounted with pyramidal roofs. These two stone fortresses were two stories high, the lower rooms to be used for cannon and the upper stories for observation, with portholes for protection. Fort Union has the distinction of having entertained Catlin in 1832, Prince Maximilian in 1833, Audubon in 1843, with other distinguished visitors;—and, somewhere within its enclosure, was the famous distillery; known to have been used in 1833-34. The post was situated on the east bank of the Missouri, two miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone. There was a beautiful grassy plain around and near the fort; extending back to the base of rising ground one mile distant. The Gros Ventres, Crows, Assiniboines, and other migratory bands of Indians traded at this fort, exchanging furs, buffalo robes, and the peltries of other animals for such commodities as they required from civilization.

Fort Union was commanded for many years by the famous McKenzie, during the most prosperous days of the Missouri river fur-trade. It was the great central

supply fort, to which the fur traders at other points on the upper Missouri and Yellowstone brought their furs and peltries, and exchanged them for merchandise and supplies that was brought up the Missouri on boats from Saint Louis each year. The American Fur Company had two other central supply forts on the Missouri below Fort Union;—Fort Pierre, and Peter Sarpy's post near Omaha—besides their numerous trading houses, on the upper waters of the great river and its tributaries.

The original trading house, near the present city of Omaha, was at Bellevue, on the west side of the Missouri, about ten miles above the mouth of the Platte river; where now stands a village that was once prominent in the early history of Nebraska; which can with truth, say, "before Nebraska was known, I received my name;" and, what is considered remarkable, a name was selected for it before it came into existence and was known as a trading post. In 1805, Manuel Lisa voyaged up the Missouri from Saint Louis to this point, above the mouth of the Platte; and on ascending the bluff he viewed the beautiful plateau below where he stood overlooking the valley of the great river, with its turbid waters rolling onward; beyond which rose the picturesque hills on the Iowa side. The beautiful scene, spread out in a grand panorama, caused Lisa to exclaim "Bellevue"—a foreign term, meaning beautiful view; which name still remains indelibly stamped, in commemoration of the beautiful panoramic scenery.

During the year 1806, Crooks and McClellan built a trading house at Bellevue, and later Lisa built his

famous trading post twenty miles farther up the Missouri river. Crooks and McLellan had trouble with the Indians, causing them to abandon their post at Bellevue; and they joined Hunt's Astoria expedition to the Columbia river, in 1811. They blamed Lisa for their misfortune in the Missouri river fur-trade; and their quarrel with the Spaniard is vividly portrayed in Washington Irving's *Astoria*.

In 1823, Fontenelle and Dripps built a trading post at Bellevue, where they traded with the Omaha and Pawnee Indians. Young Lucien Fontenelle was an educated Frenchman, the grandson of a Marquis in France; whose relatives moved to New Orleans and were among the patrician families of that old city. Imbued with a spirit of adventure, he wandered away from his aristocratic family and became a famous trader among the Indians. He married an Indian wife, from the Omaha tribe, and raised a family of half-breed children, whom he educated in Saint Louis. Fontenelle and Dripps sold their interest in the fur-trade to the American Fur Company, and Fontenelle was engaged by that great company to lead a band of trappers to trade with the Indians in the Rocky Mountains, in 1832-33.

At the death of Lisa, in 1820, Charles Cabana, of Saint Louis, took charge of his old trading post above Omaha, in the interest of the American Fur Company, until 1833. He was superceded by Peter Sarpy, who married Nakoma; the abandoned young Indian wife of Dr. Gayle, a surgeon in the army. When Fort Atkinson was abandoned as a military post, where now stands the town of Calhoun, Nebraska; Peter Sarpy

moved the American Fur Company trading post down to Bellevue, where a Mission was established for the Indians, with John Daugherty as their agent.

In the early thirties, the American Fur Company owned and operated many fur trading posts on the Missouri between the Bellevue post, near Omaha, and Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone. The first two posts on the voyage up the river, were known as the upper and lower Vermillion trading houses; formerly built for the Columbia Fur Company by William Dickson; a half-breed son of the famous Robert Dickson; who had owned and operated trading houses at Prairie du Chein, Big Stone Lake and Elm River, in Brown county, South Dakota. The lower Vermillion post was on the east bank of the Missouri, below the mouth of the Vermillion river, at a point where the county line between Clay and Union counties, South Dakota, intersects with the Missouri. The upper Vermillion post was located on the north side of the Missouri, below "Hagen's Bend," near where the eastern boundary line of Yankton county, South Dakota, now joins the river. There was another trading house operated by Theophile Brughier, on the east bank of the Missouri, near the mouth of the St. Jacques, or James river. The sites of these three old trading houses, located in the Missouri valley, in South Dakota, have long since been cut away and obliterated by the current of the great river. The next trading house above, known as the Ponca post, was located on the west side of the Missouri, near the mouth of the Niobrara; the Lac qui Court of the French traders; the upper sources of which rise south of the Black

Hills. This post was operated in the early thirties by Narcisse LeClerc, a French trader.

LeClerc also established another trading post on the Missouri above the Ponca post in 1833, known as Fort Mitchell; which was abandoned in 1837. The next post of importance owned by the American Fur Company, in the early thirties, was near the present city of Chamberlain, South Dakota; and was operated by Joshua Pilcher; who superceded Chas Bent, of the Bent Brothers, on the Arkansas; who established a trading post on the Missouri, but abandoned it, owing to the opposition of the American Fur Company. The voyager in ascending the Missouri through the Dakotas, passed up around "The Grand Detour," or great bend of the Missouri, and in due time reached Fort Pierre; the American Fur Company's great central trading post on the Missouri; named in honor to Pierre Choteau; who was then general manager of the reorganized American Fur Company.

The original trading post, purchased from the Columbia Fur Company, in 1827; was operated by William Laidlaw, and was known as Fort Tecumseh. It was situated on the east side of the Missouri, near the present city of Pierre, South Dakota. But owing to the encroachments of the Missouri river, which was cutting away the banks near the trading house, it was dismantled and a new fort was built on the west side of the Missouri, two miles above the mouth of Bad River;—the Wak pa seche of the Sioux Indians, known as the Teton, in the Lewis and Clarke expedition.



BLACK ROCK.—FROM MR. CATLIN'S PAINTING.

CHAPTER XIII

The Voyage of The Yellowstone--Catlin Painting Sioux Indians--A Tragedy at Fort Pierre--Rain-making at the Mandan Villages--Savage Alarm at the Approach of the Steamboat--Fort Union--Freak of an Assiniboine Chief--Catlin's Voyage Down the Missouri.

THE new fur-trading establishment, at Fort Pierre was located and built on the west bank of the Missouri one mile above old fort Tecumseh in the winter of 1832; the portable property was removed from Fort Tecumseh and that old post was dismantled and abandoned.

From recent researches that has been made, the old site of Fort Pierre is located on section 16, township 5, north of range 31; east of the Black Hills meridian—as represented by Charles DeLand in his notes, on "Fort Pierre and its Neighbors." He further says: "It is also the exact site of the dwelling house occupied by James Phillips,—popularly known as "Scotty Phillips,"—as his homestead embraces said site."

We find in Chittenden's works, relating to the Missouri river fur trade, the following statement.

"The post was planned, or at least contemplated by the company as a successor to Fort Tecumseh, as early as 1829; but was not fully completed until about the end of 1832. The post was 325 by 340 feet and contained an area of about two and one half acres of ground."

The American Fur Company put in a saw mill at

the first timber point above the site of Fort Pierre, near the mouth of Chantier Creek, in 1831; known to the old trappers as the "Missouri River Navy Yard."

There, they secured the necessary material for the construction of keel boats and barges, for transportation of supplies; and manufactured rough lumber and timbers for the building of the new post; which was flat-boated and rafted down the river to the Fort Pierre landing.

Fort Pierre was occupied by William Laidlaw, as manager, with Jacob Halsey and other assistants, April 15th, 1832. They commenced trading with the Indians in their incomplete quarters, before the arrival of the Yellowstone, from Saint Louis; which brought up supplies and pine lumber to complete the fort. This boat, owned by the American Fur Company, started out from Saint Louis in the spring of 1832, for Fort Union; being heavily loaded with merchandise and supplies for the American fur trading posts on the Upper Missouri.

The steamboat carried as passengers from Saint Louis, Major John F. Sanford, who was in charge of a delegation of Indian Chiefs returning from Washington; George Catlin, the distinguished painter and Indian traveler; and Pierre Choteau, the general manager of the American Fur Company.

Owing to the falling waters, in the spring flow of the Missouri, the heavily loaded steamboat was stranded on a sandbar below the mouth of the Lac Qui Court river, near Bon Homme Island, South Dakota. While the steamboat crew were trying to work the boat across the bar, Catlin visited a Ponca Indian

village near there, which he found deserted; save one old Indian who was unable to move out with the band in their summer hunt for buffaloes—food and clothing—and was left there in a rude lodge with scant support, to die.

Aged, decrepid, and nearly blind, the savage patriarch told the white man that he had outlived his usefulness; being too old to follow his people, and he had requested them to leave him there, until their return. Catlin shed tears over the old warrior, and he placed food water and fuel near to him before he departed; receiving a blessing from the savage philosopher, whose age was perhaps more than one hundred years. While the steamboat was lying on the bar, until the annual June rise from the mountain snows could float it, Catlin took the advance, with Lucien Fontenelle and eighteen mountain trappers, across the plains of Dakota, to Fort Pierre.

They traveled through the present counties of Charles Mix and Brule, South Dakota; and a vivid description of the wild scenery along that overland trail is published by Catlin in his "Gallery of the Upper Missouri Indians."

The opening days of the summer season was dry and hot, leaving the small lake beds crusted over with alkaline salts white as snow. In speaking of this strange phenomena, Catlin says:

"While on our overland journey from the steamer Yellowstone to Laidlaw's Fort, I saw near the Bijou Hills, (named after a hunter of that name) an immense saline salt meadow, as they are termed in this country, which turned us out of our path, and compelled us to

travel several miles out of our way to get by it; we came suddenly upon a great depression of the prairie, which extended for several miles; and as we stood upon its green banks, which were gracefully sloping down, we could overlook hundreds of acres of the prairie which were covered with an incrustation of salt which appeared the same as if the ground was covered with snow. These scenes, I am told, are frequently met with in this region, presenting the most singular and startling effect by the sudden and unexpected contrast with the green prairies that hem them in on all sides.

Through some of these dried and parched meadows, there is a small meandering stream, throwing out in the early spring great quantities of water, which entirely evaporates during the heat of summer, leaving the incrustation of muriate on the surface to the depth of one or two inches.

These places are the constant resort of buffaloes which congregate in thousands about them, to lick up the salt. And, on our approach to the banks of this place, we stood amazed at the almost incredible number of these animals; which were in sight on the opposite shore, at a distance of a mile from us, where they were lying in countless numbers on the level prairie above, and stretching down by hundreds to the salt. Forming in the distance large masses of black, most pleasing in contrast, with the snow-white and and vivid green which I have mentioned."

Catlin and his companions reached their point of destination at the new fort eight days before the arrival of the Yellowstone; and his coming, and paint-

ing, was heralded as an important event, second only to the appearance of the steamboat, which arrived on the 31st of May.

There was great rejoicing at the trading post, and the event was commemorated as the beginning of Fort Pierre, named in honor to Pierre Choteau, the general manager of the American Fur Company. The Indians gave the white men a dog feast, with dancing and great ceremony, presided over by a Minneconjou Chief known as "One Horn," who was very attentive to Catlin, the painter, assuring him that he was a great medicine man; and head chief of the Dakota Sioux.

While at Fort Pierre, Catlin painted the portraits of many of the Indians who were encamped around the trading house; and he was considered a great medicine man, mysterious in his work.

Among those whose portraits were painted was a young Indian girl, the daughter of Black Rock, chief of the Nee-caw-we-gee band of Sioux; and soon after her portrait was finished, her people departed for the buffalo country, to engage in the chase; laying in a supply of food and clothing.

While near the Saint Jacques river, the young Indian girl sickened and died; and was buried there, on the wild plains of Dakota. During the last hours of her sickness, she requested that her portrait (an extra one made for Laidlaw,) be taken from the traders house at Fort Pierre and hung up in her father's lodge; so that she could still be near him, as in life. In mentioning this pathetic story Catlin says.

"Several years after I left the Sioux country, I saw Chardon and Piquot, two of the traders from that

country who had recently left it, and they told me in Saint Louis, while looking at the portrait of this girl (No. 81) that while staying at Laidlaw's Fort, in 1840, the Sioux chief Black Rock (Ee-ah-sa-pa, whose portrait is No. 80) entered the room suddenly where the portrait of his daughter was hanging on the wall, and pointing to it with a heavy heart, told Laidlaw that while his band was out on the prairies making meat, —drying it, sliced from slain buffaloes—his daughter had died, and was buried there.

"My heart is glad again," said he, "when I see her here alive and I want this one the medicine-man made of her, now before me, that I can see her and talk to her.

"My band are all in mourning for her, and at the gate of your fort, which they have just passed, are ten horses for you; I wish you to take down my daughter and give her to me."

Mr. Laidlaw seeing the unusual liberal price that this noble chief was willing to pay for the portrait, and the true grief that he expressed for the loss of his child, had not the heart to abuse such feeling, and taking the painting from the wall, placed it in his hands; telling him that it of right belonged to him, and that he must take back his horses and keep them, to try and mend as far as possible his liberal heart, which was broken by the loss of his only daughter." Page 224, Vol. I, Catlin's Eight years.

Catlin was more unfortunate in painting the portrait of Little Bear, a young chief of the Uncpapa band of Sioux, while at Fort Pierre, which ended in a tragedy, in which he says:

"I was working on a side view painting of that popular young chief when Shonka,—signifying "The Dog"—sneeringly said that the portrait represented but one half of a man.

"Who says that? asked Little Bear.

"Shonka says it," was the reply, "and Shonka can prove it."

Continuing, Catlin says: "Little Bear's eyes, which he had not moved, began to steadily turn, slow as if on pivots; and when they were rolled out till they fixed upon the object of contempt, his dark jutting brows were shoving down in trembling contention, with blazing rays on the object before them.

"Why does Shonka say it?"

"Ask the painter, he can tell you; he knows you are but half a man. He has painted but one half of your face and knows the other half is good for nothing."

"Let the painter say it and I will believe it; but what Shonka says, let him prove it," was the reply.

"The two chiefs were soon engaged in flinging taunting epithets at each other; and as Shonka was in bad repute in the Indian village, having the reputation of being a surly and vindictive chief, Little Bear gained the sympathies of those present and as the latter gave a parting shot at the expense of Shonka, which raised a derisive laugh, he left their presence with threats of vengeance.

Little Bear resumed his posture at the sitting of his likeness until it was completed, when he started for his lodge in the encampment, but he was stopped by Shonka, who demanded a retraction, with threats of vengeance. But Little Bear refused to recant, and

both chiefs rushed for their arms to commence the conflict. They both appeared a moment later, prepared for action. They fired at the same instant, the charge from Shonka's gun striking his opponent in the face, carrying away half the jaw, including one eye, being a mortal wound.

The encampment was in an uproar, and the partisans of the two chiefs were soon actively engaged in battle. "Where arrows flew and bullets whizzed, until Shonka and his warriors were far out of sight upon the prairies." Donaldson says:

"Little Bear died and was buried on the banks of the Missouri near Fort Pierre; assisted in his last sad rites by Catlin; who endeavored to appease the wounded hearts of his relatives, by making them many valuable presents. But his kindly acts were not appreciated by the Indians, who held him responsible for the Chief's death. The day of the burial, the steamboat Yellowstone coursed up the Missouri to Fort Pierre, and Catlin got away without serious trouble."

In speaking of this tragic event Catlin says: "While I was gone the spirit of vengeance pervaded nearly all the Dakota country in search of Shonka, who evaded pursuit. His brother, however, a noble and honorable fellow, esteemed by all who knew him, fell in their way in an unlucky hour and they slew him."

The excitement continued, spreading from village to village, many of the Indians saying Catlin was responsible for the loss of their favorite Chief, and should suffer death for their misfortunes. During one of their councils, an Uncpapa warrior from Little

Bear's band, is reported as having said: "The blood of two chiefs has sunk into the ground and a hundred bows are bent to shed more. On whom shall we bend them? I am a friend of the white man, but there is one whose medicine is too strong. He was the death of Little Bear, he made only one side of his face. The one side he made was alive, but he would not make the other. That side was dead, and Shonka shot it off. How is this? Who is to die? A Yankton brave, known as, "Torn Belly," agreed that Catlin's medicine—meaning mystery—was too strong; and that the Uncpapa's council was good.

The brother of the dead chief also spoke for vengeance in the same strain, but was opposed by Toh-kie-to, a leading warrior in the Yankton band,—who defended Catlin from all blame in the quarrel, relating to Little Bear's death:—but in the end they resolved that if Shonka was not slain, Catlin should die.

George Catlin was a pioneer writer, and his beautiful pen pictures of wild Indian scenes and customs on the Upper Missouri, in 1832, are embellished with portraits of the savages in their pristine vigor. One historian intimates, that he evidently drew his narrative within the realms of fiction, when he related the Indian tragedy at Fort Pierre, in his voyage up the great river; saying, "there is no published record from the American Fur Company to substantiate it."

Upon investigation, we find that little has been published from the records of that fur company; most of which has been lost and destroyed. In Vol. 3, of the Missouri Collections, (1908); we are told that several years before, many barrels of 'old American Fur

Company records, which had been reposing for years in a vacant warehouse that belonged to the late J. Gilman Choteau, in Saint Louis, was sold for old junk. Recognizing that possibly they might be of some historic value, Mr. Choteau traced them to the bin of a paper mill, where they had been dumped and intermingled with tons of waste paper. Several days were spent at the task of separating them, and a large portion was recovered; Mr. Choteau wisely provided that they should go to the Missouri Historical Society, where they could be examined, classified and safeguarded. In a later issue, the Missouri Historical quarterly says:

“When Choteau’s papers are added to the correspondence of Major Andrew Dripps, John B. Sarpy, Peter Sarpy, Charles Cabanne, D. D. Mitchell, Lucien Fontenelle, James Kipp, H. Picotte and W. J. Hodgkiss—including the correspondence of Major John Daugherty, and the sketch given relating to Lisa’s life, not accessible to Chittenden—so much new material will be made accessible that the history of the Missouri river country will have to be re-written.”

The steamboat Yellowstone, in 1832, unloaded the merchandise, supplies, and pine lumber consigned for Fort Pierre, and continued the voyage up the Missouri river, with its passengers and freight. The next important American fur-trading post located above Fort Pierre, was Fort Clarke, at the Mandan villages; a new post built by James Kipp near the mouth of Knife river, within the present boundaries of North Dakota.

The weather had continued dry and hot, and the small crop of corn and vegetables, planted by the

Mandan Indians, were commencing to wither and turn yellow in the scorching summer heat, for want of rain. This northern tribe, supposed to be a remnant of the pre-historic mound-building race, lived in a permanent village of dirt lodges, fortified with palisades. The day the steamboat Yellowstone landed at their village they were engaged in a rain-making ceremony, which had lasted for several days.

Reader, did you ever hear of rain-makers? If not, you never lived in the Dakotas; during the era of drouth and grasshopper invasions.

The Mandan Indians mode of procedure was to prepare the way by burning savory herbs in their council lodge; presided over by their medicine chiefs—the fumes from which were sent forth through an aperture in the roof, to the Great Spirit who rules the world. The council wigwam was then closed to all visitors except to three or four young apprentices, who were willing to test their powers in an attempt to make it rain, or suffer the disgrace of a fruitless endeavor to meet with success:—hoping that the potency of their magic would be “good medicine,” and they would become great and learned doctors in the tribe.

There were four candidates, who had volunteered to test their powers in the art of magic, to bring clouds and rain as devised by the medicine chiefs, who were burning incense in the council lodge of the Mandans. In describing their acts, on the earth covered roof of the great wigwam, Catlin says:

“Wah Kee—the Shield—was the first to ascend the wigwam at sunrise. He stood there during the long, weary hours of a hot, calm and cloudless day

without success, and at the setting of the sun retired to his lodge in disgrace.

Ompah, the Elk, was the next to ascend the council lodge on the following morning. With the exception of a breech cloth and a few streaks of paint, his person was without further adornment, save the crown of his head, which was covered with the skin of a raven—the bird that soars amidst the clouds and lightning's glare. During the whole day he flourished his shield, brandished his lance, and invoked the storm-king to bring moisture down upon the parched earth. But all in vain; for at sunset the ground was dry, the sky clear and the squaws crying and wailing at his failure. His doom was sealed as a weather prophet.

Wa-ra-pah, the beaver, was the next to ascend the council lodge at the rising of the sun on the following day. During the early hours of the morning a succession of small clouds rose up in the eastern horizon and sailed over the Indian village indicating a change in the weather. Proudly stood the young warrior on the apex of the medicine lodge. His figure standing out in bold relief in the perspective, as the inhabitants of the village scanned the darkening sky. But he spent his breath in vain upon the empty air, for the clouds sailed away leaving a clear sky and he came down at night unsuccessful.

Waka-dak-a-hee, the buffalo hair, was the next to take his stand in the morning. He was dressed in a tunic and leggins from the skin of a mountain sheep, beautifully garnished with quills of the porcupine and fringed with locks of hair taken from the shaggy frontlet of a buffalo bull, and his dark tresses were

decorated with an eagle's plume. On his left arm he carried a shield made from the raw hide of a buffalo, while in his hand he clutched his sinewy bow and a single arrow. The villagers all gathered around him while he threw a feather to decide on the course of the wind and he commenced to harrangue his people in the following manner.

"My friends, you see me here as a sacrifice. I this day relieve you from great distress and bring joy among you; or I shall descend from this lodge when the sun goes down and live among the dogs and old women the rest of my days. My friends! you saw which way the feather flew, and I hold my shield facing the wind. The lightning on my shield will show a great cloud, and this arrow, which is selected from those in my quiver feathered with the quill of the white swan, will pierce a hole in the clouds and bring rain. My friends! this opening in the roof of the lodge at my feet show me the medicine men who are seated within crying to the Storm Spirit for help. And through this aperture below me comes up delightful odors, which rise in smoke to the Storm King above, who rides in the clouds and commands the winds! Three days have they sat here, my friends, and nothing has been done to relieve your distress.

"On the first day was Wa-kee's, he could do nothing. On the next Om-pah tried and failed. Wa-ra-pah, the beaver, was the next. He came, but the beaver lives under water and never wants it to rain.

"My friends I see you are in great distress, and nothing has yet been done. This shield belonged to my father—the White Buffalo—and the lightning you

see on it is painted red. It was taken from a black cloud and that cloud will come over us today and bring rain."

In this manner he alternately addressed the audience and the heavens; holding converse with the "je-bi" (spirits in the winds) while the Magi were involved in mysteries, beneath, in their endeavors to bring rain and gladden the hearts of the Mandans.

It happened on this memorable day that the steamboat Yellowstone while making her trip up the Missouri, approached and landed at the Mandan village about noon. I was lucky enough to be a passenger and helped to fire a salute from a twelve pounder when we first came in sight of the village some three miles below. The distant booming of the cannon introduced a new sound which the Indians at first supposed to be thunder.

And the young brave on the council lodge—who turned it to good account—was gathering fame in rounds of applause, which was echoed and spreading throughout the village. All eyes were centered upon him. Chiefs envied him, fond mothers were already decorating their fair daughters to lead him forth in the van of the triumphal procession. The doctors had left the council lodge and were ready to bestow upon him the honored title of "Medicine Man," which his apparent signal success had so deservedly won, when a new wonder burst upon his vision.

During the excitement in the village, the young rain-maker kept his position on the council lodge, assuming the most commanding and threatening attitudes brandishing his shield in the direction of the thunder;

although there was not a cloud to be seen. Being elevated above the rest of the villagers, he presently espied—to his inexpressible amazement—the steamboat plowing its way up the river; puffing smoke from her pipes and sending forth the thunder from a twelve pounder on her deck. The White Buffalo's Hair stood motionless and turned pale! He looked awhile, and turning to the chiefs and multitude addressed them with trembling lips:

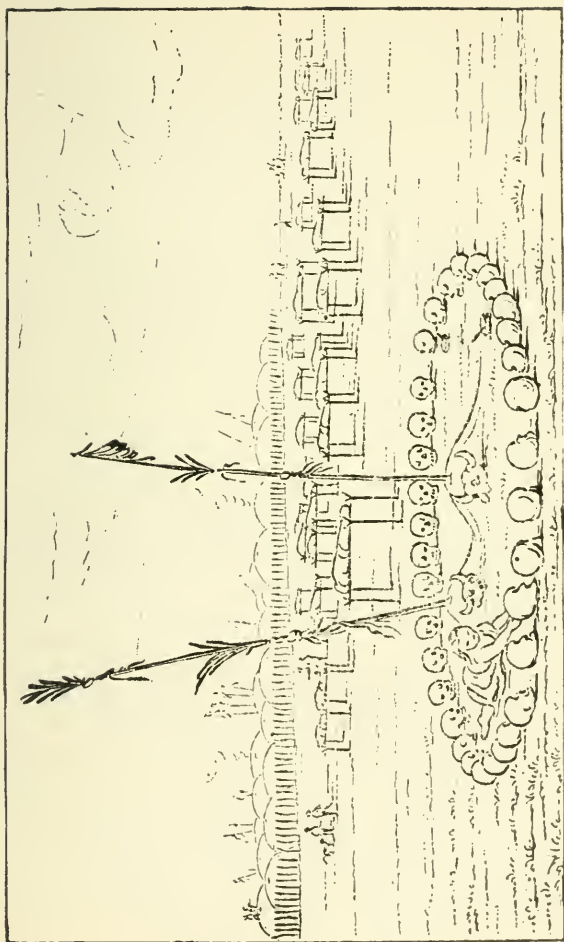
“My friends, we will get no rain! There are, you see, no clouds; but my medicine is great I have brought a thunder boat! Look and see it. The thunder you hear is from its mouth and the lightning is above the waters. At this intelligence the whole village ran to the bank of the river and to the top of their wigwams, where they could get a full view of the steamer as it came plowing along stemming the current of the turbid stream. In this promiscuous throng of chiefs, doctors, women, children and dogs, was Waka-dak-ah-ee—the White Buffalo Hair—having descended from his high place to mingle with the frightened throng. Dismayed at the approach of the steamer, the superstitious Mandans stood their ground but a few moments, when by an order of the chiefs, they retreated within the pickets of their village and the warriors hastily armed for a desperate defense. A few moments brought the boat in front of the village, but all was still and quiet as death. Not a Mandan was seen upon the banks. The steamer was moored to the shore and signs of a pacific nature were given; when three or four of the leading chiefs walked boldly down to the bank, with a spear in one hand and the

calumet pipe of peace in the other. Luckily, Major Sanford, their agent, was on the boat and the moment he stepped on shore they took his hand and their superstitious fears were brought to a joyful ending.

The villagers were soon apprised of the return of their agent and the peaceful attitude of the whites, and the whole tribe of friendly Mandans were soon parading along the banks of the river in front of the steamer. In the meantime, the rain-maker—whose apprehensions of a public calamity having been brought on by his extraordinary medicine—feared the vengeance of his people, and had secreted himself in a secure place. He was the last to come forward and the hardest to be convinced that this visitation was a friendly one from the white people and that his “medicine” had not in the least been instrumental in bringing it about.

This information, though received by him with much caution and suspicion, at length gave him great relief and quieted his mind as to his danger. Yet, still in his breast there was a rankling thorn—although he had escaped the dreaded vengeance of his people which he thought was at hand—caused by the mortification and disgrace in having failed in his mysterious operations as a rainmaker. He persisted in claiming that his mysterious medicine making was the cause of the strange arrival of the steamboat, and that he knew by his magic of its coming.

This plea, however, did not get him much audience, or gain him any prestige among his people during the bustle and guttural talk brought about by the arrival of the agent and the distribution of pres-



BACK VIEW OF MANDAN VILLAGE, SHOWING BURIAL GROUND

ents among the villagers. In fact pretty much everything else was swallowed up in the gossip about the presents they received; and so passed the day until just at the approach of sunset, when the White Buffalo Hair—more watchful than the others—observed that a black cloud had been jutting up in the horizon and was approaching the village. In an instant his shield was on his arm, his bow in his hand, and he was again seen upon the apex of the council lodge.

Stiffened and braced to the last sinew, he stood, with his face and shield presented to the approaching clouds. Nearer and nearer they came as the dark shadows overcast the landscape portending the coming storm. The eyes of the whole village were upon the rainmaker, as he vaunted forth his superhuman power and commanded the clouds to come nearer, that he might draw down their contents upon the lands and cornfields of the Mandans. In this wise he stood, waving his shield over his head, and stamping his foot, as he drew his bow and commanded it to rain. His bow was bent, and the arrow drawn to its head was sent to the clouds.

Turning his face to the multitude below he exclaimed: "My friends, it is done! My arrow has entered that black cloud and our lands will be drenched with the waters of the skies." His predictions were true; in a few moments the rain fell in torrents upon the parched earth, and those who were about him were driven to the shelter of their wigwams. He stood for some time wielding his weapons and presenting his shield to the skies, until he finished his vaunts and threats and then descended from his high place—

drenched and dripping—to receive the honors and homage due to one so potent in the mysteries of magic.

During the night the steamboat remained moored to the bank at the Mandan village. The rain that had commenced falling before sunset, continued to pour down in torrents until midnight. Black thunder roared and livid lightning flashed until the dark heavens appeared to be lit up with one unceasing and appalling glare. In that frightful moment of consternation, a flash of lightning illuminated the heavens and came crashing down through one of the earth covered lodges and killed a beautiful Indian girl. Here was food and fuel for their superstition, and a night of vast tumult and excitement ensued. The golden dreams of the new made medicine man were troubled and he had dreadful apprehensions for the coming day, for he knew he was subject to the irrevocable decree of the chiefs and doctors—who canvassed every strange and unaccountable event with close and superstitious scrutiny and let their vengeance fall without mercy upon those whom they considered its cause. He looked upon his well earned fame as likely to be withheld from him, and also considered that his life might be demanded as the forfeit for the girl's death, which would certainly be charged upon him if his people deemed the accident to have been caused by his desertion of his post while the steamboat was approaching the village. Morning dawned and he soon learned from his friends that a tribunal was being prepared by the wise men of the tribe to inquire into the cause of the mysterious and tragic event. Being called to appear before the council of the dig-

nitaries of the tribe, he sent for his three horses, and mounting the medicine lodge he stood there in silence waiting for the villagers to assemble. The cause of the tragic death of the young girl was heralded by a crier throughout the village and a great crowd soon gathered around the council lodge. One of the chiefs then arose and informed the assembled villagers the nature of the proceeding and pointing to the young warrior on the council lodge, said: "We will now hear him make his defense." In reply he said:

"My friends! I see you all around me and I am before you. My medicine, you see, is great. It is too great. I am young and I was too fast. I knew not when to stop. The wigwam of Mah-sish is laid low and many are the eyes that weep for Ko Ka, the antelope—and Waka-dak-a-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts who weep for Ko Ka. My arrow pierced the clouds and the rain came; the thunder and lightning came also and killed one of our fairest young girls. Who says my medicine is not strong? Shall I be condemned?"

At the conclusion of this sentence, a unanimous shout of approbation and approval ran through the crowd and the Hair of the White Buffalo descended among them, where he was greeted as a great doctor of magic.

This man had done a great thing in the estimation of his people and won the honorable title of doctor, or "medicine man" in the tribe, wielding ever after a powerful influence in the nation.

Many years have elapsed since the occurrence of this event, yet he still lives and thrives under the

familiar and honorable title of the "Big Double Medicine Man."

There are two facts in connection with the ceremony of Indian rainmakers, as represented by Catlin. The first, is that when they undertook to make it rain they continued the ceremonies until rain fell—never failing to succeed. The second, also, is that the lucky Indian doctor who once was fortunate in seeing rain fall while in the act of performing his magic for that purpose, never attempted it again. His medicine was undoubted, and on future occasions he was willing to give an opportunity to other young men of the tribe who were ambitious to signalize themselves in the same way.

M. K. Armstrong, in his "Empire Builders of the Great West," mentions the Indian scare at the Mandan villages on the approach of the Yellowstone, in the summer of 1832; the first steamboat to penetrate into the wilds of the upper Missouri country; and we are permitted to reproduce his illustration of the Indian scene during their wild panic.

While Catlin was at the Mandan villages, he witnessed many ceremonies, dances and customs of that tribe; illustrating in his notes and portraits, the wild life and customs of that strange people; speaking of them in the following manner:—

"The strange country that I am in, its excitements, its accidents and wild customs, which startle me at almost every moment, prevent me from making any very elaborate disquisition upon the above remarkable events at present; and even had I all the time and leisure of a country gentleman, and all the information

I am daily procuring, and daily expect to procure hereafter in explanation of these unaccountable mysteries, yet do I fear that there would be that inexplicable difficulty that hangs over most of the customs and traditions of these simple people; who have no history to save facts and systems from falling into the most absurd and disjointed fable and ignorant fiction. What few plausible inferences I have as yet been able to draw from the above strange and peculiar transactions I will set forth, but with some diffidence, hoping and trusting that by my further intimacy and familiarity with these people I may yet arrive at more satisfactory and important results. That these people should have a tradition of the flood is by no means surprising as I have learned from every tribe I have visited that they all have some high mountain in their vicinity, where they insist upon it the big canoe landed; but that these people should hold an annual celebration of the event, and the season of that decided by such circumstances as the full leaf of the willow and the medicine lodge opened by such a man as "Nu-mah-muk-a-nah"—who appears to be a white man, making his appearance from the high mountains in the west; and some other circumstances, is surely a remarkable thing, and requires extraordinary attention.

"This Nu-mah-muk-a-nah—first or only man—is undoubtedly some mystery or medicine man of the tribe, who has gone out on the prairie on the evening previous, and having dressed and painted himself for the occasion, comes into the village in the morning, endeavoring to keep up the semblance of reality; for their tradition says that at a very ancient period such

a man did actually come from the west; that his body was of white color, as this man's body is represented; that he wore a robe of four white wolf skins, his head-dress made of two ravin's skins, and in his left hand a huge pipe. He said, "I was at one time the only man;" and he told them of the destruction of everything on the earth's surface by water; that he stopped in his big canoe on a high mountain in the west and was saved, saying:

"The Mandans and all other people were bound to make yearly sacrifices of some edged tools to the water, for with such things the big canoe was made; that he instructed the Mandans how to build their medicine lodge, and also taught them the forms of these annual ceremonies, and told them that as long as they made these sacrifices and performed their rites to the full letter, they might be assured of the fact that they would be the favorite people of the Almighty, and would always have enough to eat and drink, and that as soon as they should depart from these forms they might be assured that their race would decrease and finally run out; and that they might date their nation's calamity to that omission or neglect. These people have, no doubt, been long living under the dread of such an injunction, and in the fear of departing from it; and while they are living in total ignorance of its origin, the world must remain equally ignorant of the needs and practice of all Indian customs; resting on ancient traditions which soon run into fables, having lost all their system, by which they might have been construed. This strange and unaccountable custom is undoubtedly peculiar to the Mandans, although among

the Minnetarees, and some others of the neighboring tribes, they have seasons of abstinence and self-torture somewhat similar, but bearing no other resemblance to this than a mere effort to form an imitation.

"It would seem from their tradition of the Willow branch and the dove that these people must have had some proximity to some part of the civilized world, or that Missionaries or others have been formerly among them inculcating the christian religion and the Mosaic account of the flood, which is, in this and some other respects, decidedly different from the theory which most natural people have distinctly established, relating to that event. There are other strong and almost decisive proofs, in my opinion, in support of the assertion which is to be drawn from the diversity of color in their hair and complexions, as I have heretofore described, as well as from their tradition just related of the "first and only man," whose body was white, and who came from the west, telling them of the destruction of the earth by water, instructing them in the forms of these mysteries."

MANDAN VILLAGE.

Catlin gives a vivid description of the main Mandan village, with the customs of that strange and friendly tribe on the upper Missouri; being a close observer and good chronicler; told in the following narrative form.

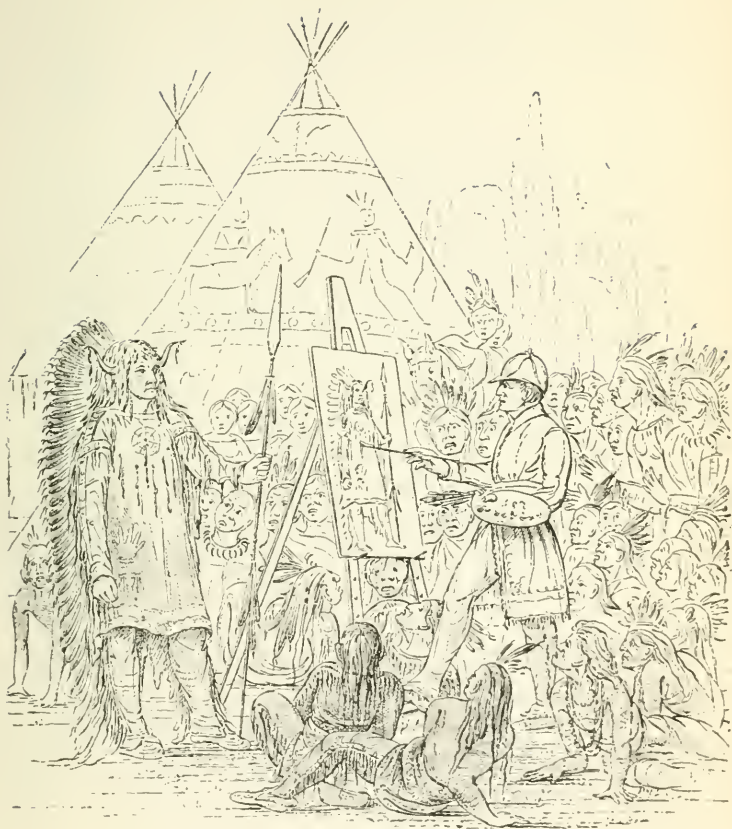
"The lodges are covered with earth, and so compactly fixed by long use, that men, women and children, recline and play upon their tops in pleasant weather.

"These lodges vary in size from forty to fifty feet

in diameter, and are of a circular form. The village is protected in front by the river, with a bank forty feet high, and on the back part by a picket of timber set firmly in the ground. Back of the village, on the prairie, are seen the scaffolds on which their dead bodies are laid to decay; being wrapped in several skins of buffalo, and tightly bandaged.

“In the middle of the village is an open area of one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, in which their public games and festivals are held. In the center of that is their big canoe, a curb made of planks which is an object of religious veneration. Over the medicine or mystery lodge is seen hanging on the tops of poles several sacrifices to the Great Spirit (the evil one) of blue and black cloths, which have been bought at great prices, and there left to hang and decay. In my last I gave some account of the village, and the customs and appearances of this strange people—and I will now proceed to give further details on that subject. I have this morning perched myself upon one of their earth-covered lodges which I have before described, and having the whole village beneath and about me (Plate 47) with its sachems, its warriors its dogs, and its horses in motion, its medicine (or mysteries) and scalp-poles waving over my head, its pickets, its green fields and prairies, and river in full view, with the din and bustle of the thrilling panorama that is about me, I shall be able, I hope, to give some sketches more to the life than I could have done from any effort of recollection.

There is really a newness and rudeness in everything that is to be seen. There are several hundred



MR. CATLIN PAINTING A MANDAN CHIEF IN 1832.

dwelling in the villages about me and they are purely unique; they are covered with earth, the people are all red, and yet distinct from all other red folks I have seen. The horses are wild, every dog is a wolf, and the whole moving mass are strangers to me; the living, in everything, carry an air of intractable wildness about them, and the dead are not buried, but dried upon scaffolds.

"The groups of lodges around me present a curious and pleasing appearance, resembling in shape (more nearly than anything else I can compare them to) so many large potash kettles inverted. On the top of these are to be seen groups standing and reclining, whose wild and picturesque appearance it would be difficult to describe. Stern warriors, like statues, standing in dignified groups, wrapped in their painted robes, with their heads decked and plumed with quills of the war eagle; extending their long arms to the east or the west, the scenes of their battles, which they are recounting over to each other. In another direction, the wooing lover, softening the heart of his fair "Taih-nah-tai-a," with the notes of his simple lute.

"On other lodges, beyond, groups are in games of the "moccasin" or "platter." Some are seen manufacturing robes and dresses, and others, fatigued with amusement or occupations, have stretched their limbs to enjoy the luxury of sleep, while basking in the sun.

With all this wild and varied medley of living beings, are mixed their dogs; which seem to be so near an Indian's heart as almost to constitute a material link of his existence.

The lodges around the open space, front in with

their doors toward the center; and in the middle of this circle stands an object of great religious veneration, as I am told, on account of the importance it has in the conduction of those annual religious rites.

This object is in the form of a large hog's head some eight or ten feet high, made of planks and hoops; containing within it some of their choicest medicines or mysteries, and religiously preserved unhacked or scratched as a symbol of the "Big Canoe," as they call it. One of the lodges fronting on this circular arc and facing this strange object of their superstition, is called the medicine lodge, or council house. It is in that large sacred building that these wonderful ceremonies, in commemoration of the flood, take place. I was told by the traders that the cruelties of these scenes are frightful and abhorrent in the extreme; and this huge wigwam, which is now closed, has been built exclusively for this great celebration. I am everyday reminded of the near approach of the season for this strange affair, and as I have not yet seen anything of it, I cannot describe it; I know of it only from the relations of the traders who have witnessed parts of it, and their descriptions are of so extraordinary a character, that I would not be willing to describe it until I can see for myself, which will, in all probability be in a few days.

In ranging the eye over the village from where I am writing, there is presented to the view the strangest mixture and medley of unintelligible trash (independent of the living beings that are in motion) that can possibly be imagined. On the roofs of the lodges, besides the groups of living, are buffalo skulls, skin canoes, pots and pottery, sleds and sledges, and sus-

pended on poles, erected some twenty feet above the doors of their wigwams, are displayed the scalps of slain enemies preserved as trophies; and are proudly exposed as evidence of their war-like deeds.

In other parts are raised on poles the warrior's pure and whitened shields and quivers, with medicine bags attached; and here and there a sacrifice of red cloth, or other costly stuff, offered up to the Great Spirit, over the door of some benignant chief, in humble gratitude for the blessings he is enjoying.

Such is a part of the strange medley that is before and around me, and amidst them and the blue smoke that are rising from the tops of these hundred "coal pits" (similar to burning wood into charcoal) can be seen in the distance; the green and boundless, treeless prairie, and on it, contiguous to the pickets which inclose the village, stands a hundred scaffolds, on which their 'dead live,' as they term it."

There were three young chiefs, from the Crees, Chippewas and Assiniboine Sioux, who were fellow passengers on the steamboat Yellowstone with Catlin, returning from Washington, where they had been taken the previous year by Major Sanford; sub-agent for the upper Missouri Indians. Among these Indian chiefs was Wi-Jun-Jon, the "Pigeon's Egg Head," a young chief of the Assiniboines, whose hunting grounds were near the great north bend of the Missouri, above the Mandan villages. Upon his return, the young chief wore a military uniform that had been given to him; and he told his warriors of the great number of white people, with their large cities and customs, that he had seen; and he was denounced by them for

telling lies learned from the whites, and was murdered in his village.

The story is a strange mixture of Indian comedy and pathetic tragedy, told by Catlin to his companions at a campfire near Big Stone Lake, South Dakota, in 1836; as published on pages 195-200, Vol. 2, "Eight Years With the Indians."

THE STORY OF WI-JUN-JON.

"Wi-jun-jon (the Pigeon's Egg Head) was a brave, and a warrior of the Assiniboines; young, proud, handsome, valiant, and graceful. He had fought many a battle and won many a laurel. The numerous scalps from his enemies' heads adorned his dress, and his claims were fair and just for the highest honors that his country could bestow upon him, for his father was chief of the nation.

"Le meme! de same—mon frere—mon ami! Bien, I am compose; go on, monsieur."

"Well, this young Assiniboine, the 'Pigeon's Egg Head,' was selected by Major Sanford, the Indian agent, to represent his tribe in a delegation which visited Washington under his charge in the winter of 1831-32. With this gentleman, the Assiniboine, together with representatives from several other of those Northwestern tribes, descended the Missouri River several thousand miles on their way to Washington.

"While descending the river in a Mackinaw boat, from mouth of the Yellowstone, Wi-jun-jon and another of his tribe who was with him, at the first approach to the civilized settlements, commenced a register of the white men's houses (or cabins) by cutting a notch for each on the side of a pipe-stem, in order to be able to

show when they got home how many white men's houses they saw on their journey. At first the cabins were scarce; but as they advanced down the river more and more they continually increased in numbers, and they soon found their pipe-stem filled with marks, and they determined to put the rest of them on the handle of a war-club, which they soon got marked all over likewise; and at length, while the boat was moored at the shore for the purpose of cooking the dinner for the party, Wi-jun-jon and his companion stepped into the bushes and cut a long stick, from which they peeled the bark; and when the boat was again under way they sat down and with much labor copied the notches on it from the pipe-stem and club, and also kept adding a notch for every house they passed. This stick was soon filled, and in a day or two several others, when at last they seemed much at a loss to know what to do with their troublesome records, until they came in sight of Saint Louis, which is a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, upon which, after consulting a little, they pitched their sticks overboard into the river.

"I was in Saint Louis at the time of their arrival and painted their portraits while they rested in that place. Wi-jun-jon was the first, who reluctantly yielded to the solicitation of the Indian agent and myself and appeared as sullen as death in my painting-room, with eyes fixed like those of a statue upon me, though his pride had plumed and tinted him in all the freshness and brilliancy of an Indian's toilet. In his nature's uncowering pride he stood a perfect model, but superstition had hung a lingering curve upon his lips,

and pride had stiffened it into contempt. He had been urged into a measure against which his fears had pleaded, yet he stood unmoved and unflinching amid the struggle of mysteries that were hovering about him, foreboding ill of every kind and misfortunes that were to happen to him in consequence of this operation.

"He was dressed in his native costume, which was classic and exceedingly beautiful (Plate 271); his leggings and shirt were of the mountain-goat skin, richly garnished with quills of the porcupine and fringed with locks of scalps taken from his enemies' heads. Over these floated his long hair in plaits that fell nearly to the ground; his head was decked with war-eagle's plumes, his robe was of the skin of the young buffalo bull, richly garnished and emblazoned with the battles of his life; his quiver and bow were slung, and his shield of the skin from the bull's neck.

"I painted him in this beautiful dress, and so also the others who were with him; and after I had done, Major Sanford went on to Washington with them, where they spent the winter.

"Wi-jun-jon was the foremost on all occasions—the first to enter the levee, the first to shake the President's hand and make his speech to him, the last to extend the hand to them, but the first one to catch the smiles and admiration of the gentle sex. He traveled the giddy maze and beheld among the buzzing din of civil life their tricks of art, their handiworks, their finery. He visited their principal cities; and he saw their forts, their great guns, steamboats, balloons, etc., and in the spring returned to Saint Louis, where

I joined him and his companions on their way back to their own country.

“Through the politeness of Mr. Choteau, of the American Fur Company, I was admitted (the only passenger except Major Sanford and his Indians) to a passage in their steamboat on her first trip to the Yellowstone; and when I had embarked and the boat was about to depart, Wi-jun-jon made his appearance on deck in a full suit of regimentals! He had in Washington exchanged his beautifully garished and classic costume for a full dress “*en militaire*” (see Plate 272.) It was, perhaps, presented to him by the President. It was broadcloth of the finest blue, trimmed with lace of gold, On his shoulders were mounted two immense epaulettes; his neck was strangled with a shining black stock, and his feet were pinioned in a pair of water-proof boots with high heels, which made him ‘step like a yoked hog.’

“‘Ha-ha-hagh (pardon, Monsieur Cataline, for I am almost laugh)—well, he was a fine gentleman, ha?’

“On his head was a high-crowned beaver hat, with a broad silver lace band, surmounted by a huge red feather, some two feet high; his coat collar; stiff with lace, came higher up than his ears, and over it flowed down towards his haunches, his long Indian locks, stuck up in rolls and plaits, with red paint.

“‘Ha-ha-hagh-agh-ah’

“Hold your tongue, Ba’tiste.

“‘Well, go on—go on.’

“A large silver medal was suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon, and across his right shoulder

passed a wide belt, supporting by his side a broadsword.

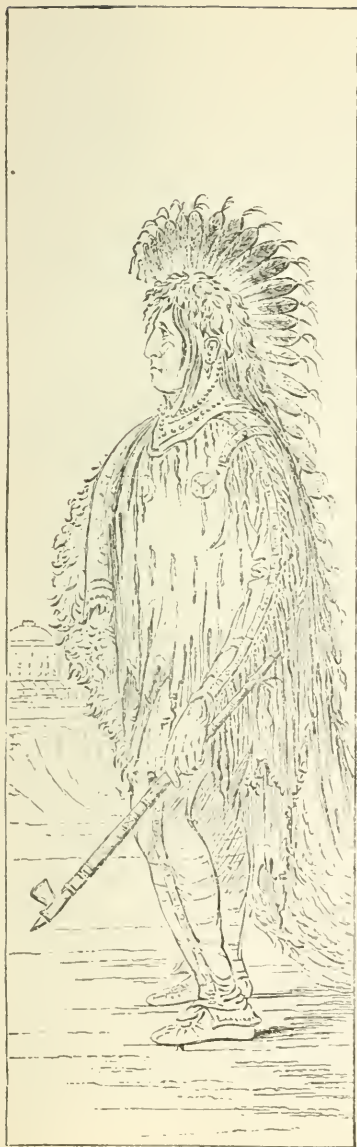
“ ‘Diable!’

“On his hands he had drawn a pair of white kid gloves, and in them held, a blue umbrella in one, and a large fan in the other. In this fashion was poor Wi-jun-jon metamorphosed, on his return from Washington; and, in this plight was strutting and whistling Yankee Doodle, about the deck of the steamer that was wending its way up the mighty Missouri, taking him to his native land again, where he was soon to light his pipe and cheer the wigwam fireside with tales of novelty and wonder.

“Well, Ba’tiste, I traveled with the new-fangled gentlemen until he reached his home, two thousand miles above Saint Louis, and I could never look upon him for a moment without excessive laughter at the ridiculous figure he cut—the strides, the angles, the stiffness of this traveling beau! Oh, Ba’tiste, if you could have seen him you would have split your sides with laughter; he was ‘puss in boots,’ precisely.

“ ‘By gar, he is good compare! Ha-ha, monsieur: (pardon) I am laugh I am see him w’en he is arrive in Yellowstone; you know I was dere. I am laugh much w’en he is got off de boat, and all de Assiniboines was dere to look. Oh, diable! I am laugh almost to die; I am split!—suppose he was pretty stiff, ha?—‘cob on spindle,’ ha? Oh, by gar, he is coot poor laugh—pour rire?’

“After Wi-jun-jon had got home, and passed the usual salutations among his friends, he commenced the simple narration of scenes he had passed through,



WIJUN-JON, GOING TO AND RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON, 1832.

and of things he had beheld among the whites; which appeared to them so much like fiction that it was impossible to believe them, and they set him down as an impostor. 'He has been,' they said, 'among the whites, who are great liars, and all he has learned is to come home and tell lies.' He sank rapidly into disgrace in his tribe; his high claims to political eminence all vanished; he was reputed worthless—the greatest liar of his nation; the chiefs shunned him and passed him by as one of the tribe who was lost; yet the ears of the gossiping portion of the tribe were open, and the camp-fire circle and the wigwam fireside gave silent audience to the whispered narratives of the 'traveled Indian.' * * * *

"The next day after he had arrived among his friends the superfluous part of his coat (which was a laced frock) was converted into a pair of leggings for his wife; and his hat-band of silver lace furnished her a magnificent pair of garters. The remainder of the coat, curtailed of its original length, was seen buttoned upon the shoulders of his brother, over and above a pair of leggings of buckskin; and Wi-jun-jon was parading about among his gaping friends with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, which, sans coat, exhibited a fine linen shirt with studs and sleeve-buttons. His broadsword kept its place, but about noon his boots gave way to a pair of garnished moccasins; and in such plight he gossiped away the day among his friends, while his heart spoke so freely and so effectually from the bung-hole of a little keg of whisky, which he had brought the whole way (as one of the choicest presents made him at Washington), that his tongue became silent.

"One of his little fair "innamoratas," or catch-crums, such as live in the halo of all great men, fixed her eyes and her affections upon his beautiful silk braces, and the next day, while the keg was yet dealing out its kindness, he was seen paying visits to the lodges of his old acquaintance, swaggering about, with his keg under his arm, whistling Yankee Doodle and Washington's Grand March; his white shirt, or part of it, that had been flapping in the wind, was shockingly tithed; and his pantaloons of blue, laced with gold, were razed into a pair of comfortable leggings; his bow and quiver were slung, and his broadsword, which trailed on the ground, had sought the center of gravity, and taken a position between his legs, and dragging behind him, served as a rudder to steer him over the 'earth's troubled surface.'

" 'Ha-hah-hagh——ah——o——k, eh bien.'

"Two days' revel of this kind had drawn from his keg all its charms; and in the mellowness of his heart, all his finery had vanished, and all of its appendages, except his umbrella, to which his heart's strongest affections still clung, and with it, and under it, in rude dress of buckskin, he was afterwards to be seen, in all sorts of weather, acting the fop and the beau as well as he could, with his limited means. In this plight, and in this dress, with his umbrella always in his hand (as the only remaining evidence of his quondam greatness), he began in his sober moments to entertain and instruct his people by honest and simple narratives of things and scenes he had beheld during his tour to the East, but which (unfortunately for him) were to them too marvellous and improbable to be believed. He

told the gaping multitude, that were constantly gathering about him, of the distance he had traveled; of the astonishing number of houses he had seen; of the towns and cities, with all their wealth and splendor; of traveling on steamboats, in stages, and on railroads. He described our forts and seventy-four gun ships which he had visited; their big guns; our great bridges and great council-house at Washington, and its doings; the curious and wonderful machines in the Patent Office (which he pronounced the greatest medicine place he had seen); he described the great war parade which he saw in the city of New York; the ascent of the balloon from Castle Garden; the numbers of the white people; the beauty of the white squaws; their red cheeks; and many thousands of other things, all of which were so much beyond their comprehension that 'they could not be true,' and 'he must be the very greatest liar in the whole world.'

"But he was beginning to acquire a reputation of a different kind. He was denominated a "medicine man," and one too of the most extraordinary character, for they deemed him far above the ordinary sort of a human being, whose mind could invent and conjure up for their amusement such an ingenious fabrication of novelty and wonder. He steadily and unostentatiously persisted, however, in this way of entertaining his friends and his people, though he knew his standing was affected by it. He had an exhaustless theme to descant upon through the remainder of his life; and he seemed satisfied to lecture all his life for the pleasure it gave him.

"So great was his medicine, however, that they

began, chiefs and all, to look upon him as a most extraordinary being, and the customary honors and forms began to be applied to him, and the respect shown him that belongs to all men in the Indian country who are distinguished for their medicine or mysteries. In short when all became familiar with the astonishing representations that he made, and with the wonderful alacrity with which 'he created them,' he was denominated the very greatest of medicine, and not only that but the lying medicine. That he should be the greatest of medicine, and that for lying merely, rendering him a prodigy in mysteries that commanded not only respect, but at length (when he was more maturely heard and listened to) admiration, awe, and at last dread and terror, which altogether must needs conspire to rid the world of a monster whose more than human talents must be cut down to less than human measurement.

" 'W'at! Monsieur Cataline, dey 'av' not try to kill him?'

"Yes, Ba'tiste, in this way the poor fellow had lived, and been for three years past continually relating the scenes he had beheld in his tour to the 'far east' until his medicine became so alarmingly great that they were unwilling he should live; they were disposed to kill him for a wizard. One of the young men of the tribe took the duty upon himself, and, after much perplexity, hit upon the following plan, to-wit. He had fully resolved, in conjunction with others who were in the conspiracy, that the medicine of Wi-jun-jon was too great for the ordinary mode, and that he was so great a liar that a rifle bullet would not kill him.

While the young man was in this distressing dilemma, which lasted for some weeks, he had a dream one night, which solved all difficulties; and in consequence of which he loitered about the store in the fort, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, until he could procure, by stealth (according to the injunction of his dream), the handle of an iron pot, which he supposed possessed the requisite virtue, and taking it into the woods, he there spent a whole day in straightening and filing it, to fit it into the barrel of his gun; after which, he made his appearance again with his gun under his robe, charged with the pot handle, and getting behind poor Wi-jun-jon, whilst he was talking with the trader placed the muzzle behind his head and blew out his brains.

Charles Larpenteur, in "Forty Year a Fur-trader," mentions the return of the Indian chiefs from Washington, in 1832, (pages 413 and 414, volumn II.) in which he narrates the following story.

"Major Sanford took from Union to Washington three chiefs—one Assiniboine, one Cree and one Chippewa. The Assiniboine was the son of the chief of the Rock or Stone band—Wauhimaza, the arrowhead. He was a fine looking man about 30 years of age, named Lya-jan-jan. With all the manners and other good things which he brought from Washington, to show his people what an advance he had made in civilization, was a white towel, which he used to wipe his face and hands, and a house bell which he tied to the door of his lodge, His people said that all he had got from the whites was a gift of gab. After his return he passed himself off for a great medicine man,

and said that no ball could penetrate his skin. He had a strong connection, and was much feared, But the next summer a certain individual thought he would try the strength of his medicine, and shot a bullet (he had prepared) through his head. The ball was harder than his head and went through in spite of the strength of his medicine. He was brought to Fort Union, and buried after their own way, in a tree. One summer a requisition for Indian skulls was made by physicians from Saint Louis. His head was cut off and sent down in a sack with many others. Which of them came out first was hard to tell but I dont think his did. This is the whole amount of good that chief did. As he went down to Washington (with Major Sanford) during President Jackson's Administration, his name with the whites was known as Jackson. The Cree chief never amounted to anything, nor did the Chippewa.

"Major Sanford was very much of a gentleman, but cared more for the interests of the American Fur Company than for Indian affairs. He afterward married Pierre Choteau's daughter, and one can judge in whose favor his reports would be likely to be made."

To the above, Elliott Coues (who prepared Larpenteur's personal narratives for publication after his death) adds the following note; from which we infer that Audubon secured a sackfull of Indian skulls, including Wi-jun-jons, and took them from Fort Union to Saint Louis. The note reads as follows:

"3-Orig-journ, (Larpenteur's) has in substance at date of Sunday, Sept. 13th, 1835, another case whose sequel furnishes a parallel instance:

"About eleven o'clock, we were suddenly informed

by a squaw that La Vache Blanche, (the White Cow) who had been sick for some time, had stuck an arrow in his heart, and that his wife desired some of us to come and pull it out. On entering his lodge with the interpreter I found him lying on his back dead, still holding in his left hand the arrow, the feathered part of which had been broken off; leaving about six inches of the shaft sticking out of the wound. Pulling on this I succeeded in withdrawing it till the head reached the skin, but was obliged to cut the skin to extract the head. I was informed that some time ago he said he had suffered long enough, and knowing that he must die he intended to take his own life.

The family applied to Mr. Hamilton for a blanket to cover the body and it was buried in a tree Indian fashion."

Elliott Coues says: "What finally became of White Cow's skull is told in the following extract from Audubon's Journal, II, 1897, page 72; at date of July 2, 1843.

"Mr. Denig and I walked off with a bag and instruments, to take off the head of a three-years dead Indian chief, called the White Cow. Denig got on my shoulders and into the branches near the coffin, which stood about ten feet above the ground. The coffin was lowered, or rather tumbled down, and the cover was soon hammered off; to my surprise, the feet was placed upon the pillow, instead of the head, which lay at the foot of the coffin—if a long box may be so called. Worms were all about it; the feet naked, shrunk and dried up. The head had still the hair on, and was twisted off in a moment, under jaw and all. The body had been first wrapped up in a buffalo skin, without

hair and then in another robe with the hair on, as usual; after this the dead man had been enveloped in an American flag, and over this a superb blanket. We left all on the ground but the head. Squires, Denig and Owen McKenzie went afterwards to try to replace the coffin and contents in the tree, but in vain; the whole affair fell to the ground and there it lies; but I intend to-morrow to have it covered with earth.

The history of this man is short, and I had it from Mr. Larpenteur, who was in the fort at the time of his decease, of self-committed death. He was a good friend to the whites, and knew how to procure many buffalo robes for them. He was also a famous orator, and never failed to harangue his people on all occasions. However, he was, consumptive, and finding himself about to die, he sent his squaw for water, took an arrow from his quiver, and thrusting it into his heart, expired, and was found dead when his squaw returned to the lodge. He was buried in the above mentioned tree by order of Mr. McKenzie, who then commanded this fort."

While at Fort Union, 1832, Catlin studied the habits and customs of the wild Indians, who roamed over their hunting grounds, painting and explaining their dances, medicines, arms, dress and hunting scenes; following them in the chase; and we re-produce many incidents mentioned in his memoir, to give a fuller understanding of the habits of the savage tribes who roamed in the wilds of the great Northwest Territory; authenticated by many contemporaneous writers among the fur-traders, at Fort Union and elsewhere.



A LISON CHARGING MONS, CHARDON.

The American bison, more commonly called buffalo, is a migratory animal that roamed in countless thousands upon the great western prairies of the United States, lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. In the early days of the last century they were met with in great droves, and ranged from the uninhabited regions in the British possessions, west of Hudson Bay, southward to Texas and New Mexico. The most northern point at which they have been observed by white men, was along the shores of Great Slave Lake; mentioned in Franklin's narrative of exploration in the far north.

The buffaloes were restless animals, whose wandering herds were ever seeking new pastures, and the lands in the upper Missouri country was their favorite summer resort.

Hunting the buffalo was an exciting and dangerous sport and the wild Indian tribes had several modes of pursuing and killing them. Stealing among them disguised as wolves, driving them over a precipice, or surrounding the herd and killing within a circle of mounted hunters; were some of the methods adopted in the chase. However, the expert hunter usually galloped his well trained horse up to the moving herd, dashing toward them in his endeavors to separate the individual he desired to kill. If he succeeded, he contrived to keep it apart by the proper management of his hunting horse, while going at full speed. Whenever he was sufficiently near for the ball to penetrate the breast of the moving buffalo he fired, and seldom failed in bringing the animal down; which required practice as the hunter did not take

deliberate aim. On this service the hunter was often exposed to considerable danger from the fall of his horse, and from the rage of the fleeing animal, which when closely pressed, often turned suddenly and furiously upon the horse, frequently wounding it and dismounting the rider.

While at Fort Union, George Catlin participated in a buffalo hunt, with McKenzie, Chardon and their Indian hunters; and he relates the following interesting narrative of adventure.

"As we were mounted and ready to start, McKenzie called up some four or five of his men, and told them to follow immediately on our trail; with as many one horse carts, which they were to harness up and bring home the meat.

"Ferry them across the river in a scow," said he, "and follow our trail through the bottom; and you will find us on the plain between the Yellowstone and the Missouri rivers with meat enough to haul home. The watch on yonder bluff has signaled us that there are plenty of buffaloes on that spot, and we are going there as fast as possible."

"We all crossed the river, and galloped along a couple of miles or so, when we mounted the bluff; to be sure, as was said, and there in full view of us was a fine herd of some four or five hundred buffaloes, perfectly at rest and seemingly secure. Some were grazing and others lying down and sleeping; as we advanced within a mile of them, in full view, and came to a halt. Mons. Chardon "tossed the feather,"—a custom always observed to try the course of the wind—and we commenced "stripping," as it is termed;

every man divesting from his person and horse all extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress that might cause an incumbrance in running. Hats, coats and bullet pouches were laid off; sleeves rolled up, a handkerchief tied tightly around the head, and another around the waist—cartridges prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, together, with a half dozen bullets; all of which takes up some ten or fifteen minutes; and is not, in effect, unlike a council of war.

“Our leader lay the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged, and with ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses were all trained for this business, and seemed to enter into it with as much enthusiasm and restless spirit as the riders themselves.

“While stripping and mounting, they exhibited the most restless impatience; and, when approaching, with us all abreast, upon a slow walk, in a straight line; they seemed to have caught the spirit of the chase; for the laziest nag amongst us pranced with an elastic step champing his bit, his ears erect, his eyes strained and fixed upon the game before him, as he moves along trembling under the saddle of his rider.

“In this way we carefully and silently marched, until the buffaloes discovered us, some forty or fifty rods in our advance; when they wheeled and laid their course in a solid mass of moving animals. At that instant we started, and all must start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement; and away we sailed, and over the prairies flew a cloud of dust, which was raised by trampling hoofs. McKenzie was foremost in the

throng, and he dashed off amidst the dust and was soon out of sight. He was after the swift and fastest cows. I soon discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole moving herd, and I picked my way to get alongside of him. I went not for meat but for a trophy; I wanted the head and horns from this monarch of the herd. I dashed along through the mass as they spread out and swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game; when I gave him a shot as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. Amidst the trampling throng, Mons. Chardon had wounded a stately bull, and at this moment was passing him again with his gun leveled for another shot; they were both at full speed and I also; when the bull turned and caught the Frenchman's horse upon his horns, and the ground received poor Chardon; who made a frog leap over the bull's back and almost under my horse's heels. I wheeled my horse as soon as possible and rode back, where lay poor Chardon, gasping to start his breath again and within a few paces of him lay his huge victim with his heels in the air and the horse lying across him. I dismounted instantly, but Chardon was raising himself on his hands, with his eyes and mouth full of dirt, and feeling for his gun, which lay about thirty feet in advance of him.

“Heaven spare you, are you hurt Chardon?” “Hi-hic-hic-hic-no I beleive not.” At this the poor fellow fainted, but in a few moments arose, picked up his gun, took his horse by the bit; which opened its eyes

and sprang to its feet, shook off the dirt—and here we all were with a few scratches and bruises; save the bull whose fate had been more tragic than either.”

While at Fort Union, Catlin painted many portraits of Indians from the Crees and Assiniboine Sioux bands. In his notes he says the Assiniboines (Stone-boilers) were a part of the Dakota Sioux who established themselves as a nation, occupying an extensive country extending into British America, on Mouse river and the headwaters of the Assiniboine, tributaries of the Red River of the North. They received the origin of their name from a singular mode they had of boiling the meat of wild animals, which was done in the following manner. A small circular hole was dug in the ground, about the size of a camp kettle; and a piece of the raw-hide from the back of a buffalo was pressed down in the hole close around the side and filled with water.

The meat to be boiled was then put in this skin pot and heated stones taken from an adjacent fire were successively dipped into it until the water boiled and the meat was cooked. This awkward and tedious custom was an ingenious method, often practiced, before white traders and the Mandans supplied them with cooking pots of clay and iron: after which, they only practiced that old custom at public festivals; cherishing and perpetuating their ancient rites. The Assiniboines, or stone boilers, were good hunters well supplied with horses, bows and arrows, lances, and the necessities of rude Indian life; living in a country abounding with buffaloes and other wild game. Catlin purchased a Mackinaw boat from the American Fur

Company at Fort Union, secured the services of two hunters and commenced his voyage down the Missouri in the open boat; having received from Major Sanford and McKenzie letters giving statements certifying to the correctness of his paintings, as taken from Indian life in the upper Missouri country. Catlin and his two companions, in their trip down the river, stopped for a brief time at the Mandan villages; where they witnessed the annual ceremonies and dances performed by that singular tribe.

They continued their voyage, passing the villages of the hostile Aricaras in the night and reached Fort Pierre without any serious adventure or misfortune. Below Fort Pierre, they continued their way down the river camping at night on its grassy banks; at one point, above the Grand Detour, they rowed their boat past a large herd of buffaloes that were swimming across the Missouri in countless thousands, on their way to the fall feeding grounds in the foot-hills of the mountains.

During their voyage down the river Catlin discovered a prairie dog town; called "Petit Chien Village," by the early French voyageurs, in which he says:

"We departed from our encampment in the Grand Detour (above Chamberlain, South Dakota) and, having passed for many miles through a series of winding and ever varying bluffs and fancied ruins; our boat was hauled ashore and a day whiled away again among these clay built ruins. We clammered to their summits and enjoyed a distant view of the Missouri for many miles below, winding its way through countless groups of clay and grass covered hills. As we wan-

dered on the plains in a toilsome and unsuccessful pursuit of a herd of buffalo; our chase was in a measure repaid in amusements, which we found in paying a visit to an extensive village of prairie dogs; which I shall render some account.

“Their habits are one and the same wherever found their houses or burrows are all alike, and their location is uniformly on a level desolate prairie without timber.

* * * The prairie dog of the American prairies are a variety of the Marmot, and probably not unlike those of the vast steppes of Asia. It bears no resemblance to any variety of dogs, except in the sound of its voice, when excited by the approach of danger, which is somewhat like that of a very small dog, and the barking of a squirrel. Their size are larger than a rat and are not unlike it in appearance. Each individual, or family, dig their hole in the prairie to the depth of eight or ten feet, throwing up the dirt from each excavation into a little pile in the shape of a cone, which forms the only elevation for them to ascend, where they sit to bark and chatter when an enemy is approaching their village. These villages sometimes are several miles in length containing thousands of excavations and little dirt hillocks; and to the ears of their visitors the din of their barkings is too confused and peculiar to be described.

“In the present instance we made many endeavors to shoot them, but found our efforts to be in vain. As we approached them at a distance, each one appeared to be perched upon his hind feet, disputing our right to approach. I made several attempts to draw a bead upon one of them, and just before I was ready to fire,

(as if they knew the limits of their safety) they sprang down in their holes, and turning their bodies, showed their ears and tip end of their noses as they were peeping out at me, which position they would hold until the shortness of the distance subjected their scalps to danger again from the aim of a rifle, when they instantly disappeared from our sight, and all was silence about their premises as we passed them over. The holes leading down to their burrows are four to five inches in diameter, and run down nearly perpendicular; where they evidently communicate into something like a subterraneous city, undermined and vaulted, by which means they can travel a great distance under the ground without danger from pursuit. Their food is simply the grass in the vicinity of the burrows; which is cut close to the ground by their shovel teeth, and as they often live far from water, it is supposed they sink wells from their underground habitations, descending low enough to get their supply. In winter they are for several months invisible, existing undoubtedly in a torpid state. These curious little animals belong to the vast plains of North America, and mounted travelers are compelled to ride around them for their burrows are generally within a few feet of each other, and are dangerous to the limbs of horses." Catlin and his two companions continued their voyage down the Missouri in their open boat to the Platte river; and when passing the deserted Poncah, village they landed near the hut of the old Indian patriarch whom Catlin had met; finding him dead, with his fleshless bones scattered around by wolves.

CHAPTER XIV

The Great Western Divide--Its Mountains and Water System--The Trappers Paradise--Bonneville and Fontenelle's Expeditions--Rival Fur Companies on Green River.

THE western portion of North America is traversed from north to south by a broad elevated swell or plateau of land which occupies a wide space between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean. The crest of this plateau, or water shed of the country, known as the Rocky mountains, is nearly midway between the great river and the Pacific coast; and may be traced between the headwaters of the streams which flow eastward and those which flow toward the west;—a long undulating line, with its outlying spurs; declining into lower altitudes northward and southward from where it reaches its maximum height, near the 38th parallel, ten thousand feet above sea level. The heights given are the lower passes over the crest or water shed of the great western plateau, above which rise high mountain peaks, into the region of perpetual snow. The slope of this elevated water shed toward the east and south is gentle, traversed by the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Platte, the Arkansas, and other rivers, which rise among the mountains near the crest, and flow eastward and southward through valleys below the general surface, to the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico. West of the Rocky Mountains, for a long distance toward the Pacific, is high plains and

basins ranging north and south, to the ridges and peaks of the coast range. However; the "triangular space," south of Colorado, is almost everywhere mountainous with occasional valleys and basins in Utah and New Mexico.

From the high plateau, lying between the mountain belts, the waters of the rivers have forced their way through the barriers to the ocean. The western tributaries of the upper Missouri, drained into the Yellowstone and Platte rivers, being the first system.

The second system is drained through the Rio Grand Del Norte to the Gulf of Mexico; and that of the Colorado of the west, with its tributaries, may be regarded as the third great water system coming from the mountains north of the 34th parallel. The fourth, is drained westward through Snake river and the upper tributaries of the Columbia to the Pacific. The region, embracing the upper tributaries of these four water systems, which rise near each other; was the great trapping ground of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; whose hunters and trappers sought out and obtained large quantities of valuable furs during a period of more than five years; in the early thirties of the last century.

It is difficult to do justice to the courage and fortitude of the early pioneer fur-traders who pushed their resolute bands of hardy trappers across the Rocky Mountains to a new fur-bearing paradise on Green river; the Rio Verde of the Spaniards, being the main fork, on the upper waters of the Colorado of the west.

In consequence of neglect, by the American government, to protect John Jacob Astor's interest in the fur-

trade on the Columbia river, after the war of 1812; he abandoned all thoughts of regaining Astoria, and made no further attempts to cross the Rocky Mountains—the vast barrier between his former trading posts and the western settlements of the United States. For years the Hudson Bay Company enjoyed a monopoly of trade with the Indians, from the Pacific coast to the high summits of the Rocky Mountains; removing their great supply fort from Astoria to Fort Van Couver, a strong post on the Columbia river, sixty miles from the mouth. There, the British Fur Company, furnished their interior posts with good supplies and sent forth their brigades of trappers to trade and hunt with the Indians.

The first Americans to cross the Rocky Mountains from the east, after the experiences of Major Andrew Henry in 1810, and Hunt's expedition in 1811, were a band of free trappers in 1824, mentioned in a former chapter. The success of the reorganized Rocky Mountain Company, under the management of William Sublette and Robert Campbell; caused the American Fur Company to send out a brigade of trappers under command of Lucien Fortenelle; from their Missouri forts to the Green river hunting grounds, in 1832. The Hudson Bay Company still had their brigades of trappers working in that section, near their old rendezvous at "Pierre's Hole;" a deep valley in the heart of the mountains, lying between the Teton and Snake river ranges, on the meridian line that separates Wyoming and Idaho, near longitude 111 degrees west. There, in the early days of the last century, Pierre Baptiste Brown lived with an Indian wife, and traded with the

Hudson Bay Fur Company. "Pierre's Hole" was made famous, from a battle that was fought by the American trappers and Blackfeet Indians, in 1833, related in "Bonneville's Adventures."

The fur companies kept no established posts at their great winter rendezvous in the Green river valley, of the mountains. Everything there was regulated by resident partners in that tramontane country; who moved about with their main bodies of men from place to place trapping and trading with the Indian tribes. The influx of that wandering trade had its effect on the habits of the mountain tribes.

The Indians soon learned that the trapping of beaver was their most profitable species of hunting; as their trade with the white men opened to them new sources of luxury, of which they had no idea. And after the introduction of firearms they soon became famous hunters and formidable foes; able to meet in battle the incorrigible Blackfeet, assisting the white men to drive them further north, on to the headwaters and upper branches of the Missouri river. For this hyperborean tribe of hostile northern warriors were ever watching for an opportunity to waylay and harass scattered white trappers with their pack horses, in the rugged defiles of the mountains.

There were no men who led a more strenuous life of excitement, and peril than the rocky mountain trapper, who spurned and defied all dangers and difficulties. Accustomed to bivouac in the open air, and in tents, he despised the comforts and confinement of a log house. Lithe, vigorous and active; he was heedless of hardship, daring of danger, prodigal of the

present and thoughtless of the future. The rival associations of the American and Rocky Mountain Fur Companies selected their place of rendezvous for the year 1832, at no great distance apart in the Green river valley, near Pierre's Hole.

There, during the summer of that year, Captain Bonneville led a party of one hundred and ten frontiersmen, from old Fort Osage; near the western borders of Missouri. He transported his supplies on wagons, a new mode of travel in that wild region; for the great inland expeditions of the fur-traders carried their supplies in packs, strapped on the backs of mules and pack horses.

However, Captain Bonneville demonstrated that a wagon train, drawn by mules and oxen was the better way; saving delay in packing and unpacking the mules and horses every morning and evening; keeping the merchandise in better condition, and forming a good defensive fortification from the wagons in case of attack by Indians on the open prairies. Captain Bonneville's trading caravan, consisted of twenty wagons drawn by oxen, or four mules, laden with merchandise ammunition, supplies and provisions; and were strung out in two columns in the center of the moving force; which was divided into an advance and rear guard. And as sub-leaders, in command of these forces, he chose I. R. Walker and M. S. C. Cerre; two able frontiersmen, experienced in the Indian trade. Bonneville's trading expedition passed the last border habitation on the plains of Kansas on the 6th of May; and crossed the Kansas river on the evening of the 12th; passing through the agency of

the Kansas tribe of Indians, who were then under the superintendence of a brother of Gen. William Clarke, of the Lewis and Clarke expedition to the Pacific ocean.

We are told that he was living there like a patriarch, surrounded by laborers and interpreters among the Kansas tribe. White Plume, the great chief of the Kansas Indians, then lived in a stone house built by the government—a palace without, with the squalid furniture of a wigwam within.

In speaking of this distinguished Kansas chief, in "Bonneville's Adventures," Washington Irving says;

"The gallant White Plume, presented in the stateliness of his mansion and the squalidness of his furniture, some such whimsical incongruity as we see in the gala equipments of an Indian chief on a treaty-making embassy at Washington, who has been generously decked out in cocked hat and military coat, in contrast to his breech-clout and leggins; being grand officer at top and ragged Indian at bottom."

The Kansas chief was so well pleased with the presents and courtesy extended to him by Capt. Bonneville, that he accompanied him a day's journey on his route from the agency of the Kansas Indians, and passed a night in his camp; where he beguiled the evening hours, sitting before a blazing fire relating astounding tales of Indian war-fare; recounting the bloody exploits of himself and tribe in their wars with the Pawnees; a strong and warlike tribe, whose great village was at the mouth of the Loup fork on Platte river.

Captain B. L. E. Bonneville was an officer in the

United States army, in the 7th Regiment of Infantry, and he was given leave of absence by General Alexander Macomb, from August 3rd, 1831, until October 1833; enabling him to carry into execution a design of exploring the country in the Rocky Mountains and beyond, with a view of ascertaining the nature and character of the Indian tribes inhabiting that wild region, the trade that might be carried on with them; together with the quality of the soil, climate, geography, minerals and topography of that fur-bearing country.

In his letter of instructions, given to Captain Bonneville, Gen. Alexander Macomb says:

“It is understood that the government is to be at no expense in reference to your proposed expedition, it having originated with yourself; and all that you require is the permission from proper authority to undertake the enterprise. You will naturally, in preparing yourself for the expedition, provide suitable instruments, and especially the best maps of the interior to be found. It is desirable as the object of your enterprise, that you note particularly the number of warriors that may be in each tribe, their alliances with other tribes, and their relative position as to a state of war or peace, and whether their friendly or warlike dispositions toward each other are recent or of long standing. You will gratify us by describing their manner of making war; of the mode of subsisting themselves during a state of war and a state of peace; their arms and the effect of them; whether they act on foot or on horse back; detailing the discipline and manoeuvres of war parties; the general description size

and power of their horses; and in short every information you may conceive would be useful to the government. You will avail yourself of every opportunity of informing us of your position and progress, and at the expiration of your leave of absence, will join your proper station."

(Signed)

"ALEXANDER MACOMB,

Major Gen. Com. Army."

Captain Bonneville pursued a north western course over vast undulating plains from the middle to the end of the month of May, reaching the Platte river twenty five miles below the head of Grand Island; coursing up the main channel, they reached the forks on the 11th. Being unable to cross over, owing to the quicksands, they kept up along the south fork for two days seeking a safe fording place, at the great buffalo crossing. There they encamped. Taking their water-tight wagon boxes from the wheels, they covered them with raw hides be-smearred with tallow and ashes and used them to ferry their effects over the river, which was six hundred yards wide; the men wading across the shallow channel pushing their barks before them. Thus they crossed the south fork of the Platte, their animals crossing behind their rude boats, pulling the running gear of the wagons to the opposite shore. Skirting along the north fork, which they reached after a march of nine miles, they soon saw the welcome sight of large herds of buffalo grazing in their favorite feeding grounds; a delightful place, gladdening their hearts, amid the song of birds and the green foliage of beautiful groves.

As they continued their course up the north fork

of the Platte river, toward its source, the country became more rugged and broken, where high bluffs oftentimes advanced to the river forcing them to leave its banks and wind their course into a more passable route in the interior.

They encamped on the 21st of June, near a singular phenomenon, called the Chimney Rock; the base rising from a cone-shaped hill, on the summit of which a high rock shaft shoots up more than one hundred feet; resembling a large chimney at a distance. The high hills facing the river near this freak of nature, are known to travelers as Scott's Bluffs; having received that name from the following melancholly narrative, related by Washington Irving.

"A number of years since, a party were descending the upper waters of the river in canoes, when their frail barks were overturned and their powder spoiled. Their rifles being thus rendered useless, they were unable to procure food by hunting and had to depend upon roots and wild fruit for substance. After suffering extremely from hunger, they arrived at Laramie's fork, a small tributary of the north branch of the Nebraska; (known to early French voyageurs as La Platte) about sixty miles above the cliffs.

"Here one of the party, by the name of Scott, was taken ill; and his companions came to a halt, until he could recover health and strength sufficient to proceed. While they were searching round in quest of edible roots they discovered a fresh trail of white men, who had evidently but recently preceded them.

"What was to be done? By a forced march they might overtake this party, and thus be able to reach

the settlements in safety. Should they linger they might perish of famine and exhaustion. Scott, however, was incapable of moving; they were too feeble to aid him forward, and dreaded that such a clog would prevent their coming up with the advance party.

"They determined, therefore, to abandon him to his fate. Accordingly, under pretense of seeking food and such simples as might be efficacious in his malady, they deserted him and hastened forward upon the trail. They succeeded in overtaking the party of which they were in quest; but concealed their faithless desertion of Scott; alleging that he had died of disease.

"On the ensuing summer, these very individuals visiting these parts in company with others, came suddenly upon the bleached bones and the grinning skull of a human skeleton, which by certain signs they recognized for the remains of Scott. This was sixty long miles from the place where they had abandoned him; and it appears that the wretched man had crawled that immense distance before death put an end to his miseries."

We have reasons for belief that Fitzpatrick was the leader of the little band of forlorn trappers, who abandoned Scott and left him to die in the Platte river valley; an inference drawn from the following facts.

First; J. S. Smith mentions meeting Fitzpatrick at Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1828, saying he had come down from the Platte river country for supplies; having lost the greater portion of his outfit on that river, caused by the wrecking of his boats.

Second; Kit Carson returned with Fitzpatrick to the Green river trapping country the following year,

and speaks of their finding a dead trapper's skeleton near Scott's Bluffs.

As Captain Bonneville continued his advance toward Green river, the elevation of the country rose higher; where occasional peaks in the mountains were covered with snow, causing him to veer more toward the south, to avoid the impassible Wind River Mountains, that stretched toward the north-west, on the headwaters of the upper tributaries of the Yellowstone—a connecting spur of the Big Horn Range.

He had reached the wild scenery of the Absarakas, the mountain Crow Indian hunting grounds; and passed along between them and the Pai-Ute mountains; at the base of which, a wandering tribe of the same name had pitched their camp. On every side was a vast wilderness, with a hazy vapor, as far as the eye could see along the rugged horizon.

In speaking of this wild mountain country Washington Irving says:

“We can imagine the enthusiasm of the worthy captain, when he beheld the vast and mountainous scene of his adventurous enterprise thus suddenly unveiled before him. With what feelings of awe and admiration he must have contemplated the Wind River Sierra, or bed of mountains; that great fountain-head from whose springs, and lakes, and melted snows some of the mighty rivers take their rise; which wander over hundreds of miles and climb, and find their way to the opposite waves of the Atlantic and Pacific.”

The Green river valley, as we have mentioned, formed the main objective point for the rendezvous of the rival fur companies, in 1832; and Bonneville's

Caravan took final leave of the "Sweet Water country," coursing its way across to Green river, through what was termed the Continental divide; at South Pass, near the head of Sweet Water river.

Freemont, in speaking of South Pass says:

"The ordinary road leaves the Platte, and crosses over to the Sweet Water river, which it strikes near rock Independence; five miles below a curious formation called "The Fiery Narrows," (mentioned by the returning Astorian trappers, in 1812)

Captain Bonneville passed through the crest of the mountains with some degree of exultation and pride, having crossed north of the settled portion, by the Spaniards, with the first wagon train over that northern pass; which subsequently became famous as the old Oregon and California overland trail. William Sublette, the enterprising resident partner of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company had established his rendezvous in the Green river valley two years previous, and each year his accumulated stock of furs were loaded on pack horses and mules and taken to the nearest points on the navigable waters of the Yellowstone and Missouri river and transported to Saint Louis, where they were sold by other partners of the company; who would send back expeditions with pack horses and mules loaded with ammunition, traps, merchandise and supplies for the mountain trade.

On the morning of the 26th of July, Captain Bonneville commenced his March down into the valley of Green river, laying his course directly toward the hills in the west. Before the noon hour he saw a dust rise in the rear of his moving train advancing directly

along the course they were pursuing. The alarm was given, the train stopped, and preparations made for a battle with the hostile Blackfeet Indians, whom they supposed were coming to attack them with a large force in the open plain.

A scouting party was sent off to reconnoiter, who soon returned and informed them of the approach of a band of sixty mounted trappers belonging to the American Fur Company; who soon overtook them, leading their pack horses and mules which were loaded with merchandise and supplies.

They were headed by Lucien Fontenelle, the chief partizan of the party; who informed captain Bonneville that they had come from Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone to establish a rendezvous in the Green river valley, where they expected to meet and co-operate with a band of free trappers in the mountains, who had established their camp in that favored region.

They had fallen upon the trail of Bonneville's party, who scared away all the wild game, and they then pushed forward to overtake them to avoid famine. The men and horses in the travel-worn cavalcade showed signs of fatigue and hunger, but they hurriedly pushed on, saying they desired to reach Green river before night, where there was plenty of water and grass; but doubted the possibility of the arrival of the wagon train before the following day; as the river was at a considerable distance. Bonneville's wagon train followed on across the bare plain, and camped at night on the white clay banks of a dry creek where a small patch of sage brush and scant grass was found, but no water. In the early hours of the morning their

stock was turned loose to quench their thirst from the dew collected on the scant herbage; and it was not until noon on the following day that they reached the banks of the famous river; where the suffering men and animals hurried in frantic eagerness to allay their burning thirst in the limpid waters of the Seeds-ke-dee, Agie.

The following day, Fontenelle moved his camp across to the opposite side of the river; while captain Bonneville marched his train down the stream to a beautiful meadow yielding good pasturage, where the animals could graze and rest, being worn down in flesh and spirit, in their long wearisome journey.

During their encampment, Captain Bonneville fortified his position with a breast-work of logs and pickets; and his men spent their leisure hours in social intercourse with Fontenelle's trappers; who managed to win over a few good Delaware Indian hunters, that had been engaged by Captain Bonneville at their hunting grounds near the Arkansas river;—whose service he had calculated was secured—receiving his first taste of boasted strategy in the fur-trade, when his best Indian hunters packed up their traps and moved over to the rival camp. After considering the cause of their desertion, he dispatched two scouts to look out for the free trappers who were to meet Fontenelle, and endeavor to bring them to his camp; that he might in a measure be even with his competitor.

In the meantime; a party of sixty men of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company were in progress, conducting a pack train from Saint Louis to Pierre's Hole, in the Green river valley. They were led by William

Sublette, a renowned leader, who was also accompanied by Robert Campbell, an active, intrepid and tried companion in danger; who had led trapping parties in times of peril. As they moved along on their route to the frontier, they were joined by another party of eastern men; who had been fitted out and was commanded by Nathaniel J. Wyeth, from the city of Boston. These gentlemen had conceived the idea that a profitable business might be started in salmon fishing on the Columbia and Snake rivers in connection with the fur-trade; by establishing colonies in that section, and in Oregon, along the northern borders of the new territory claimed by the United States.

As they were steering their way westward, Sublette and his men fell in with them at Independence, Mo., where they lay becalmed, and invited them to join his party, and the two companies traveled together, reaching the mountainous region on the upper branches of the north fork of the Nebraska or Platte river without any serious accident or unusual adventure.

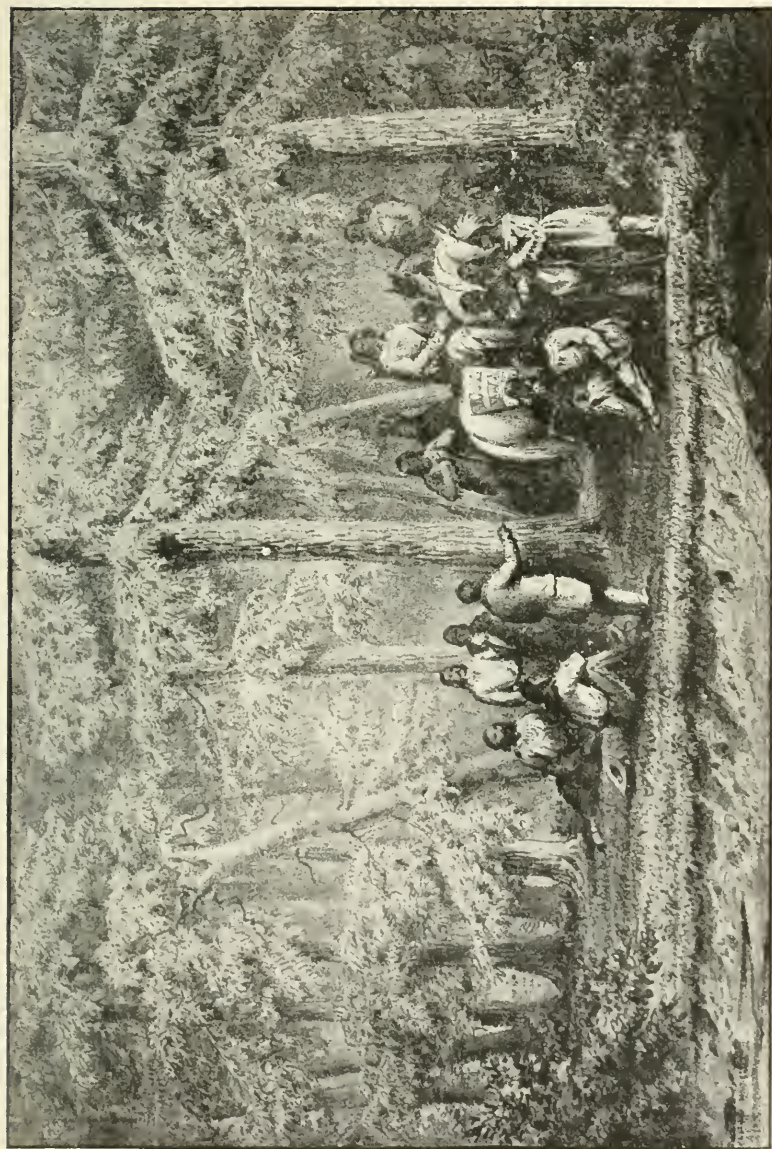
There, Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had charge of the rendezvous camp at Pierre's Hole, was expected to meet them and assist the pack train through the mountain passes to Green river.

He was an experienced guide and mountain trapper, who knew the best route to take. As he traveled through a lonely defile in the advance, leading a pack horse on his way to the Green river rendezvous, he saw several horsemen at a distance; and he stopped his two horses to reconnoiter. He supposed they were a party of friendly Crow Indians; who dashed forward

upon seeing him, setting up the war-hoop of the Black-foot Indians. Springing upon his fleet-footed Nez Perce hunting horse, he abandoned the other one and fled up into the mountains through a rugged defile; succeeding in escaping from his savage enemies. During the night he again descended to the plain and undertook the hazardous task of returning to the rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, but the Indians again discovered him, and he saved himself by scrambling up among the mountain cliffs, losing his remaining horse and ammunition, saving his gun with its one charge, which he kept for self defense; while lying hid in an impregnable position for three days.

In the meantime, Sublette and Campbell's train, with Wyeth and his eleven followers, had continued their march unmolested; having passed from the Sweet Water through the divide to Green river valley.

There, they encamped on the banks of a small mountain creek, unconscious of danger; rejoiced at the prospect of reaching the end of their long and tedious journey the following day. They put out the customary guards, made their well selected camp safe and retired for the night. After midnight they were awakened by the Indians who fired upon the guards and attacked the camp. Happily no harm was done, other than the wounding of a mule and causing several horses to break loose from their pickets. The men in camp were soon at arms, but the Indians had retreated with yells of exultation having carried off four horses which had broken away from them; a disagreeable fore-taste of mountain life to Wyeth's new recruits, and some of Sublette's French Creoles who came from Saint Louis.



NEZ PERCÉ INDIANS.

They started the pack train out in the early morning; keeping scouts ahead and upon either flank, and arrived at Pierre's Hole during the day.

Great uneasiness was entertained from fear that Fitzpatrick might have fallen into the hands of the Blackfeet, who had attacked their camp; but he made his appearance conducted by two half-breed hunters. He had remained lurking in the mountains for several days. At length he escaped, in a starved condition, from the vigilance of his enemies; and fortunately met the two friendly Indian trappers who conveyed him to Sublette and Campbell's encampment at Pierre's Hole.

The far-famed valley of Pierre's Hole, lying west of the present town of Casper, Wyoming, is bounded on the south and west by broken hills;—overlooked from the east by three lofty mountain peaks that rise as conspicuous landmarks;—known to the early fur-traders as the "Three Tetons." It is a wide basin twenty-five miles long and from ten to fifteen wide, through which flows Green river; the headwaters of the Colorado of the west. Rising in the mountains which surround Yellowstone Park, in plain view.

The Green river is fed by springs and mountain creeks, which pour into it as it winds its course through border forests of willows and cottonwood; dividing the valley into two almost equal parts. There, in the valley of that mountain stream, was congregated a motley population in the summer of 1832; where rival fur companies had their encampments, and assembled trappers eagerly waited for their yearly supplies.

There also was congregated, a large encampment of friendly Nez-Perce Indians, from the Snake tribe,

with their squaws and horses; having pitched their lodges in the valley, waiting for the distribution of goods and finery from the fur-traders pack trains and caravans;—a wild assemblage of several hundred souls, whose village was near the white men, who were congregated in their separate fortified rendezvous camps.

The arrival of Fontenelle, Bonneville, and Sublette's supply trains; soon put them all into activity, as the merchandise and supplies was opened and quickly exchanged for costly furs and Nez-Perce horses. ' Then followed the revelry of wild hunting life; with hoop and bustle, in the trappers populous transient encampments.

A mania for purchasing spread throughout the several bands of mountain trappers; who soon squandered their hard earned years wages; extravagant in their habits; galloping and dashing about with their horses decorated in true savage style. Happy was the trapper who could indulge in the luxuries of a beautiful shawl, scarlet cloth, ribbons, and strings of gay beads to deck out his young Indian wife, enabling her to flaunt about in all the colors of a rainbow;—the envy of older leathern dressed squaws in the village.

After the usual excitement and revelry, the trappers began to disperse to their several destinations in the fur-bearing regions of the mountains. The first brigade to start out were fourteen trappers led by Milton Sublette, with the intention of proceeding to the southwest. They were accompanied by a party of fifteen free trappers headed by Sinclair, a brave hunter, and Wyeth's band of eleven New England beaver

trappers; who were heading for Snake river and the Columbia.

On the first day, they proceeded about eight miles to the south west and encamped for the night, still in the valley near Pierre's Hole. On the following morning, as they were preparing to start out for the days march; they observed a long line of Indians moving down a defile of the mountains to the valley below. They were divided into two separate parties, of about two hundred persons, including men, women and children. As they moved out from the defile the trappers watched them with a spy glass and perceived that they were a band of Blackfeet Indians.

As they slowly moved along in the valley, toward the river, a half-breed named Antoine Godin and an Indian hunter rode out from the white trappers camp to meet them; and their exploit brought on the celebrated battle at Pierre's Hole, so graphically narrated in Bonnevill's Adventures, which says:

"Antoine Godin was the son of a hunter, who had been cruelly murdered by the Blackfeet at a small stream below the mountains which still bears his name. In company with Antoine rode forth a Flathead Indian whose once powerful tribe had been completely broken down in their wars with the Blackfeet. Both of them, therefore, cherished the most vengeful hostility against these marauders of the mountains.

The Blackfeet came to a halt. One of the chiefs advanced singly and unarmed, bearing the pipe of peace.

This overture was certainly pacific; but Antoine

and the Flathead were predisposed to hostility, and pretended to consider it a treacherous movement.

"Is your gun charged?" said Antoine to his red companion.

"It is."

They met the Blackfoot chief half-way, who extended his hand in friendship. Antoine grasped it.

"Fire!" cried he.

The Flathead leveled his piece and brought the Blackfoot to the ground. Antoine snatched off his scarlet blanket, which was richly ornamented, and galloped off with it as a trophy to the camp; the bullets of the enemy whistling after him. The Indians immediately threw themselves into the edge of a swamp, among the willows and cottonwood trees, interwoven with vines. Here they began to fortify themselves; the women digging a trench, and throwing up a breast-work of logs and branches, deep hid in the bosom of the wood, while the warriors skirmished at the edge to keep the trappers at bay. The latter soon took their station in a ravine in front, whence they kept up a scattering fire. As to Wyeth and his little band of "down-easters," they were perfectly astonished by this specimen of life in the wilderness; the men being especially unused to bush-fighting and the use of the rifle, were at a loss how to proceed. Wyeth, however, acted as a skilled commander. He got all his horses into camp and secured them; then, making a breast-work of his packs of goods he charged his men to remain in garrison and not to stir out of their fort. For himself he mingled with the other leaders, determined to take his share in the conflict.

In the meantime, an express had been sent off to the rendezvous for re-inforcements.

William Sublette and his associate, Campbell, were at their camp when the express came galloping across the plain, waving his cap, and giving the alarm; "Blackfeet! Blackfeet! a fight in the upper part of the valley! to arms!"

"The alarm was passed from camp to camp; it was a common cause. Everyone turned out with horse and rifle.

The Nez-Perce and Flatheads joined. As fast as a horseman could arm and mount he galloped off; the valley soon was alive with white men and red men scouring at full speed.

William Sublette ordered his men to keep to the camp, being recruits from Saint Louis and unused to Indian warfare. He and his friend Campbell prepared for action. Throwing off their coats, and arming themselves with pistols and rifles they mounted their horses and dashed away among the first. As they rode along they made their wills in soldier-like style; each stating how his effects should be disposed of in case of his death, and appointing the other his executor.

The Blackfeet warriors had supposed the brigade of Milton Sublette all the foes they had to deal with, and were astonished to behold the whole valley suddenly swarming with horsemen galloping to the field of action.

They withdrew into their fort, which was completely hid from sight in the tangled wood. Most of their women and children had retreated to the mountains. The trappers now sallied forth and approached

the swamp, firing into the thicket at random; the Blackfeet had a better sight of their adversaries, who were in the open field, and a half-breed was wounded in the shoulder.

When Captain Sublette arrived, he wished to penetrate the swamp and storm the fort, but all hung back in awe of the dismal horrors of the place, and the danger of attack on such desperadoes in their savage den.

The Indian allies though accustomed to bush-fighting, regarded it as almost impenetrable, and full of fright and danger. Sublette was not to be turned from his purpose, but offered to lead the way into the swamp.

Robert Campbell stepped forward to accompany him; before entering the perilous wood Sublette took his brothers aside and told them that in case he fell, Campbell who knew his will, was to be his executor. This done he grasped his rifle and pushed into the thicket, followed by Campbell. Sinclair the partisan from Arkansas, was at the edge of the wood with his brother and a few of his men, excited by the gallant example of the two friends; he pressed forward to share their dangers.

The swamp was produced by the labors of the beaver, which, by damming up a stream had inundated a portion of the valley. The place was all overgrown with woods and thickets, so closely matted and entangled that it was impossible to see ten paces ahead, and the three associates in peril had to crawl along one after another, making their way by putting the branches and vines aside; but doing it with caution,

lest they should attract the eye of some lurking marksman.

They took the lead by turns, each advancing about twenty yards at a time and now and then hallooing to their men to follow. Some of the latter gradually entered the swamp and followed a little distance in their rear.

They had now reached a more open part of the woods, and saw glimpses of the rude fort between the trees. It was a mere breastwork, as we have said, of logs and branches, with blankets, buffalo robes, and the leathern covers of lodges extended around the top as a screen. The movements of the leaders, as they groped their way, had been descried by the sharp sighted enemy. As Sinclair who was in the advance, was putting some branches aside, he was shot through the body. He fell on the spot. "Take me to my brother," said he to Campbell. The latter gave him in charge of some men, who conveyed him out of the swamp.

William Sublette now took the advance. As he was reconnoitering the fort, he perceived an Indian peeping through an aperture. In an instant his rifle was leveled and discharged, and the ball struck the savage in the eye.

While he was reloading, he called to Campbell, and pointed out to him the hole; "watch that place," said he, "and you will soon have a fair chance for a shot." Scarce had he uttered the word when a ball struck him in the shoulder and almost wheeled him round.

His first thought was to take hold of his arm with

his other hand and move it up and down. He ascertained to his satisfaction that the bone was not broken. The next moment he was so faint that he could not stand. Campbell took him in his arms and carried him out of the thicket. The same shot that struck Sublette wounded another man in the head.

A brisk fire was now opened by the mountaineers from the wood, answered occasionally from the Indian fort. Unluckily, the trappers and their allies, in-searching for Indians, had got scattered so that Wyeth and a number of Nez-Perces approached the fort on the north west side, while others did the same from the opposite quarter. A crossfire thus took place which occasionally did mischief to friends as well as foes. An Indian was shot down, close to Wyeth, by a ball which he was convinced had been sped from the rifle of a trapper on the opposite side of the fort.

The number of whites and their Indian allies had by this time so much increased by arrivals from the rendezvous, that the Blackfeet were completely over-matched. They kept doggedly in their fort, however, making no offer to surrender. An occasional firing into the breastwork was kept up during the day. Now and then one of the Indian allies, in bravado, would rush up to the fort, fire over the ramparts; tear off a buffalo robe or a scarlet blanket, and return with it in triumph to his comrades. Most of the savage garrison that fell, however, were killed in the first part of the attack.

At one time it was resolved to set fire to the fort; and the squaws belonging to the allies were employed to collect combustibles. This, however, was abandon-

ed; the Nez-Perces being unwilling to destroy the robes and blankets and other spoils of the enemy; which they felt sure would fall into their hands.

The Indians, when fighting are prone to taunt and revile each other. During one of the pauses in the battle the voice of the Blackfoot chief was heard. "So long," said he, "as we had powder and lead we fought you in the open field; when those were spent we retreated here to die with our women and children. You may burn us in our fort; but, stay by our ashes, and you who are so hungry for fighting will soon have enough. There are four hundred of our brethren at hand. They will soon be here—their arms are strong—their hearts are big—they will avenge us!"

This speech was translated two or three times by Nez Perce and Creole interpreters. By the time it was rendered into English, the chief was made to say four hundred lodges of his tribe were attacking the encampment at the other end of the valley. Every one now was for hurrying to the defense of the rendezvous. A party was left to keep watch upon the fort; the rest galloped off to camp.

As night came on, the trappers drew out of the swamp and remained about the skirts of the wood. By morning, their companions returned from the rendezvous with the report that all was safe. As the day opened, they ventured within the swamp and approached the Indian fort. All was silent. They advanced up to it without opposition. They entered; it had been abandoned in the night, and the Blackfeet had effected their retreat; carrying off their wounded on litters made of branches; leaving bloody traces on the herb-

age. The bodies of ten Indians were found within the fort; among them the one shot in the eye by William Sublette. The Blackfeet afterward reported that they lost twenty-six warriors in this battle. Thirty-two horses were also found killed; among them were some of those recently carried off from Sublette's party in the night, which showed that these were the very savages that had attacked him.

They proved to be the advance party of the main body of Blackfeet, which had been upon the trail of Sublette's pack train. Five white men and one half-breed were killed and several wounded. Seven of the Nez Percés were also killed and six wounded; one was an old chief who was reputed as invulnerable. In the course of action he was hit by a spent ball, and threw up blood, but his skin was unbroken. His people were now convinced that he was proof against powder and ball."

The vanquished Blackfeet had effected a midnight retreat from their rude fort in the wild fastness at Pierre's Hole; and fell back in the valley where they joined the main body of their marauding band. Their united force amounted to several hundred gloomy and exasperated warriors with their squaws and children. In their retreat they came in sight of Fontenelle and his sixty men who had moved up Green river in search of the free trappers, that were to come in from Snake river, they having no knowledge of their recent battle with the white trappers at Pierre's Hole. The Blackfeet rushed up in battle array, with loud war cries and dextrous evolutions, as if they were going to attack the white men; but finding they had

chosen a strong position and were prepared for battle, they halted, and a formal talk ensued. Seeing that everything in the white men's camp was conducted with skill and vigilance, the enemy departed toward their hunting grounds on the head waters of the Missouri river. In their retreat, they were attacked near the Yellowstone where a battle was fought with the Crows. The Blackfeet war-party were again defeated, losing their horses and more than one half of their fighting men; a small remnant of their force escaped into the wild fastness of the Yellowstone Park, the hoo-doo land of the Indians and trappers, and reached the Blackfeet villages on Jefferson's fork of the Missouri.

In those days, the wild region embraced within the present boundaries of Yellowstone Park, was a neutral land lying between the Blackfeet in the north, the Mountain Crows of the east, the Snake tribes in the west and the Nez Perces and Pia Utes in the mountain regions of the south. A wild weird region, which the superstitious Indians believed was inhabited by an immortal race of red men who held high carnival in that secluded spot; from which radiates the upper branches of Green river, Yellowstone and Snake river, including the headwaters of the Madison and Jefferson forks of the Missouri river; embracing portions of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. And the only Indians known to have lived there in the last century, was a harmless little band from the Banneck tribe of the Snake nation—known as the "Sheep Eaters," who were driven there by the Crows and Blackfeet and left unmolested in that wild strange neutral land.

Few white trappers or Indians visited that isolated region, with its sulphur basins, hissing fumeroles, and spouting geysers;—dwindling remnants of extinct volcanoes; once spouting from the oozy bed of a shallow ancient sea.

Lewis and Clarke, by ascending the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, in 1805, crossed the Rocky Mountain divide seventy miles west of the park without discovering it. Yet it is from a member of that early band of explorers that we derive our first knowledge of its existence. After the return of the expedition, John Coulter and Wm. Potts, ascended the Missouri with Lisa's fur-trading expedition, in 1807; who voyaged up the Missouri and Yellowstone to the mouth of the Big Horn, where they built a trading post. Coulter and Potts were sent out to trap and inform the friendly Crow Indians that white men had built a fort on their hunting grounds and would exchange beads, knives, scarlet cloth and Indian trinkets for their rich furs and robes.

Coulter and Potts, in their anxiety to find a good trapping ground; retraced Captain Clarke's trail through Bozeman's pass to the three forks of the Missouri. There, they continued to trap in that rich fur bearing district, below the famous Beaver-head landmark upon the Jefferson river, where Potts was killed and Coulter captured in a Blackfeet ambushade, on a small stream six miles from the main fork of the Jefferson.

In order to have some sport, the Indians stripped John Coulter and allowed him to run the gauntlet, across the open plain for his life; placing him two

hundred yards in the advance. To their surprise the fleet footed white man distanced all but one of his pursuers, who carried a lance. When he had run a distance of four miles he looked behind and saw the lone Indian far in the advance of all other pursuers, about twenty rods behind him. Starting, fresh with the hope of escape, he increased his speed, exerting himself to such an extent that his nose began to bleed, running down his naked body. When he came within one half mile of the river he heard the patter of feet behind him, and fearing the fatal thrust of a spear, he suddenly stopped and turned round facing his pursuing enemy. The Indian was taken by surprise, and in his attempt to stop he stumbled and fell headlong to the ground; breaking off the shaft of his lance. Coulter picked up the pointed end of his war-lance and pinned the Indian to the earth before he could rise, and continued his flight to the river. As he passed through the outskirts of a body of timber that grew along its margin, he heard the howl of the foremost savage pursuers who had stopped to pull the spear from their dying chief. Plunging into the river Coulter swam down the stream to the upper end of a small island. Diving beneath a pile of drift-wood that had lodged against the upper end of it, he succeeded in working his head above the water under the raft of logs and brush that was piled above him.

He had barely time to secrete himself, when he heard the hoop of his savage enemies; who plunged into the river and swam across to the island and opposite shore. They continued their search throughout the day, and oftentimes he could hear them tramping

over the drift above him, and wading around the logs and brush that had been piled up by the spring freshet.

As twilight thickened into darkness the sound of Indian voices grew fainter, as the savage pursuers abandoned their search for Coulter. He, however, lay concealed under the drift several hours; then came out and silently moved down the river to a point where he found a ledge of rocks in the bank, and gained solid ground without leaving traces of his footsteps at the landing.

Coulter hastened on his way toward the Yellowstone, continuing his rapid flight for three days and nights, living on roots and wild berries. He finally reached a friendly band of Banneck Indians whose village was located at Henry's Lake, on the upper branches of Snake river, west of Yellowstone Park; and it is supposed that they clothed fed and guided him to their little band, known as the "Mountain Sheep Eaters;" amid the hoodoos, fire hole basins and spouting geysers, on the headwaters of the Yellowstone. The veteran trapper reached Lisa's fur-trading post, at the mouth of the Big Horn river, where he re-armed himself and returned to his Banneck friends on Snake river. There he hunted, trapped, and fought the Blackfeet with relentless vengeance for two years.

Wilson Hunt and his men met John Coulter at the frontier settlement of Missouri, in 1811; Coulter continued with the Astoria expedition, in their voyage up the great river, the greater part of a day; undecided whether he would return with them to the wilds of the great northwest. But the charms of a young white

wife and a civilized home finally induced him to return to the settlement.

The two scouts that captain Bonneville had sent out to seek for the band of free trappers, were successful in their search, and on the 12th of August those worthies made their appearance in the Green river valley. They came dashing forward at full speed, firing their guns and yelling in Indian style. Their sunburned faces and long flowing hair, their leggins, mocasins, and richly dyed blankets, with their painted horses gaudily caparisoned, gave them so much the air and appearance of Indians that it was difficult to persuade ones self that they were white men, and had been brought up in civilized life. Being delighted with the game looks of these cavaliers of the mountains, captain Bonneville welcomed them heartily to his camp, and ordered a free allowance of grog to regale them, which soon put them in the most braggart spirits.

“They pronounced the captain the finest fellow in the world; and his men all “bons garçons;”—jovial lads, and swore they would pass the day with them. They did so, and a day it was of boast and swagger and redomotate. The prime bullies and braves among the free trappers had each his circle of novices among the captains band; mere greenhorns, men unused to Indian life; “pork-eaters,” as such new comers were superciliously called by the veterans of the wilderness.

In the evening the free trappers drew off, and returned to the camp of Fontenelle, highly delighted with their visit and new acquaintances; promising to return the following day. They kept their word; day

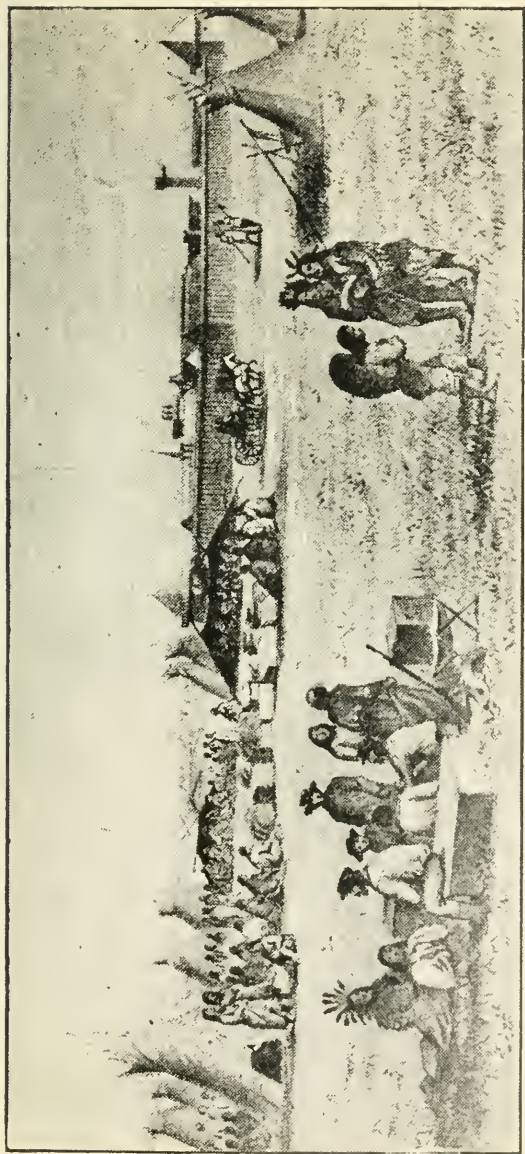
after day their visits were repeated, becoming "hale fellows well met," with Bonneville's men; treat after treat succeeded until both parties got most potently convinced. Then came on confusion and uproar.

The free trappers were no longer suffered to have all the swagger to themselves. The camp bullies and prime trappers of Bonneville's party began to ruffle up, and brag in turn, of their perils and achievements. Each tried to out-boast and out-talk each other; a quarrel ensued, and a general fight followed, according to frontier usage. The two factions drew out their forces for a pitched battle.

They fell to work and belabored each other with might and main; kicks and cuffs and dry blows were as well bestowed as they were merited; until having fought to their hearts content and been drubbed into a familiar acquaintance with each others powers and good qualities; the fight ended, and they became firmer friends than could have been rendered by a long peaceable acquaintance and companionship."

We are told that captian Bonneville amused himself by observing the habits and characteristics of this singular class of men; and indulged them, for the time, in all their vagaries; profiting by the opportunity to collect information concerning the different parts of the country where they had ranged, the character of the tribes, and everything important to his enterprise.

He also succeeded in securing the service of several of their best men to guide and aid him among the mountains, and trap for him during the ensuing season. Having strengthened his party with such valuable recruits, he felt in a measure consoled for the loss of the Deleware Indians, decoyed from him by Fontenelle.



Fort Union, on the Upper Missouri.

CHAPTER XV

Mountain Trappers in 1833--The Supply Trains--Bonneville's Expedition to Salt Lake and the Pacific--Voyaging Down to Fort Union--Fur Trade on the Upper Missouri and its Tributaries.

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE received information from the free trappers which determined him as to his future movements. The knowledge derived induced him to take his main command and what goods he could pack on horses across the rough country to Salmon river, one of the upper branches of the Columbia; so named from the immense shoals of salmon which ascend it during the fall months.

The climate was milder there in winter; in a country where the Indians was friendly, adjacent to the rich fur-bearing districts in that favored region. The worthy captain was unable to take his wagons, or much of the heavier articles of trade along with him owing to the rough country he had to pass over. These he secretly buried in a dry secluded place, to be left until his return to Green River valley. Many of his horses were too weak to make the journey to Salmon river; and he detached a small brigade from his force under an experienced trapper, of the name Mathieu; to collect the weak and lame animals into one cavalcade and proceed westward to Bear river; where feed was plentiful, and the climate mild; among the friendly Snake Indians. While these arrangements were in progress in Bonneville's camp, there was a

bustle and stir in the camps of the Rocky Mountain and American Fur Companies. James Bridger and Fitzpatrick were left as resident partners of the Rocky Mountain Company to select the trapping grounds for their mountain bands farther west, during the trapping season. And the trappers of the American Fur Company were managed by Vanderburg and Dripps; all of whom received their winter supplies from the pack trains and departed for their several trapping grounds. Their adventures in the mountains, during the winter of 1832-3, and death of Vanderburg, is vividly portrayed in Washington Irving's narratives.

Lucien Fontenelle's pack train, loaded with furs, moved down the Yellowstone river to the great American fur-trading post at Fort Union; and Sublette and Campbell returned with their pack train to Saint Louis; loaded with the year's supply of rich furs from the mountains. Wm. Sublette rode in the vanguard of the returning supply train, carrying his wounded arm in a sling, shot at the battle of Pierre's Hole. And at their departure, the populous transient summer rendezvous on Green river, was left silent and deserted.

During the following spring, in 1833, Robert Campbell started out from Saint Louis, with another large overland pack train, with supplies for the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. in the Green river valley.

Among the men who enlisted for service in the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. and started out from Saint Louis with Campbell's supply train was Charles Larpenteur, a young Frenchman, who subsequently

spent forty years of his life among the Indians, as a trapper and fur-trader on the Missouri river. In his old age he wrote a memoir giving much information relating to the fur-trade on the upper Missouri and its tributary streams, in that wild Indian country.

Larpenteur says their party consisted of forty men, besides Robert Campbell, Louis Vasques, an old mountain scout, and a Mr. Johnesse, a clerk in charge of the men; whose duty was to remain in the rear (of the overland pack train) to aid in re-adjusting the loads which would get out of order, and to have an eye to the whole cavalcade.

This supply train left Lexington, Missouri, for the mountains on the 12th of May, and proceeded up the Platte river. Besides the trappers and fur-traders with Campbell's pack train, there were three citizens going out with the cavalcade as guests; on a pleasure trip.

A Scotch nobleman, of the name, Sir William Stuart; Dr. Benjamin Harrison; a son of General William Henry Harrison; whom Larpenteur says, "was sent out with a view to break him from drinking whiskey;" and Mr. Edmund Christy.

Beckwourth, who lived with the Crow Indians, mentions meeting this party during the summer near the headwaters of Big Horn river; the Popo Agie of the Indians; where Dr. Harrison and his friends visited an oil spring. Beckwourth says; "I was introduced to a Captain Stuart, who had figured conspicuously, as I was informed, under the Iron Duke, and was traveling in the far west in pursuit of adventure; also to a Dr. Harrison, son of the hero of Tippecanoe, and to a Mr.

Brotherton, with several other gentlemen, who were all taking a pleasure excursion"—Beckwourth's *Autobiography*, 2d edition, 1892, page 226.

Elliott Coues, in his notes on Larpenteur's, "Forty Years a Fur-trader" says: (Note 3.)

"Old General Harrison's son," whom Larpenteur characterizes so tersely, was Dr. Benjamin Harrison, son of the hero of Tippecanoe and ninth President of the United States. On applying to ex-President Benjamin Harrison for further information I was favored with the following letter.

"Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 6, 1897.

My Dear Sir:

I have your letter of Dec. 2. I had an uncle Dr. Benjamin Harrison, who died when I was a lad, I have only a faint remembrance of him. He was of a wild and adventurous disposition, participated, I think in the Texas war of independence; and in a good many other frontier scrapes, but I have no particular knowledge of the events of his life.

Very truly yours,

Benjamin Harrison."

In further mention of Captain Stuart, Elliott Coues says:

"Captain, or Sir William Stuart's estate, called Murthly Castle, was on the south side of the Tay, in Perthshire, Scotland; running about four miles down the river from the gates of Dunkfield. In 1862, the castle was rented to Mr. Robert Graham of Glasgow; and Sir William lived at what was known as the cottage, a pretty house filled with Indian trophies and other curios, over-looking the Tay; about half way

between Dunkfield and the Castle. Mr. Morice Kingsly of New Rochelle, New York, who gives these particulars, 1898, adds that he well remembers Sir William in 1862-65, when the nobleman must have been about 70 years of age—slightly over middle height, a trifle bent, spare but broad shouldered, with long thin hair almost white; square face and restless grey blue eyes—very active still, though gouty and irascible. He published a book about his adventures, the title, is one of the great many things I do not know.”

On the Upper waters of the North Platte river, Campbell sent out two men from his pack train to hunt for some trappers who were near there; who could inform him where the main rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, commanded by Fitzpatrick, was then located in the Green river valley; in which the journal says:

“Mr. Campbell had sent for Mr. Fitzpatrick to come and receive his goods at a point near the Black Hills; a place appointed for that meeting. * * *

“We remained three days at the appointed rendezvous after which time Mr. Fitzpatrick arrived with three men and six mules (from his trapping camp) loaded with beaver. The following day they settled all their affairs and started Mr. Frap with a party of ten men to go and trap among the Black Hills.”

After the settlement was made with Fitzpatrick, Kit Carson, and other free-trappers; Larpenteur informs us that a big drunken spree took place, saying:

“Our boss, who was a good one, and did not like to be backward in such things, I saw drinking until he was flat on the green grass pouring out what he could

not hold in. Early the next morning everything was right again, and orders were given to catch up and start."

Campbell's pack train moved on, and passed through the Continental divide, along their old trail at South Pass; after ascending the Sweet Water river for six days.

Larpenteur rode a mule, that was named Simon, and drove two pack mules in front of him which were loaded with traps and merchandise; and it was his business to attend to the three animals, which he called "the trinity." As the pack train was passing through South Pass, the load on one of his mules slipped and became misplaced, which obliged Larpenteur to stop and lash it on again, in proper position. While he was dismounted, his riding mule took it in his head to follow the party in the advance, with the well-packed mule following him on a brisk trot. It was all he could do to prevent the third one from leaving him before adjusting his pack, which took to his heels and left him. Being in a dangerous country, infested by wild Indians, Larpenteur pushed on; wading through the cold waters of a mountain stream before he reached camp.

That night he was put on guard, on the high summit in the pass, with his wet clothes freezing in the chilly wind; which brought on a sickness that lasted many days. Luckily the pack train was near the end of their journey; and Campbell and his men reached the Rocky Mountain Fur Company rendezvous, which was again located in the Green river valley; three days journey from South Pass.

James Bridger and Fitzpatrick, was in charge of

the Rocky Mountain trappers, who were located near the American Fur Company camp; all of whom had returned to their summer rendezvous at Pierre's Hole. Among the loose animals, brought out by Robert Campbell, from the frontier settlements of Missouri, were a small drove of domestic cattle, consisting of a bull and several cows; one of which was white, and was looked upon as "Great Medicine," by the friendly Snake Indians.

In the meantime, Captain Bonneville arrived at Green river, on the 13th of July; from his winter trapping grounds among the friendly Nez Perce Indians, west of the mountains.

He conducted his men in safety through the hazardous region lying between Green river and Henry's Fork of Snake river; named after Andrew Henry, a partner in the fur-trade with Gen. Ashley; who established a trading post there in 1809, after he was driven from the Three Forks of the Missouri by the Blackfoot Indians.

As Captain Bonneville entered Green river valley, at the close of a hard day's march, he became alarmed at the sight of the remains of many dead carcasses of buffaloes, which he beheld strewn in every direction; evidence that Indians had recently been there in great numbers. He came to a halt, and under cover of night he sent out two men to Horse Creek, where he expected to meet his detached brigade of trappers and form his rendezvous camp. Early on the following morning the two spies returned to Bonneville's party and with them came three of the mountain trappers, who informed him that his detached men had congre-

gated at the appointed place on Horse Creek and were expecting him; that the slaughter of buffaloes was made by a friendly band of Shoshonie Indians who had accompanied them to the rendezvous. Captain Bonneville's entire party was again brought together for the yearly summer settlement and distribution of goods; in payment for their furs and winter's work.

The Green river valley was again populated with a general gathering of trappers and Indians. Bonneville's rendezvous camp on Horse creek, was located about four miles from the camps of the American and Rocky Mountain Fur Companies; with their caravan supply trains and well appointed company of trappers; all benefitted by their experience among the mountains.

Captain Bonneville, profiting by his year's experience, determined to strike out into one of the unknown tracks to the southwest, beyond what was then termed the buffalo range, giving the government information relating to much of that wild mountain country.

This memorable undertaking he confided to his lieutenant, Mr. Walker, in whose experience and ability he had great confidence. No pains and expense was spared to fit him out with a party of forty men instructing him to travel by the numerous streams that flow into Great Salt Lake, trapping along their course near the shores of the great lake; keeping a journal of the events on his route, making maps and charts, with a record of everything curious or interesting, relating to that section of the west. Walker was given a year's supply, which was loaded upon wagons that were taken from a secreted place where they



FUR-TRADERS CAMP AT PIERRES' HOLE.

had been left the year before, and started out along the old California trail, leading toward Bear river. Bonneville's next care was to arrange for the safe transportation of his accumulated furs to Saint Louis, and he decided to forward these under the care of Mr. Cerre, down the Yellowstone to Fort Union in boats; accompanied by Robert Campbell and his men, who also returned by that route to the Missouri river. And, by way of escort, Captain Bonneville determined to accompany Cerre and his men to the point of embarkation on the Yellowstone; and later make his autumnal hunt in the Crow country, before he started out on his journey toward the Pacific ocean.

Owing to the continued presence of American Fur Company trappers in the Rocky Mountains, in violation of a truce made by the leaders of that company with Sublette and Campbell, the latter concluded to sell out their interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, at Green river; and build a fur-trading post near the mouth of the Yellowstone, in opposition to the American Fur Company, who were located there.

They determined upon this plan, owing to the refusal of Vanderburg and Dripps, in 1832, who were leaders of the American Fur Company trappers in the mountains, to divide the districts there. These leaders, ignorant of the best trapping grounds, followed along the trail of Fitzpatrick and Bridger, who determined to give them an unprofitable chase; leading them into the mountains infested by Blackfeet Indians. The savages stole the pack horses belonging to the less vigilant American Fur Company trappers; and led their pursuers into an ambuscade, where Vanderburg

was killed. A tragic narrative, in which Washington Irving says:

“Such was the fate of Major Henry Vanderburg, one of the best and worthiest leaders of the American Fur Company, who by his manly bearing and dauntless courage is said to have made himself universally popular among the bold rovers of the wilderness.”

In Larpenteur's memoir; reciting the incidents that occurred at Green river, in the summer of 1833, he mentions a rumor that was circulated in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company camp, that Robert Campbell was about to sell out his and William Sublette's interest in the mountains to Fitzpatrick, Edmund Christy, Frapp and Gervois, saying:

“These rumors at last became verified; the sales were effected, but things went on as usual until Mr. Campbell sent for me one morning. On entering his tent I was presented with a cup of coffee and a large-sized biscuit; this was a great treat, for I believe that was the first coffee I had drunk since I left Lexington.

Then he remarked, “Charles I suppose you have heard that I sold out our interest in the mountains; but I have reserved all your mess, ten mules and the cattle. I have thirty packs of beaver, which Fitz is to assist me with as far as the Big-horn river, where I intend to make skin boats and take my beaver down to the mouth of the Yellowstone. There, I expect to meet Sublette, who is to take the packs on to Saint Louis. You are one of the ten men whom I have reserved, but Fitz would like much to have you remain with him, and I leave you the choice to stay with him or come with me.” My reply was, “Mr. Campbell, I

have engaged to you, you have treated me like a gentleman, and I wish to follow you where you go." Upon which he said, "very well," with a kind smile, "you can now go to your mess." On returning to my messmates, who were expecting news, I was asked what was the result of my visit to the boss; and on being informed, a great shout of joy was the answer."

The supplies from the pack trains were sold and distributed among the mountain trappers; and every freak of prodigality was indulged to the fullest extent; and in a little while, most of the trappers had squandered away their wages and were ready for another campaign in the wilderness. Larpenteur's Journal informs us, among the events at their rendezvous camp, that on the 22nd of July, Mr. Gervais started with thirty men of the new company to trap in what was then known as the "root digger country;" among a mountain tribe of Snake Indians.

Soon after their departure, Campbell moved his camp, to a fresh grazing ground, for the horses and mules, before starting out on their final departure for the Yellowstone river. The weather was warm and pleasant and the men formed the habit of sleeping in the open air, not taking the trouble to put up their tents, except in bad weather. In a few days word was received that a mad wolf had got into Fontenelle's camp during the night, and had bitten some of his men and horses; and upon hearing the news which was brought in from the American Fur Company camp, five miles from them, Larpenteur and his mess-mates set up their tent; relating to which, he says:

"Some of the other messes asked, 'what is that

for?' The reply was 'Oh, mad wolf come—he bite me.' When the time came to retire the pack saddles were brought up to barricade the entrance of our tent, the only one up in camp, excepting that of the boss.

"After all had retired, nothing was heard in the camp excepting now and then the cry of "All's well," and some loud snoring, until the sudden cry of "Oh I'm bitten!" Then immediately another and another. Three of our men were bitten that night; one poor fellow, by the name of George Holmes was badly bitten on the right ear and face. All hands got up with their guns in pursuit of the animal, but he made his escape. When daylight came men were mounted to go in search, but nothing could be seen of him."

The next night, when the mad wolf was thought to be far away, it came again, this time among the cattle and bit a large bull which went mad afterward on the Big Horn river, where Campbell made his bull-boats. Washington Irving corroborates Larpen-teur's story, of mad wolves in the mountains in the summer of 1833, narrated in Chapter XX, of Bonneville's Adventures; in which he says;

"During this season of folly and frolic, there was an alarm of mad wolves in the two lower camps—(on Green river). One or more of these animals entered the camps for three nights successively, and bit several of the people. * * * One of the men in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company camp was bitten. He set out shortly afterward on his return to the settlements. In the course of a few days he showed signs of hydrophobia, and became raving toward night. At length breaking away from his companions, he rushed

into a thicket of willows, where they left him to his fate."

The person described seems to have been George Holmes, whose sad fate is mentioned by Larpenteur. His journal informs us that Campbell and his ten men started out for the Big Horn July 24th; the trappers of the new company remaining on Green river, according to custom; ready to set out through the mountains at the fall trapping time. Campbell and his men were accompanied by Fontenelle's returning pack train, one day in the advance of Captain Bonneville's force. Dr. Harrison and Fitzpatrick accompanied Campbell with twenty men as far as the Big Horn river, who assisted as an escort in getting his furs to the river.

They marched along their old trail through South Pass to the Sweet Water river, from which they struck off for Wind river, the upper fork of the Big Horn, which runs south east to the junction; crossing Hunt's old Astoria trail; who traveled to the Pacific in 1811. Two days after leaving the Sweet Water, the trappers reached Wind river, near its confluence with the Popo Agie;—below which is the main fork of the Big Horn; named from the adjacent mountains and the Big Horn sheep, which roamed over them in the fur-trading period. In their travels, Larpenteur says:

"Two days before reaching the Big Horn, our bull commenced to show symptoms of hydrophobia; by bellowing at a great rate and plowing the ground. This scared my poor friend Holmes, who was still in our party, but not destined to reach the Yellowstone. He was a young man from New York, well educated, and we became quite attached to each other on our

long journey. The poor fellow now and then asked me if I thought he would go mad; although thinking he would, being so badly bitten, I did all I could to make him believe otherwise.

When he said to me, "Larpenteur, don't your hear the bull—he is going mad—I am getting scared;" I do believe I felt worse than he did, and scarcely knew what to answer him."

Campbell, Fitzpatrick and their men, separated from Fontenelle below the rapids of the Big Horn, where they built boats; the latter pushed on with his pack train across to the Yellowstone, down to Fort Union; taking Holmes along with him from Fitzpatrick's camp; possibly through the advice of Dr. Benjamin Harrison.

Continuing, Larpenteur says;

"The bull died two days after we arrived at the Horn, and I learned afterward, from Mr. Fontenelle, that Holmes had gone mad. For some days he could not bear to cross the small streams they struck from time to time, so that they had to cover him over with a blanket to get him across; and at last they had to leave him with two men until his fit should be over. But the men soon left him and came to camp. Mr. Fontenelle immediately sent back after him; but when they arrived at the place, they found only his clothes which was torn off his back. He had run away quite naked, and never was found. This ended my poor friend Holmes."

Soon after the departure of Fontenelle and his men, Captain Bonneville and his pack train overtook Campbell and Fitzpatrick; and they prosecuted

their journey for another day, finding a better location above the mouth of the Little Big Horn; near the upper end of the valley above the Indian battlefield, where Gen. Custer and his men were massacred by the Sioux Indians, forty three years later—in 1876. On his route to Campbell's camp; Captain Bonneville detached twenty men from his command to take the traps and heavier articles to a place called "Medicine Lodge" and form a rendezvous there; to wait his coming from the place of embarkation on the Big Horn. On reaching the second chain of mountains, Captain Bonneville was forced to leave the Big Horn river and make a detour through what was known as 'Bad Pass,' to the opposite side, to avoid a deep precipitous gorge through which the river flowed in cascades and rapids. The two rival companies brought together in the valley of the Big Horn formed a joint camp of about one hundred men; and all hands were set to work to construct "bull boats," a fragile bark formed of buffalo skins stretched on light wooden frames; the first boats to be launched were those of a Mr. Wyeth; and with his usual promptness he started his crew down the river on the voyage in two boats in charge of Milton Sublette, with another white man and two friendly Crow Indians. The remaining party completed their squadrons for the voyage; Captain Bonneville's being three large bull boats in charge of a Mr. Ceres, with a party of thirty six men; many of whom rode pack horses along the river bank. Three days, from August 12 to 15, was taken up in building and loading Campbell's three boats, which were ready for the voyage down the Yellowstone. In the morning,

before their departure, Campbell gave the following instructions to Larpenteur, which he was not expecting.

Now, said he, "I am going down by the river with my beaver. Mr. Vasques will go down by land in charge of the party with the mules and cattle. There will be five of you. Charles, you are going to travel through the most dangerous part of the country. Mr. Vasques will keep ahead of your party on the strict lookout, and should any thing happen to him, I wish you to take charge of the party."

Larpenteur's Journal says: "My reply was, "very well sir," though such instructions I confess made me feel a little nervous. But it did not last, I soon became quite cheerful and anxious to be under way. Mr. Campbell started that same day, and we all left next morning."

Robert Campbell took command of his three boats and the little squadrons, were soon gliding down the clear current of the Big Horn. On the following day Larpenteur and his men traveled down the Big Horn toward the Yellowstone; driving their stock along with them; while Fitzpatrick and his trappers, accompanied by Stuart and Dr. Harrison, took the pack horses that belonged to the new Rocky Mountain Company, and led the way, to the east up the Little Horn to Powder and Tongue rivers; into new hunting grounds; intending to hunt and trap along those rivers, during the following season. On the morning of the second day, after the departure of the boats, Bonneville and his men set out from the Big Horn for his rendezvous camp at Medicine Lodge; being accompanied with four trappers who had forty pack horses to take care

of and make their way across the mountains; a hazardous trip, that was made in safety.

On the morning of the second day's travel down the Big Horn, Vasques who was in the lead, came riding back and informed Larpenteur and his companions that he had discovered three Indians on the opposite side of the river, but he was sure they had not been discovered by them; and he proposed moving down to the river bank, and make a temporary defense. Being in charge and an old experienced hunter, they consented. But on their arrival, they found to their surprise a large body of Indians near the opposite shore; who, upon seeing them, commenced to whoop and yell, and began to cross the river. The white men took position behind a cluster of cottonwood trees, and prepared for defense. Vasques ordered his men not to shoot until he gave orders to do so, as they were ready for action, their first fright over. One tall Indian was in the lead with a white flag, making signs not to shoot. Paul Desjardins, an old French mountaineer, who understood the Indian signs and a few words in the Crow language, said, "They are Crows, and there will be no danger for our lives; but they are great thieves."

And so the white men let them come up, with the usual formality of hand-shaking and smoking the pipe of peace. They made signs that they would look for a good place to camp, and for the white men to follow. Somewhat against their will, the trappers did so, and it was not long before the whole force of about 400 lodges made their appearance and a formidable Indian camp was set up around them; relating to which Larpenteur says:

"This was a great sight for me, who had never seen such a formidable Indian camp. The Crows at that time generally roamed together in that great fur-bearing district, and on this particular occasion they looked richer than any other Indians I had seen, for they had just made their trade at the fort, one day's march from where we were."

The Crows did not drink then, and their trade was for substantial goods which kept them well dressed, a beautiful sight, rich in horses and furs, in the midst of a great buffalo country. As soon as the camp was formed, the chief made signs to the white men to put their baggage within a circle which he described, over which he placed his lodge, so that all would be safe.

The white men were well treated by the Crows; feasting upon fat buffalo meat, which was presented to them. On the following day Larpenteur and his men left the Crow camp and moved down the Big Horn to Fort Cass, then in charge of Mr. Tullock; established on the Yellowstone by the American Fur Company in 1832; near Lisa's old post, two miles below the mouth of the Big Horn.

James Stewart, in volume 1, Montana historical collections, says that A. J. Tullock was sent out from Fort Union, in 1832, by the American Fur Company with forty men to build Fort Cass; below the mouth of the Big Horn. He was a tall slim man, known among the Crow Indians as "The Crane;" and was popular and well liked by the mountain trappers; for whom Tullock's fork of the Big Horn was named.

Fort Cass was built by the American Fur Company as an opposition post near the Mountain Crow Indians

hunting grounds. It was abandoned in 1834, owing to its dangerous position near the Blackfeet Indians; who killed several white men near its environs. When the mountain trappers moved down the Yellowstone, in 1833, Tullock was still in command at Fort Cass, whose Indian trade was a profitable one.

Having over two hundred miles of wild Indian country to travel through before they reached Fort Union, Larpenteur and his companions pushed on down the Yellowstone, building a pen for their stock every night, to prevent their being driven away if suddenly attacked by Indians. They passed through a magnificent trapping country, abounding in all kinds of wild game; and were often frightened at large herds of Elk, which, at a distance resembled mounted Indians.

Larpenteur and his men made slow progress, on account of the tender feet of the cattle; for which they were obliged to make shoes of raw buffalo hide. They traveled down the south side of the river, crossed the Tongue and Rosebud, tributary streams; below which they forded the Yellowstone and continued their travels to the Missouri river, reaching it on the third day of September, 1833. Campbell and his men, who rowed down in boats, arrived three days before; where they met Wm. Sublette, who had voyaged up the Missouri from Saint Louis, with men and supplies. Larpenteur and his companions crossed the Missouri above the mouth of the Yellowstone, swimming their stock; relating to which he says:

"All hands were up early in the morning, mules and cattle turned out, and we waited impatiently to cross over. Between ten and eleven A. M., Mr.

Johnesse (subsequently known as Antoine Jeunesse) who had come down by water with Campbell and was still our foreman, appeared on the opposite shore to show us the place we had to swim the stock across. The river at that season was low, and the channel so narrow that we could plainly hear all that he said. When we got ready to drive the stock in, he hallooed to me, thinking I did not know how to swim, to take hold of the bull's tail; not being an expert in the science, I took his advice and the bull's tail too, and, making use of my three loose limbs I reached the opposite shore with ease. In a short time we were all safe on the north bank of the Missouri, nearly two thousand miles from Saint Louis." (An estimate, of about two hundred and fifty miles more than the actual measurement.)

William Sublette, Robert Campbell and their men were re-united; and Larpenteur again met his former messmates, and some other acquaintances; who were camped two miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, on the north bank of the Missouri, where Fort William was built; a log fort, named for William Sublette. Fort Union was then located on the east side of the Missouri, at the upper point of a loop, about as far from Fort William as it was from the junction of the Yellowstone; the two forts being less than three miles apart.

During the same fall, in 1833, Sublette and Campbell also built an opposition trading post at the mouth of Bad river, below old Fort Pierre; and they presented strong opposition trade in the Missouri country. They also built, as outposts, from their main establish-

ment at the mouth of the Yellowstone, two trading posts; one fifty miles up the Missouri, at a place known as Frenchman's point; managed by Antoine Jeunesse, and the other one eighty miles up the Yellowstone, commanded by William Almond, of Virginia; both posts being abandoned in 1824. Meanwhile, as Campbell and Sublette's fur-trading posts were being built, the American Fur Company got busy, and commenced the building of outlying trading posts around their great central forts, at Union and Pierre. Their principal new post, built in the upper Missouri country, in 1833, was Fort Jackson; built by C. A. Chardon, at the mouth of Poplar river; the name being given for President Andrew Jackson. And, in a letter written from that post in 1833, Chardon says:

"We are all Jackson men here."

Kenneth McKenzie, in stating the reason why the American Fur Company built Fort Jackson says:

"We consider it desirable to establish this trading post northwest of Fort Union, for the convenience of the Indians who frequently come to that section; but principally with a view of compelling our competitors, (Sublette and Campbell) to divide their force; for we believe that the principle of divide and conquer should be verified."

Larpenteur says Fort William was a stockaded post near the bank of the river; one hundred and thirty feet deep. The stockade was made of cottonwood logs, 18 feet long and hewed on three sides; set up in a ditch dug three feet deep. The commandant's house stood opposite the front gate, and consisted of a double log house with two rooms 18 by 20 feet, with a

covered passage between, twelve feet wide. Within the inclosure was a log store and warehouse eighteen feet wide and forty feet in length; with a good carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, ice house, meat house and two good bastions at opposite corners of the fort.

The winter was warm and pleasant, and few buffaloes came to the timbered belt, and the trade was poor; the big American Fur Company establishment at Union, getting the greater part of it. However, the new company secured a good supply of robes and furs at their Yellowstone post from the Assiniboine Sioux; through the influence of their head chief who claimed to have been cheated at the Fort Union post.

In the spring of 1834, the returns was brought in from the two out-posts on the upper Missouri and Yellowstone; a fairly good collection of furs for Campbell and Sublette; including their purchases at Fort William and at Bad river, near the present city of Pierre, South Dakota;—a very good showing for the first year. In the meantime; the American Fur Company had a poor winter's trade on the Missouri; and finding Sublette and Campbell strong competitors, they purchased all their forts and interest on the Missouri; taking Campbell in as a partner in the American Fur Company; instructing William Sublette to build a new trading post on the upper waters of the north fork of Platte river.

In those days (1834) the American Fur Company owned a steamboat, which made yearly trips up the Missouri during high tide; caused by the melting snow that flowed from the mountain tributary streams into the great river; known as the "June rise."

The Assiniboine brought the supplies for Fort Union and American Fur Company posts on the Upper Missouri; and carried as passengers Pierre Choteau and some other gentlemen who were to take inventories at all the posts belonging to the newly organized American Fur Company on the Missouri river. The steamboat unloaded its freight and passengers; during the transfer of stock and peltries at Fort William, and from that fort they voyaged further up the Missouri to a point known as Fort Assiniboine; where the steamboat was grounded in a protecting bend and wintered there. In the following spring (1835) the steamboat was loaded with furs for St. Louis and was lost by fire on her trip down the river, at Sibley Island; below the present city of Bismarck, North Dakota. Chittenden says the Assiniboine was stranded there in a narrow part of the channel when the river was falling, and left until the water should rise; but she caught fire from a defective stovepipe, and was burned on June 1st 1835, a total loss; with a cargo of furs valued at \$80,000. There were four young buffaloes on board, which were run into the water and reached the main shore by swimming. On her first trip up the river in 1833, she carried as a passenger, the famous Prince Maximillion; who spent the winter at the Mandan villages, near the mouth of Knife river.

Immediately, or soon after the transfer of property was made, an inventory was taken at Fort Union, in the summer of 1834, with preparations for the departure of Sublette and Campbell with their men down the Missouri in a large Mackinaw boat. One evening after Larpenteur brought in the horses; Camp-

bell informed him that Kenneth McKenzie, who was then in command at Fort Union, desired to engage him as one of the clerks at the fort, and he advised him to try his luck in the new position, with its proposed promotion and advance in wages; relating to which, his memoir says:

"Bargain was made, July 3rd, 1834, and I was almost sorry for it. I started back to Fort William, not after my wardrobe, which I could very well sacrifice, but to thank Mr. Campbell and to bid adieu to my comrades. Mr. Campbell was extremely pleased to hear the result; he gave me a check for the amount due me, and after a long shake of the hand, with all his good wishes as well as those of my old messmates and others, I left Fort William. Now, I am at Fort Union, in the service of the great American Fur Co."

'Charles Larpenteur was an educated Frenchman, who served many years as a fur-trader on the Missouri river; and his old memoir entitled, "Forty Years a Fur Trader," adds much, as a sidelight, during the early fur-trade on the Missouri river; when the American Fur Company was master of the destinies of those who roamed in the wilds of the two Dakotas.



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